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Hosannas to the King

A Collection of

Gospel Hymns

Suited to Church, Sunday-School and
Evangelistic Services

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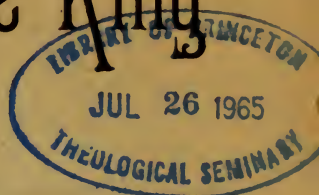
Clarence B. Strouse

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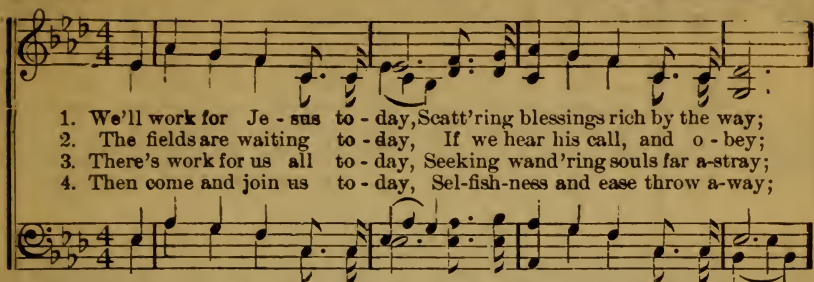
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A Band of Faithful Workers.

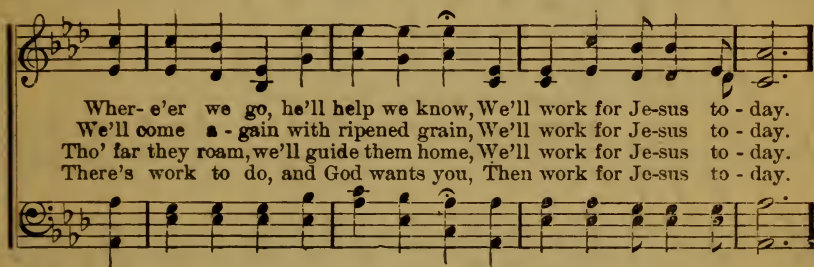
Dedicated to Evangelist J. E. Schoolfield of Virginia

C. B. S.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE

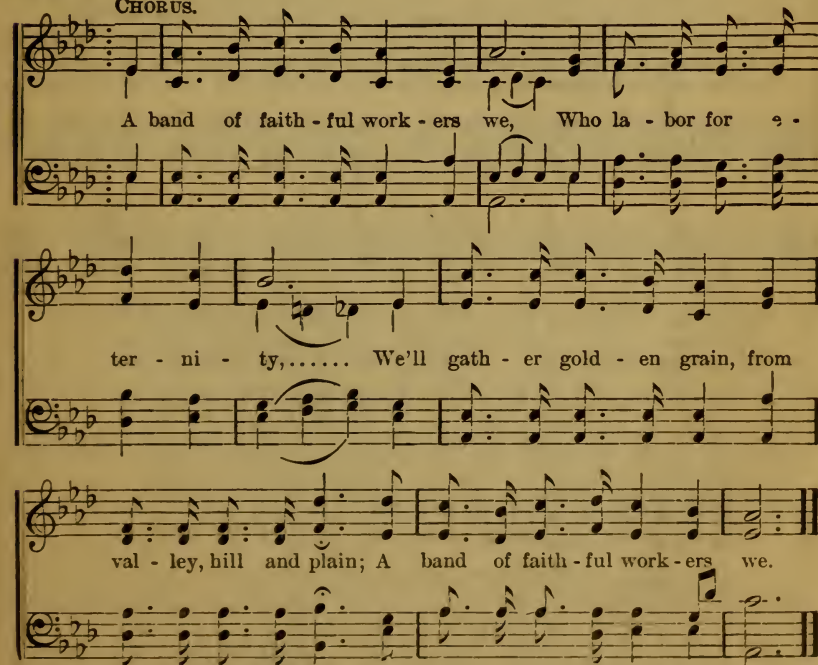


1. We'll work for Je - sus to - day, Scatt'ring blessings rich by the way;
 2. The fields are waiting to - day, If we hear his call, and o - bey;
 3. There's work for us all to - day, Seeking wand'ring souls far a-stray;
 4. Then come and join us to - day, Sel-fish-ness and ease throw a-way;



Wher - e'er we go, he'll help we know, We'll work for Je-sus to - day.
 We'll come a - gain with ripened grain, We'll work for Je-sus to - day.
 Tho' far they roam, we'll guide them home, We'll work for Je-sus to - day.
 There's work to do, and God wants you, Then work for Je-sus to - day.

CHORUS.

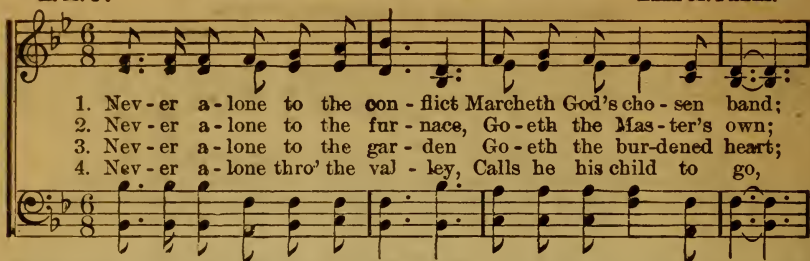


A band of faith - ful work - ers we, Who la - bor for e -
 ter - ni - ty,..... We'll gath - er gold - en grain, from
 val - ley, hill and plain; A band of faith - ful work - ers we.

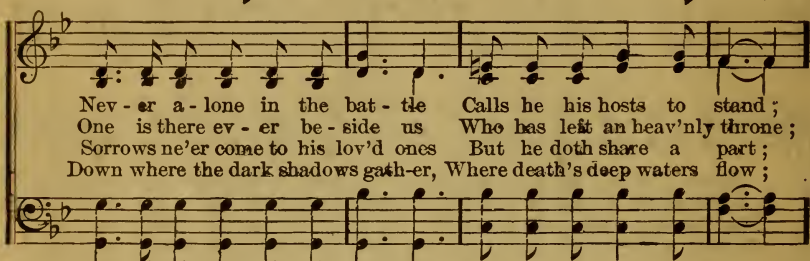
His Name is Immanuel.

E. M. P.

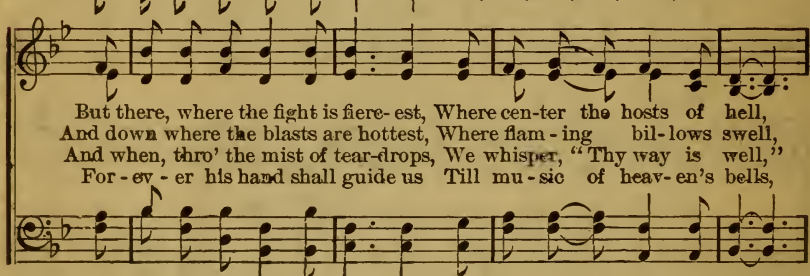
ELLA M. PARKS.



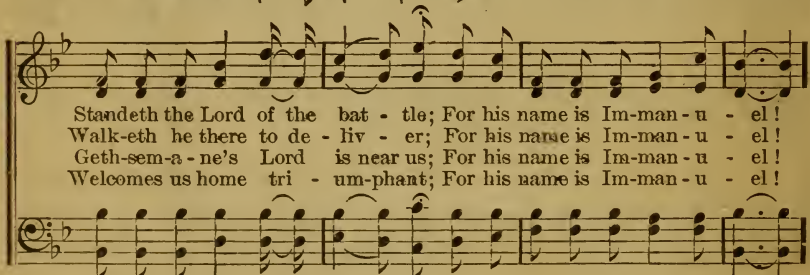
1. Nev - er a - lone to the con - flict Marcheth God's cho - sen band;
 2. Nev - er a - lone to the fur - nace, Go - eth the Mas - ter's own;
 3. Nev - er a - lone to the gar - den Go - eth the bur - dened heart;
 4. Nev - er a - lone thro' the val - ley, Calls he his child to go,



Nev - er a - lone in the bat - tle Calls he his hosts to stand;
 One is there ev - er be - side us Who has left an heav'nly throne;
 Sorrows ne'er come to his lov'd ones But he doth share a part;
 Down where the dark shadows gath - er, Where death's deep waters flow;

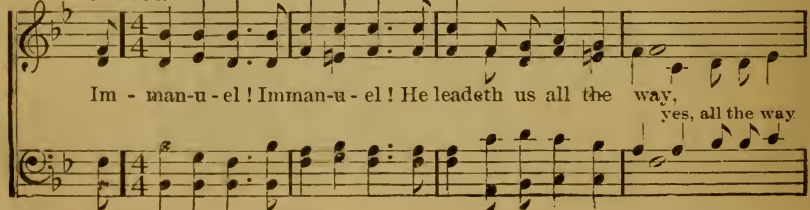


But there, where the fight is fiere - est, Where cen - ter the hosts of hell,
 And down where the blasts are hottest, Where flam - ing bil - lows swell,
 And when, thro' the mist of tear - drops, We whisper, "Thy way is well,"
 For - ev - er his hand shall guide us Till mu - sic of heav - en's bells,



Standeth the Lord of the bat - tle; For his name is Im - man - u - el!
 Walk - eth he there to de - liv - er; For his name is Im - man - u - el!
 Geth - sem - a - ne's Lord is near us; For his name is Im - man - u - el!
 Welcomes us home tri - um - phant; For his name is Im - man - u - el!

CHORUS.



Im - man - u - el! Imman - u - el! He leadeth us all the way,
 yes, all the way

His Name is Immanuel.—Concluded.

Up from the shadows of earth - life In - to His per-fect day. His perfect day.

3

It Reaches Me.

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

1. Oh, this ut - ter-most sal - va - tion! 'Tis a fount - ain full and free,
2. How a maz - ing God's compas - sion, That so vile a worm should prove
3. Je - sus, Sav - iour, I a - dore thee! Now thy love I will proclaim;

Pure, exhaust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!
This stu - pend - ous bliss of heav - en, This un - meas - ured wealth of love!
I will tell the bless - ed sto - ry, I will mag - ni - fy thy name!

CHORUS.

It reach - es me! it reach - es me! Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

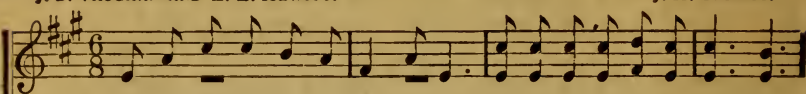
Pure, ex - haust - less, ev - er flow - ing, Wondrous grace! it reach - es me!

Only Believe in the Promise.

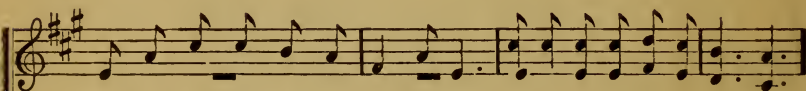
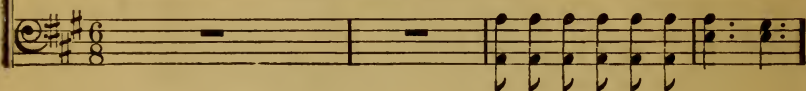
"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—II. Peter. 1: 4

J. B. VAUGHAN AND E. E. HEWITT.

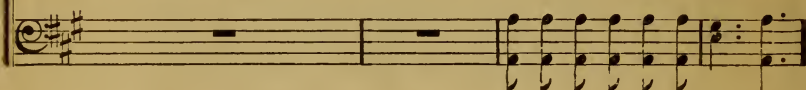
J. H. TENNEY.



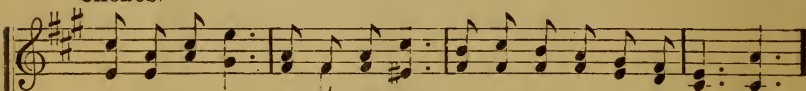
1. Je-sus is might-y to save to-day; On-ly believe in the prom-ise,
2. Je-sus will give you the victor's pow'r; On-ly believe in the prom-ise,
3. Draw from the treasures of boundless grace; On-ly believe in the prom-ise,
4. Comfort and peace thro' redeeming love; On-ly believe in the prom-ise,



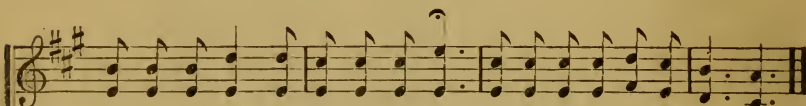
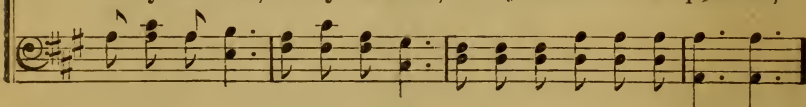
Free-ly he'll take all your sin a-way; On-ly believe in the promise.
 Looking to him for your strength each hour, On-ly believe in the promise.
 Walk in the light of the Saviour's face, On-ly believe in the promise.
 Fore-tastes of won-der-ful joy a-bove, On-ly believe in the promise.



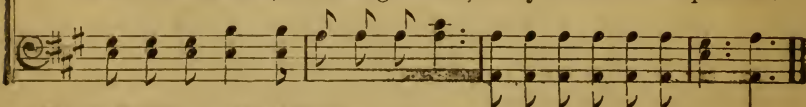
CHORUS.



On-ly be-lieve, On-ly be-lieve, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise;



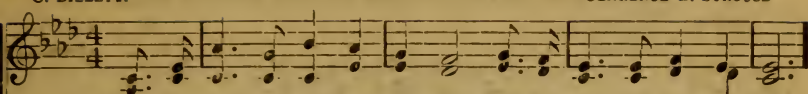
Hear his sweet voice, the blessing re-ceive, On-ly be-lieve in the prom-ise.



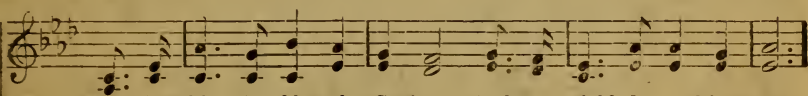
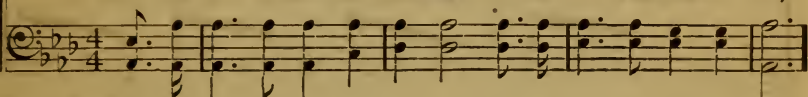
That Will be Glory.

C. BILLETT.

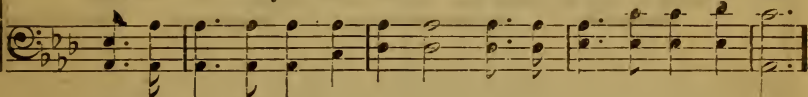
CLARENCE B. STROUSE



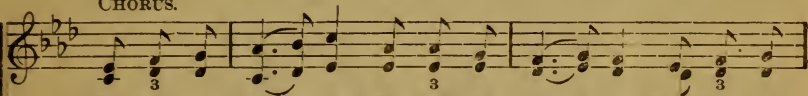
1. When the golden gates are opened, And I en - ter in - to rest,
2. When this weary way has ended, With its conflict sharp and long,
3. Then the promised rest and glo - ry In fru - i - tion shall be known,
4. O, but 'tis the One in glo - ry It will be so good to meet,
5. And for ev - er bear the likeness Of the Lord who died for me,



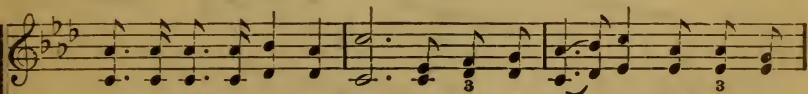
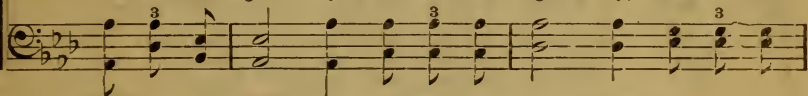
And behold the blessed Saviour, And am folded to his breast—
And the peace and joy of heaven Fills the heart and tunes the song—
And the long-im - agined splendor Into knowledge shall have grown.
And to cast my crown before him Down at his be - lov - ed feet.
And for ev - er join the chorus Of the ransomed and the free.



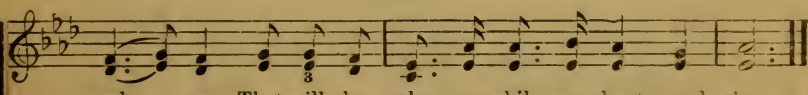
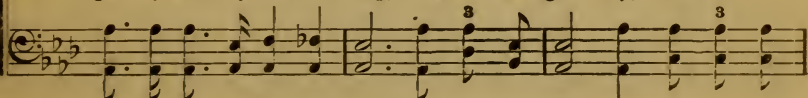
CHORUS.



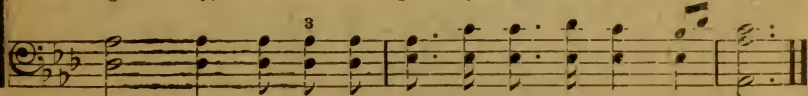
That will be glo - ry, That will be glo - ry, That will be



glo - ry with my Saviour King; That will be glo - ry, That will be



glo - ry, That will be glo - ry while we shout and sing.



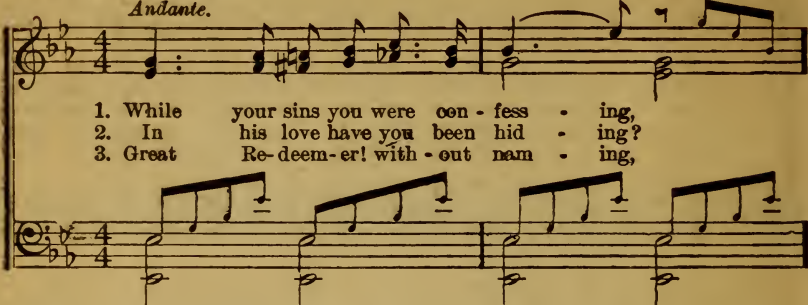
In the Hollow of His Hand.

Dedicated to my friend and co-laborer, Evangelist Clarence B. Strouse.

NETTIE D. THORNBURG.

W. E. BURNETT.

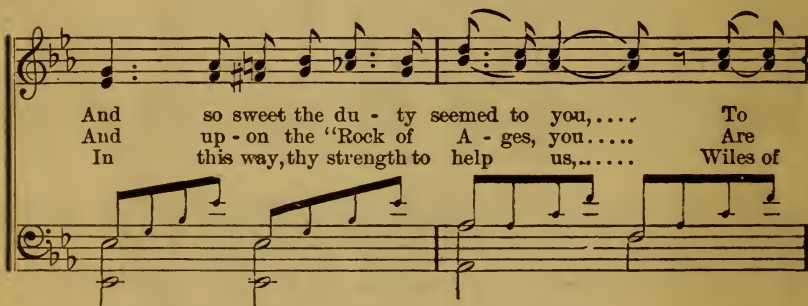
Andante.



1. While your sins you were con - fess - ing,
 2. In his love have you been hid - ing?
 3. Great Re-deem-er! with - out nam - ing,



You once found your Sav - iour's bless - - ing,
 Trus - ted on - ly to his guid - - ing,
 Each sweet prom - ise we are claim - - ing,

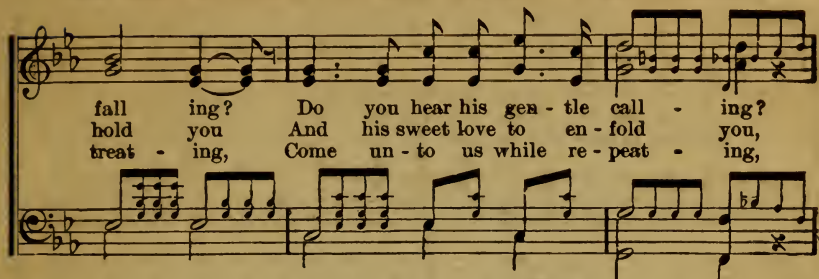


And so sweet the du - ty seemed to you,.... To
 And up - on the "Rock of A - ges, you.... Are
 In this way, thy strength to help us,..... Wiles of

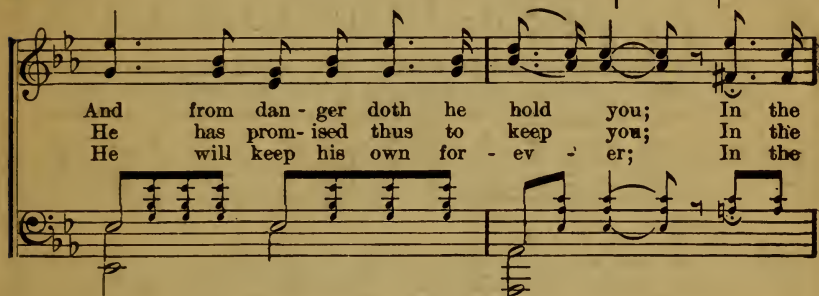


keep his blest com - mand..... Is he keeping you from
 sure you'll ev - er stand..... With his strong arm to up -
 sa - tan to with - stand..... Let no thought of e'er re -

In the Hollow of His Hand.—Concluded.

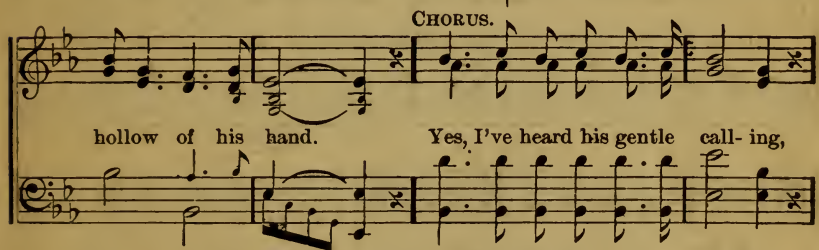


fall ing? Do you hear his gen - tle call - ing?
hold you And his sweet love to en - fold you,
treat - ing, Come un - to us while re - peat - ing,

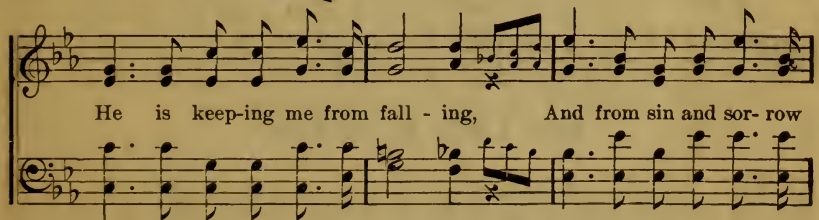


And from dan - ger doth he hold you; In the
He has prom - ised thus to keep you; In the
He will keep his own for - ev - er; In the

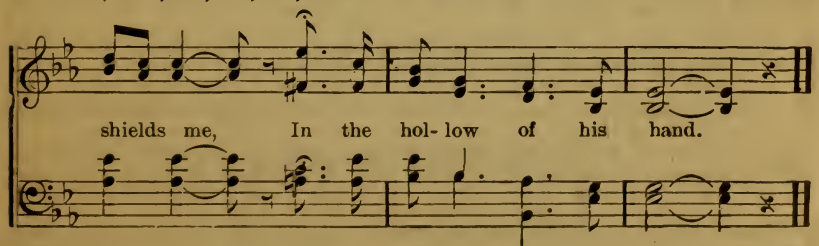
CHORUS.



hollow of his hand. Yes, I've heard his gentle call - ing,



He is keep - ing me from fall - ing, And from sin and sor - row



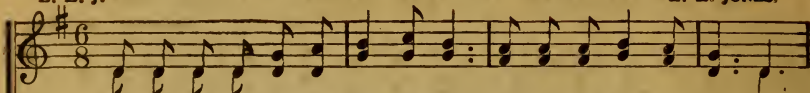
shields me, In the hol - low of his hand.

7

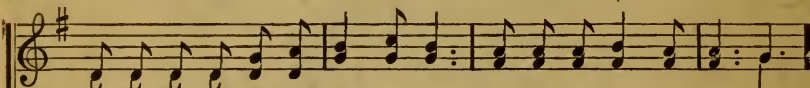
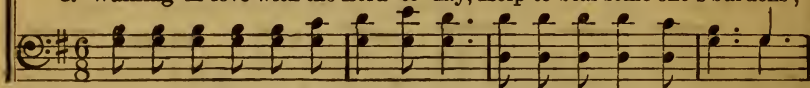
Help to Bear Some One's Burdens.

L. E. J.

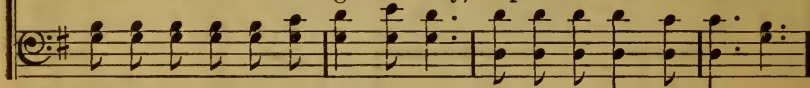
L. E. JONES.



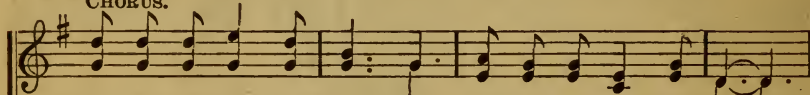
1. Do you not know 'tis the Master's will, Help to bear some one's burdens ;
2. Brighten the life of the worn and sad, Help to bear some one's burdens ;
3. Walking in love with the Lord to-day, Help to bear some one's burdens ;



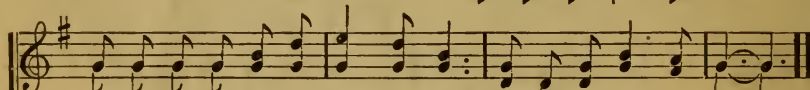
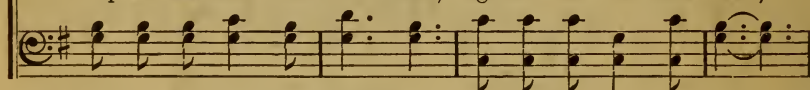
Thus his desire should your life ful-fill, Help to bear some one's burdens.
 Touch them by sympathy, make them glad, Help to bear some one's burdens.
 Point them to him as the Light and Way, Help to bear some one's burdens.



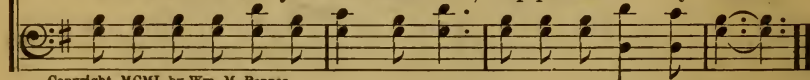
CHORUS.



Help to bear some one's bur - dens, Light-en an - oth - er's care ;



Comfort the sad and your heart shall find, Hap-pi-ness ev - 'ry where.



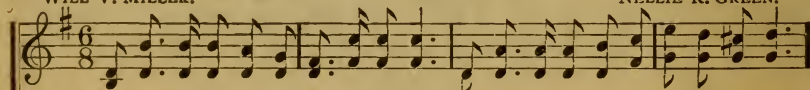
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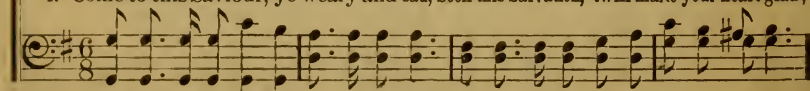
His Love is so Free.

WILL V. MILLER.

NELLIE R. GREEN.



1. Blest with the mercy of Jesus, my King, Happy, so happy, the songs that I sing;
2. Once in the darkness I wander'd astray, Far from his love and his mercy away;
3. Cleansing from sin, and this rest, sweetest rest, Makes me contented and perfectly blest;
4. Come to this Saviour, ye weary and sad, Seek this Salvation, 'twill make your heart glad;



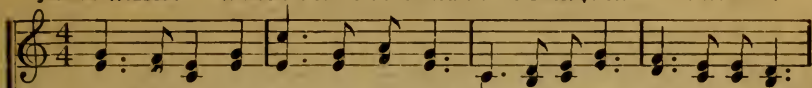
Cho.—O hal - le-lu-jah! his love is so free! O hal - le-lu-jah! he sav - es - ties me!

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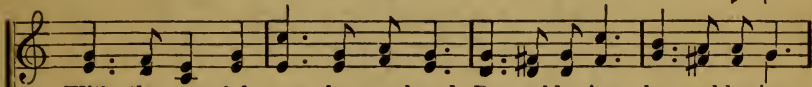
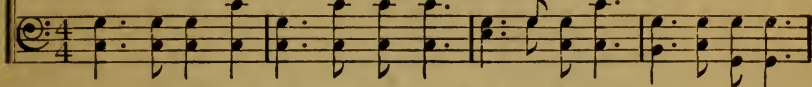
Be a Blessing.

JENNIE WILSON. "Wherefore comfort one another."—1 Thes. 4: 18.

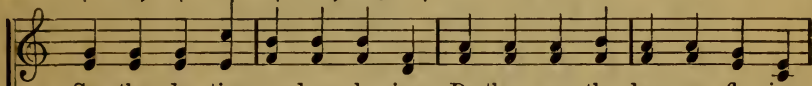
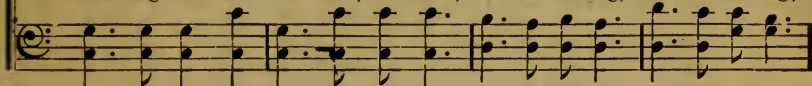
P. W. HILL.



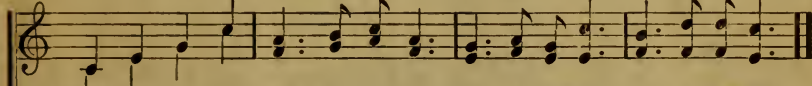
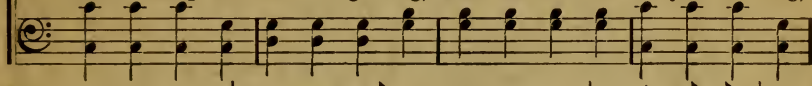
1. In this world of care en-cum-bered, Be a blessing, be a blessing;
 2. Un - to toil - ers weak and wea - ry, Be a blessing, be a blessing;
 3. Serving Christ who died for oth - ers, Be a blessing, be a blessing;



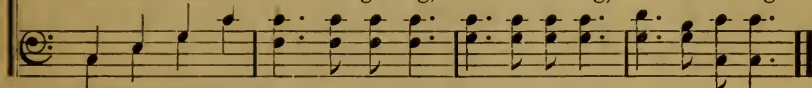
With the use - ful ones be numbered, Be a blessing, be a blessing;
 Where some lot is lone and drear - y, Be a blessing, be a blessing;
 Count - ing all as sis - ters, bro - thers, Be a blessing, be a blessing;



See the du - ties round you ly - ing, Do them as the days are fly - ing,
 Make some heav - y bur - den light - er, Make some gloomy path - way brighter,
 Need - ed help and com - fort giv - ing, Make life rich - er for your liv - ing,



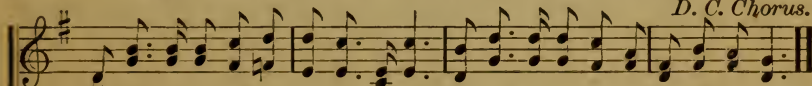
Stand not i - dle, nev - er try - ing, Be a blessing, be a blessing.
 Help to make life pur - er, whit - er, Be a blessing, be a blessing.
 There will then be no mis - giv - ing, Be a blessing, be a blessing.



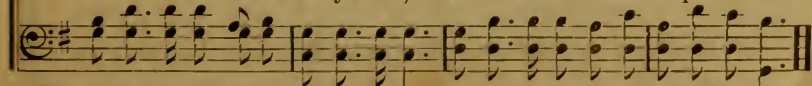
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His Love is so Free.—Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.



Fill'd with his fulness so rich and so free, O hal - le - lu - jah! he sat - is - fies me,
 Now I am rest - ing in Jesus' control, His perfect peace fills my satisfied soul.
 Now unto Jesus my Master and King, Glo - ry and honor for - ev - er I'll sing.
 Ev - er to Je - sus for safety abide, 'Neath his blest shelter his rapture confide.



This great salvation with joy I'll proclaim. Loud hallelujahs give Jesus' dear name.

Behold Me Standing at the Door!

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.

With feeling.

1. Be - hold me standing at the door, And hear me pleading ev - er -
2. I bore the cru - el thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and pa - tient -
3. I would not plead with thee in vain, Re - mem - ber all my grief and
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and

more, With gen - tle voice, O, heart of sin, May I come
ly; Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
love; Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come

CHORUS.

in? may I come in? Be - hold me stand - ing at the

door, And hear me pleading ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry

heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

11 To the Harvest, March Away.

C. E. S.

Dedicated to Mrs. W. D. Haas.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

1. The har-vest is ripe, the lab'ers are few, The Lord is
 2. Our field is the world, lost sin - ners the grain, See they are
 3. The fields they are white, rich sheaves are for you, The storm is
 4. Soon Je - sus will come, our la - bors will end, We'll fight no

call - ing my broth - er for you; O - bey his com - mands, start in
 fall - ing, yet Je - sus was slain; The cap - tives un - bind, broth - er
 com - ing, O broth - er be true! Your Bi - ble in - hand, now pre -
 long - er 'gainst Sa - tan and sin. The last conflict's on, now in

earn - est to - day; The foe we'll con - quer, to the field march a - way.
 do not de - lay, Gird on your ar - mor, to the field march a - way.
 pare for the fray, With ho - ly cour - age to the fields march a - way.
 bat - tle ar - ray, O, be a true sol - dier, to the field march a - way.

CHORUS.

March a - way! march a - way! The Lord is our commander; March a -
 March a - way! march a - way!

way! march away! 'Till the victor's crown we wear; victor's crown we wear.
 March away! march away!

Jesus is My Friend.

C. B. S.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

1. Out up-on the drear-y mountain, He sought me, he sought me;
 2. When absorb'd in worldly pleasures, He sought me, he sought me;
 3. With a love so true and ten - der, He sought me, he sought me;
 4. Naught from him my heart can sever, He sought me, he sought me;

And un-to the cleansing fountain, He brought me, he brought me, Bless his
 Where are found the richest treasures, He brought me, he brought me, Bless his
 To a full and free sur-ren - der, He brought me, he brought me, Bless his
 And in heav'n I'll praise him ev-er He brought me, he brought me, Bless his

CHORUS.

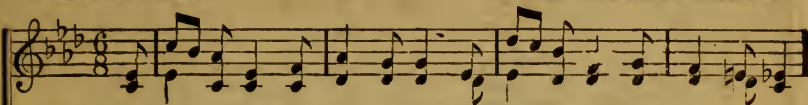
ho - ly name.
 ho - ly name.
 ho - ly name.
 ho - ly name. } With Je - sus as my Friend, I'll love him to the

end, And where-e'er I go, The world shall know, That Jesus is my friend.

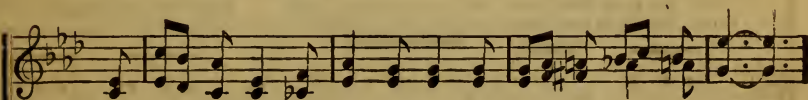
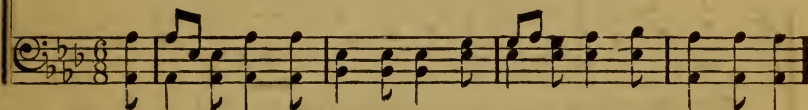
Choose, Lord, for Me.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

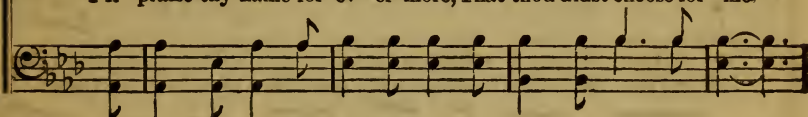
MRS. CLARENCE B. STROUD



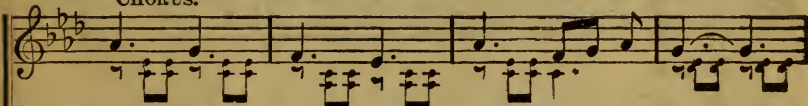
1. My thought of life is oft a-miss, I know not yet what ought to be,
2. Or want or wealth, or dear-er yet The competence I fain would see,
3. I would not wish for length of days, Tho' ev'-ry age hath ecs-ta-sy,
4. Thy will is best, is always best, No oth-er good I crave of thee,
5. And when I reach the gol-den shore, And all the an-gel fa-ces see.



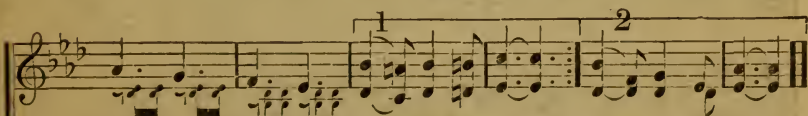
Or which were bet-ter, that or this, Dear Lord,choose thou for me.
What meas-ure of earth's goods I get Dear Lord,choose thou for me.
I leave with thee my yes-ter-days, My morrows, choose for me.
But just in thy sweet will to rest, Dear Lord,choose thou for me.
I'll praise thy name for ev-er-more, That thou didst choose for me.



CHORUS.



Choose Lord, choose Lord, Choose thou for me—



Choose, Lord, choose, Lord, Choose, thou for me, Choose thou for me.



Fear Not, My Child.

ELLA M. PARKS.

Melody by J. W. MULLEN.
Arr. by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

1. Far, far a - way, a - down the path of a - ges
 2. Thus, as I gaze, I see a cross up - lift - ed
 3. O Love Di - vine! My soul in thee finds ref - uge,

Floats there a mes - sage thro' the shadows drear; And as I list to
 'Mid the gray shad - ows of a lone - ly hill, And from its height, the
 From thy dear pres - ence naught my soul shall part; Why should I fear, when

catch its heav'nly music, Lo! 'tis the Sav - iour speaks in tender cheer.
 dy - ing Man of Sorrows Whispers in tones that all my be - ing thrill!
 'tis thy voice, my Sav - iour, Speaking thy peace and joy un - to my heart?

CHORUS.

"Fear not, my child! for have I not redeem'd thee? Thou art mine own, the

pur - chase of my love; I hold thy hand, and

Fear Not My Child.—Concluded.

thro' life's shade and sunshine, Trust me, my child— I'll guide to heav'n a - bove.

15 Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. BUTLER.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heaven seemed a far-off place, Till Jesus showed His smiling face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?

And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je - sus here to know.
Now it's be - gun with - in my soul, 'Twill last while endless a - ges roll.
In cot - tage, or a mansion fair, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

CHORUS.

O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins forgiv'n;

On land or sea, what matters where, Where Je - sus is, 'tis heav - en there.

Conquerors Through the Blood.

MRS. C. H. M.

Rom. 8: 37.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Conquerors and overcomers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press Overcoming sin and all un-
3. Un- to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of "hidden manna"

vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his
 righteousness; Not to us, but unto him the praise shall be For sal - va - tion
 sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of

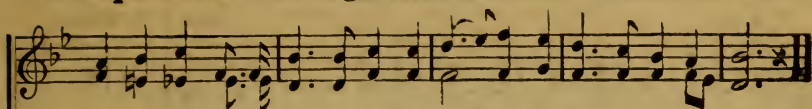
CHORUS.

mighty pow'r can e'er prevail. } Con - querors are we, thro' the
 and for blood-bought victory. }
 white and golden crown shall wear. } Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,

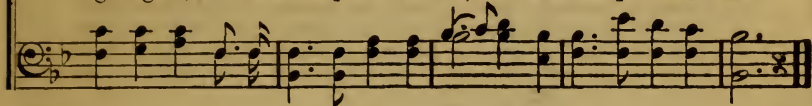
blood; thro' the blood; God will give. . . us vic - to - ry, thro' the
 thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic - to - ry,

blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who lives and
 thro' the blood, thro' the blood,

Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.



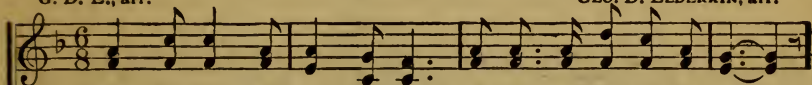
reigns again, More than conquerors are we, More than conquerors are we.



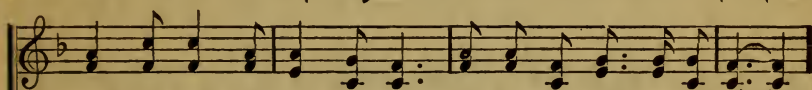
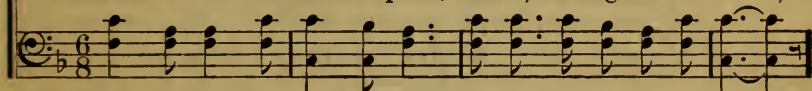
17 Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E., arr.

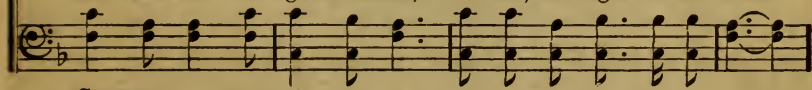
GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.



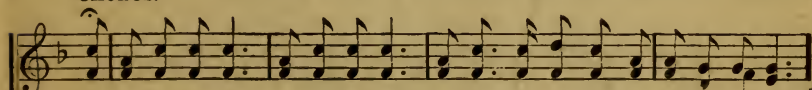
- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Hark! the Her - ald an - gels sing, | Je - sus, the Light of the world; |
| 2. Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, | Je - sus, the Light of the world; |
| 3. Christ by high - est heav'n a - dored, | Je - sus, the Light of the world; |
| 4. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace; | Je - sus, the Light of the world; |



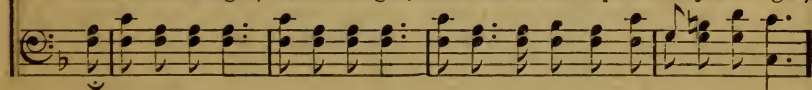
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|--|-----------------------------------|
| Glo - ry to the new-born King, | Je - sus, the Light of the world. |
| Join the tri - umphs of the skies, | Je - sus, the Light of the world. |
| Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord, | Je - sus, the Light of the world. |
| Hail the sun of right-eous-ness, | Je - sus, the Light of the world. |



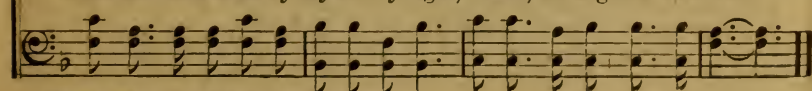
CHORUS.



We'll walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew drops of mercy are bright,



Shine all around us by day and by night, Je - sus, the Light of the world.



C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Want-ed, want-ed, loy - al hearts are wanted, Faithful in the ser-vice
2. Want-ed, want-ed, tongues of fire are wanted, Con - se-cra-ted lips with
3. Want-ed, want-ed, help-ing hands are wanted, Willing hands to la-bor
4. Want-ed, want-ed, ho - ly lives are wanted, Showing un-to sin-ners

of our Lord and King; Hearts with true love burning, Hearts o'er sinners yearning,
 Pen-te-cost a - flame; Free to tell the sto - ry Of his pow'r and glory,
 an - y time or where; Fields with harvest bending, God his reapers sending,
 Je-sus' pow'r to save; Freed from condemnation, Kept by his sal - va - tion,

CHORUS.

Seeking evermore the lost ones back to bring. Out into the harvest field and
 Glad to go a full sal - va - tion to pre - claim. }
 Who will go the precious golden sheaves to bear? In the har - vest
 Spent in service here the lives he freely gave.

labor while you may, Out into the harvest field, work while 'tis call'd today; Ye
 la - bor while you may, In the har - vest while 'tis call'd to-day; Ye

loyal hearts and true, and lab' rers not a few, Wanted, wanted, the Lord hath need of you.

To Know That He Knows.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."—Job 19: 25.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

C. E. KOCH.

1. 'Tis bless - ed to have Je - sus with me, When dan - gers my
 2. 'Tis bless - ed to have Je - sus with me, When sor - rows a -
 3. How great are the bless - ings he gives me— And great is the

path-way op - pose, And when I am heav - i - ly - la - den, 'Tis
 round me shall close— And when all is dark-ness be - fore me, 'Tis
 mer - cy he shows— He knows why my tri - als are need - ful, And

CHORUS.
 bless-ed to know that he knows. } I trust in his love, and he
 bless-ed to know that he knows. }
 I am so glad that he knows. }

leads me— I fol - low where ev - er he goes— And tho' I may

Rit.
 see not his pur - pose, 'Tis bless-ed to know that he knows.

"Holiness Unto the Lord."

Mrs. C. H. M.

Zec. 14: 20.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," church of our God, Pur - chase of Je -
 2. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," chil - dren of light, Walk - ing with Je -
 3. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," praise his dear name! This bless - ed se -
 4. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," glo - ri - ous thought! Up from the wil -
 5. "Call'd un - to ho - li - ness," Bride of the Lamb, Wait - ing the Bride -

sus re - deem'd by his blood; Call'd from the world and its
 sus in gar - ments of white; Rai - ment un - sul - lied, nor
 cret to faith now made plain. Not our own right - eous - ness,
 der - ness wan - der - ings brought, Out from the shad - ows and
 groom's re - turn - ing a - gain; Lift up your heads for the

i - dols to flee, Call'd from the bond - age of sin to be free.
 tarnish'd with sin, God's Ho - ly Spir - it a - bid - ing with - in.
 but Christ within, Liv - ing and reign - ing and sav - ing from sin.
 dark - ness of night, In - to the Ca - naan of per - fect de - light.
 day draw - eth near, When in his beau - ty the King shall ap - pear,

CHORUS.

"Holiness unto the Lord," is our watchword and song, "Holiness unto the Lord,"

as we're march - ing a - long; Sing it, shout it,
 "Ho - li - ness un - to the Lord," Sing

"Holiness Unto the Lord."—Concluded.

loud and long, "Ho-li-ness un-to the Lord, now and for-ev - er."
ho-li-ness un-to the Lord,

21

F. S. S.

It is Safe to Follow Jesus. F. S. SHEPARD.

1. It is always safe to fol-low Where the Saviour shows the way;
2. It is always safe to fol-low Where the bless-ed Mas-ter leads,
3. It is always safe to fol-low In the footsteps of the Lord;
4. It is always safe to fol-low In the path the Saviour trod,
5. When we reach the golden cit-y, In the land beyond the blue;

While walking by his guidance, We can nev-er go a-stray.
For he, knowing all our tri-als, Will sup-ply our dai-ly needs.
For he lead-eth on to vic-t'ry As is promised in his Word.
For although 'tis sometimes rugged, Yet it always leads to God.
Thro' the a-ges we will praise him, Now e-ter-nal-ly in view.

CHORUS.

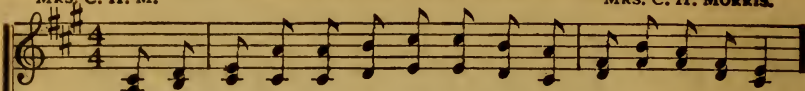
Then fol-low Je-sus, In the nar-row way, . . .
Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus, In the nar-row, nar-row way,

Then fol-low Je-sus, On to vic-to-ry.
Fol-low Je-sus, fol-low Je-sus,

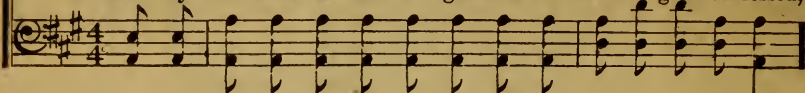
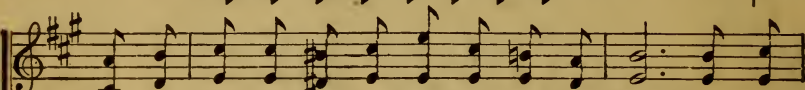
You May Have the Blessing Now.

MRS. C. H. M.

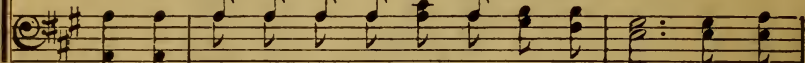
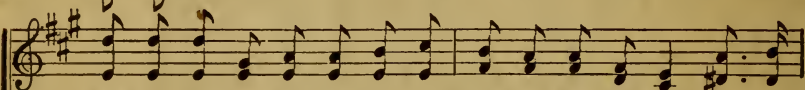
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



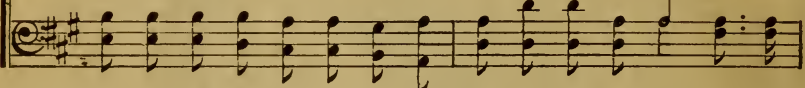
1. Are you wea-ry, heav-y la-den, as you wan-der on in sin?
2. Are you long-ing that the Lord might work in you a dou-ble cure,
3. Hear the bless-ed Spir-it call-ing, "now is the ae-cept-ed time;"
4. Ma-n-y mill-ions in all a-ges have to him their guilt confessed,

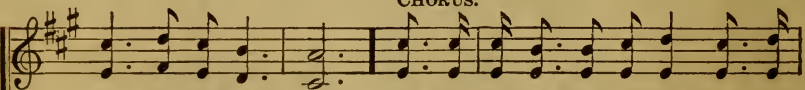
Come to Je-sus, at his foot-stool hum-bly bow; He will
Set the seal of per-fect love up-on your brow? He is
For a more con-ven-ient sea-son wait-est thou? Full sal-
Just as sin-ful and un-wor-thy they as thou; He be-

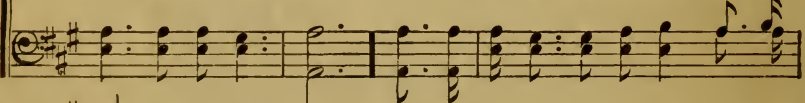
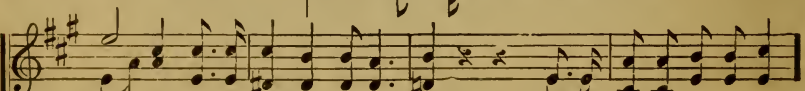
speak your sins for-giv-en, he will give you peace with-in, You may
a-ble, he is will-ing, he will cleanse and make you pure, You may
va-tion is the pearl of great-est price, O make it thine! You may
stow'd the kiss of par-don and with full sal-va-tion blessed, You may



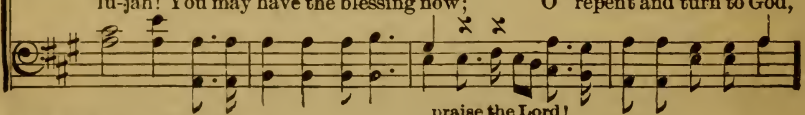
CHORUS.



have the blessing now. Hear the mes-sage that we bring, hal-le-

lu-jah! You may have the blessing now; O repent and turn to God,



praise the Lord!

You May Have the Blessing Now.—Concluded.

Yield to him and trust the blood, You may have the blessing now.

23 Saved Through Jesus' Blood.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet to nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;

The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our burden down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

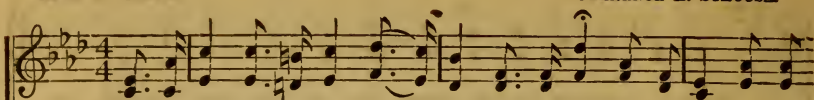
I'll be present when the roll is call'd, Pure and spotless thro' the crimson flood;

I will an - swer when they call my name; Sav'd thro' Je - sus' blood.

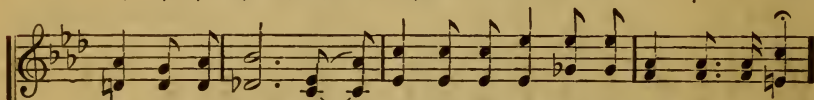
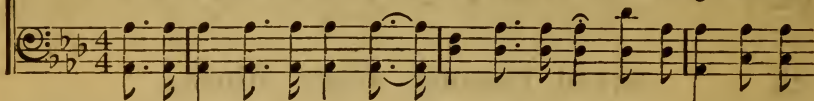
The Cross of Jesus.

ELLA M. PARKS.

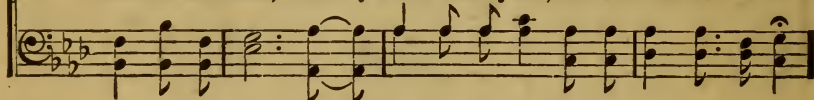
CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



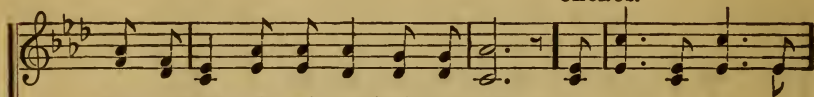
1. I am thinking to-day of a hill far a-way On whose sum-mit there
2. From that cross-crown-ed height there streameth a light That has ban-ish-ed the
3. O, the won-der-ful love of the Fa-ther a-bove Who has giv-en his



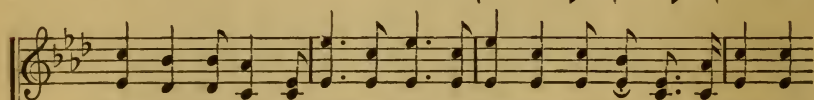
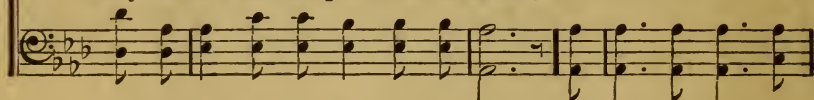
stand-eth a cross; And mine eyes fill with tears as that vis-ion appears
gloom of my soul; For my cru-ci-fied Lord hath spoken the word,
Son for the lost; Ev-'ry soul bound by sin, who will look un-to him



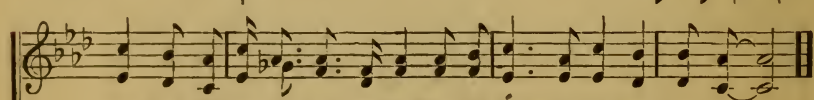
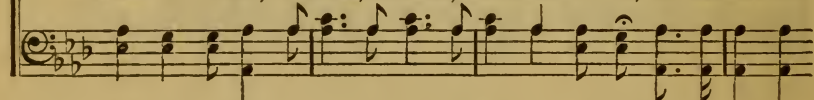
CHORUS.



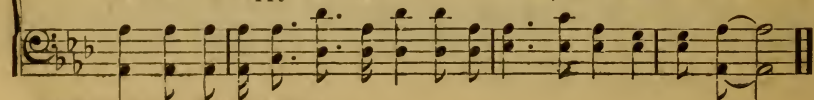
And I think of sal-va-tion's great cost.
And thro' him I am per-fect-ly whole. } The cross, the cross, the
May be sav'd thro' the pow'r of the cross.



cross of Je-sus, The cross, the cross, the cross of Je-sus, It has made me

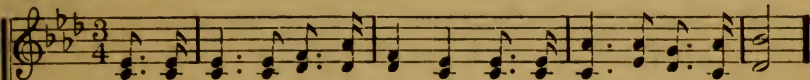


free and I'm happy as can be Thro' the cross, the cross of Je-sus.

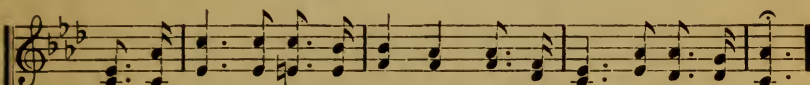
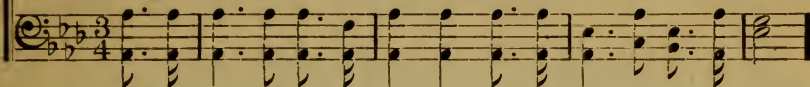


ELLA M. PARKS.

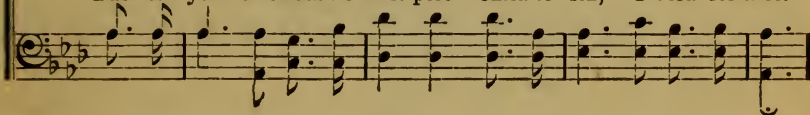
CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



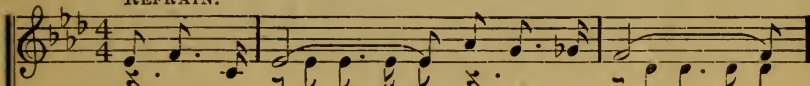
1. There's a sto-ry, sweet and ten-der, Of a love so full and free,
2. Oh, it bows my heart with sor-row, As in fan-cy I can see,
3. There on Calv'ry's cross up-lift-ed, Lo! he turns his eyes on me,
4. In that blood for me a-ton-ing, Per-fect cleans-ing I can see,
5. Sin-ner, hear the bless-ed mes-sage, Christ died not a-lone for me,



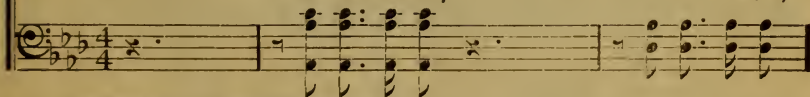
That it bro't from heaven's glo-ry God's dear Son to die for me.
 Je-sus' brow with thorns en-cir-cled,—Bloody crown he wore for me.
 As he whispers, "I have bought thee, Love di-vine hath set thee free."
 As I walk in sweet commun-ion With the Christ who died for me.
 But to you this hour he whis-pers "Child of sin, I died for thee."



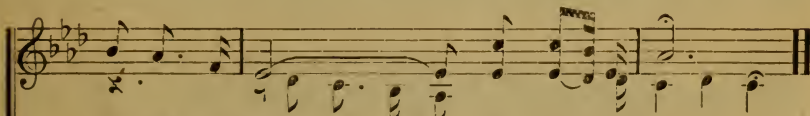
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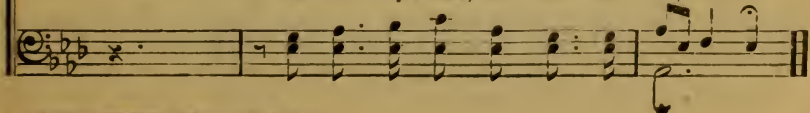
He died for me,..... He died for me,.....
 He died for me, He died for me,



Last verse.—He died for thee, etc.

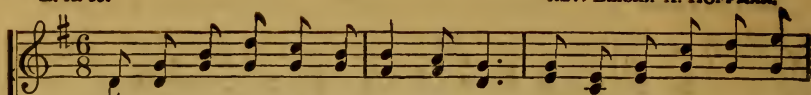


On Cal-v'ry's cross,..... He died for me.
 On Cal-v'ry's cross, He died for me, for me

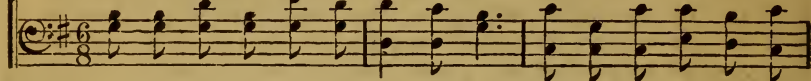
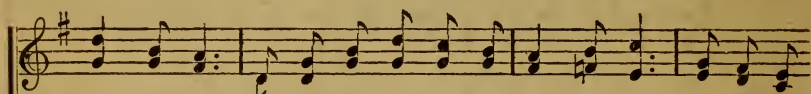


E. A. H.

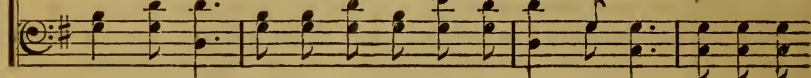
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



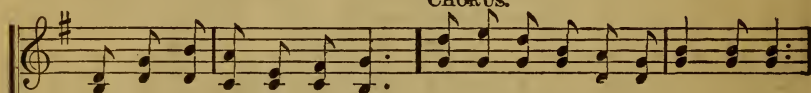
1. He has ac-cept-ed me for his own, Tak-en my heart for his
 2. When on the al-tar my all was laid, And full sur-ren-der to
 3. I am fer-ev-er the Lord's a-lone; I am ac-cept-ed in

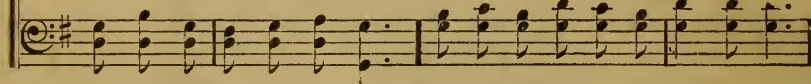
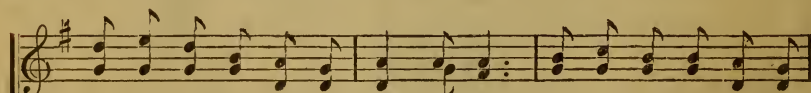
roy-al throne; Seal'd and a-noint-ed me from above, Cleans'd me with
 God was made, Then fell the bap-tism on heart and brow, He had ac-
 Christ the Son; Sa-cred to him all my pow'rs shall be, Till in bright



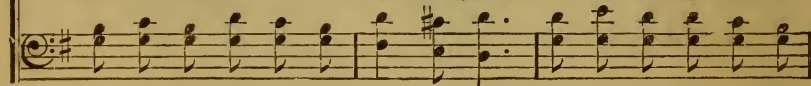

CHORUS.



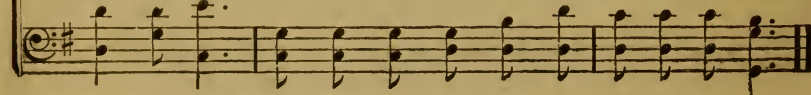
fire from the al-tar of love.
 cept-ed my cov-e-nant vow. } Ent'ring with Christ in the ho-ly place,
 glo-ry his face I shall see. }

Pu-ri-fied, sanc-ti-fied by his grace; I am ac-cept-ed, O

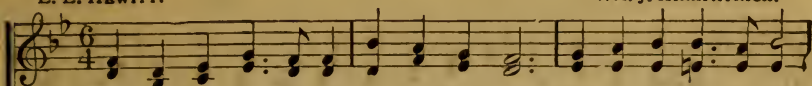
peace di-vine! Liv-ing in sun-shine, God's love now is mine.



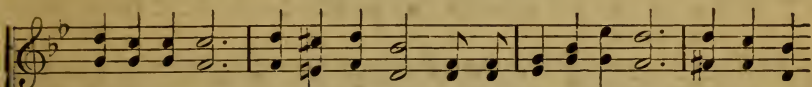
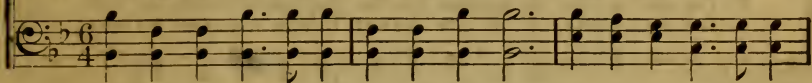
They Shall be Comforted.

E. E. HEWITT.

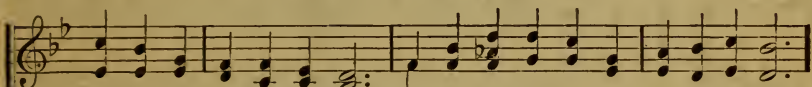
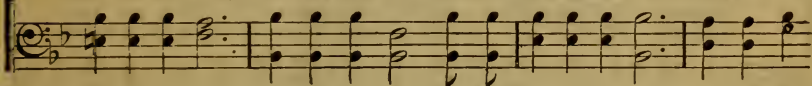
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



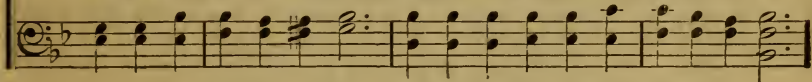
1. They shall be com-fort-ed; sor-row-ing heart, Soon ev-'ry cloud will for-
2. They shall be com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so, True and e-ter-nal his
3. They shall be com-fort-ed; yea, e-ven here, Bless-ed the mourner whom
4. They shall be com-fort-ed; rise, then, and shine, Shine in the beau-ty of



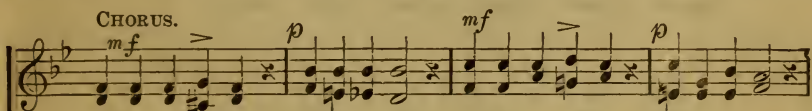
ev-er de-part; Joy, wondrous joy, in that beau-ti-ful day, When God shall
 promise we know; Gen-tle his smile, and how ten-der his voice, Bid-ding his
 Je-sus shall cheer; Sunbeams of glory thro' times fleeting show'rs, Heaven a-
 love so di-vine; Let others find where the "still waters" flow, They may be



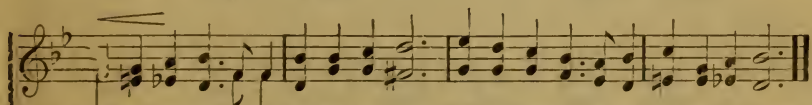
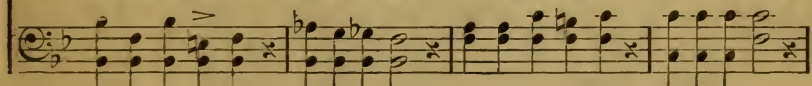
wipe ev-'ry tear-drop a-way, When God shall wipe ev'ry tear-drop away.
 chil-dren in him to re-joice, Bidding his children in him to re-joice.
 round us—this Sav-iour is ours! Heav-en around us—this Saviour is ours!
 com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so, They may be com-fort-ed; Je-sus says so.



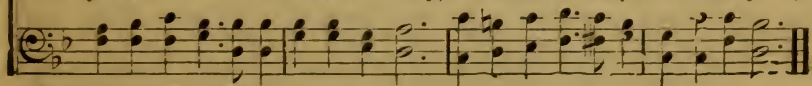
CHORUS.

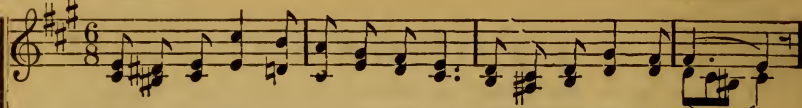


Nev-er a sor-row, nev-er a fear, Nev-er a shadow, nev-er a tear;

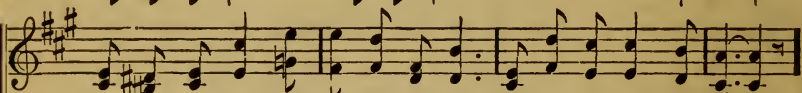
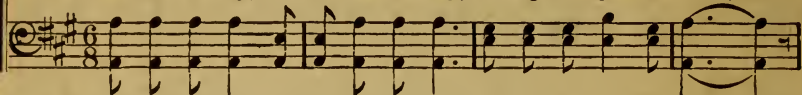


They shall be comforted in that sweet day, When God shall wipe ev'ry tear-drop away.

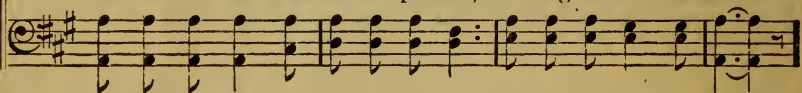




1. Let us a-way, no long-er de-lay, Morning with joy is bright;
2. Let us a-way, the message o-bey, Je-sus re-peats the call;
3. Let us a-way, we can-not de-lay, Harvest will soon be o'er;
4. Let us a-way, O let us a-way, Lifting our eyes a-bove;



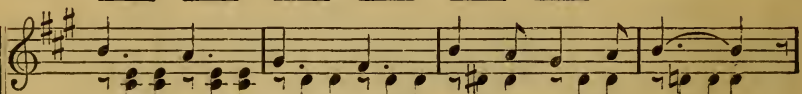
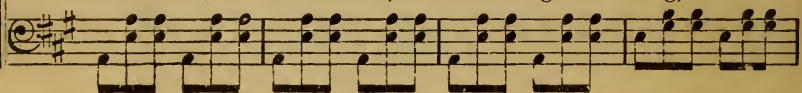
Let us a-way and la-bor to-day Out in the fields so white.
Come with a will our mis-sion ful-fill, Haste to the work for all.
Mo-ments and hours like beauti-ful flow'rs Soon will re-turn no more.
Faith-ful and true our la-bor pur-sue, Trusting a Sav-iour's love.



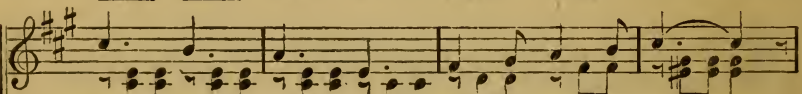
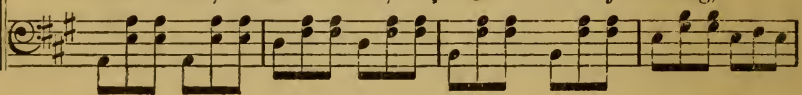
CHORUS. *Unison.*



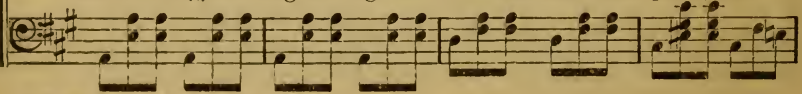
On - ward, on - ward, bound - ing a - long,....



On - ward, on - ward, join the bus - y throng,



Shout - ing, sing - ing o'er the har - vest plain;...



Let Us Away.—Concluded.

Joy - ful, joy - ful, gath - er in the grain....

29

In That City.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit-y, There's a home for ev'-ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid - ing cit-y, Man-sions here will soon de - cay.
3. I have loved ones in that cit-y, Those who left me years a - go,
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit-y, Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;

Pur-chas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev - er pass a - way.
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.
Je - sus whispers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.

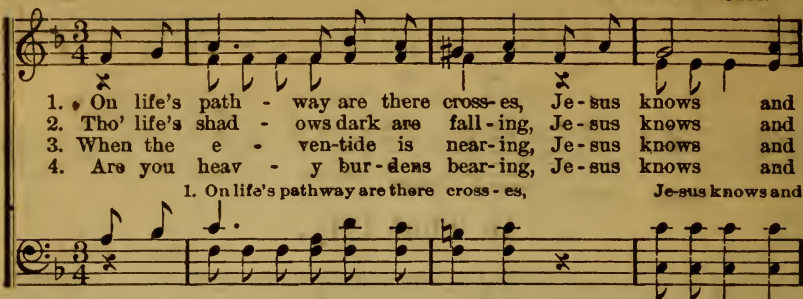
In that cit - y—bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Je - sus live for - ev - er, In that cit - y beyond death's sea.

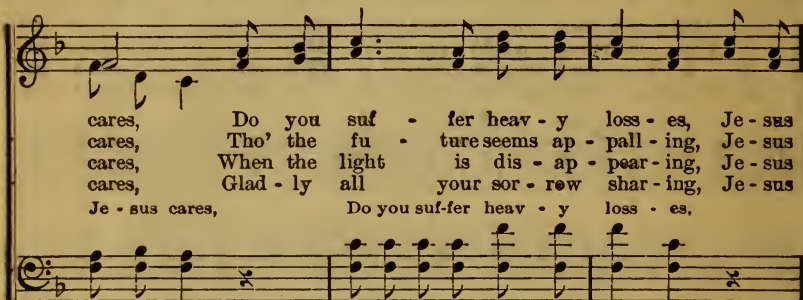
Jesus Knows and Cares.

M. S.

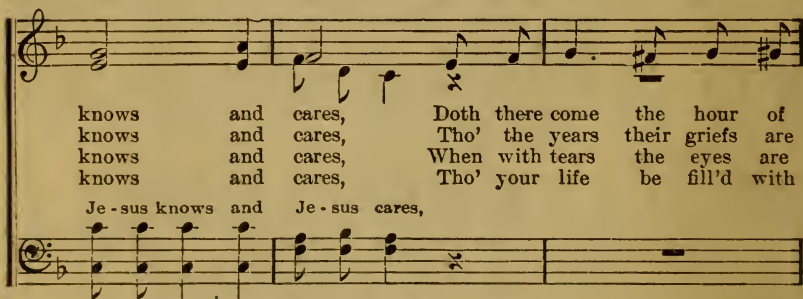
MARGARET SHULTZ.



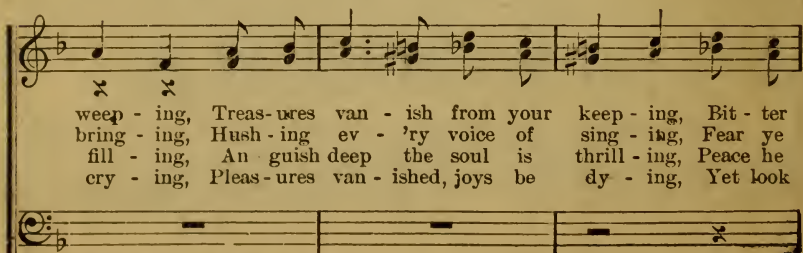
1. On life's path - way are there cross-es, Je-sus knows and
 2. Tho' life's shad - ows dark are fall-ing, Je-sus knows and
 3. When the e - ven-tide is near-ing, Je-sus knows and
 4. Are you heav - y bur-dens bear-ing, Je-sus knows and
 1. On life's pathway are there cross-es, Je-sus knows and



cares, Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es, Je - sus
 cares, Tho' the fu - ture seems ap - pall - ing, Je - sus
 cares, When the light is dis - ap - pear - ing, Je - sus
 cares, Glad - ly all your sor - row shar - ing, Je - sus
 Je - sus cares, Do you suf - fer heav - y loss - es,



knows and cares, Doth there come the hour of
 knows and cares, Tho' the years their griefs are
 knows and cares, When with tears the eyes are
 knows and cares, Tho' your life be fill'd with
 Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares,

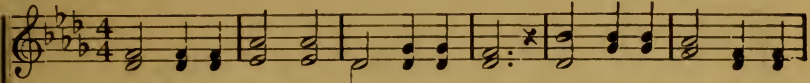


weep - ing, Treas - ures van - ish from your keep - ing, Bit - ter
 bring - ing, Hush - ing ev - 'ry voice of sing - ing, Fear ye
 fill - ing, An - guish deep the soul is thrill - ing, Peace be
 cry - ing, Pleas - ures van - ished, joys be dy - ing, Yet look

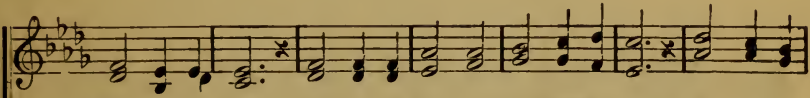
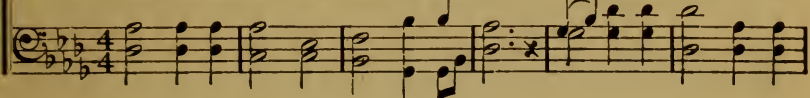
Nearer, Still Nearer.

C. H. M.

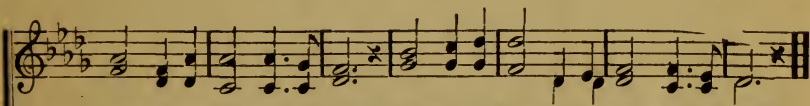
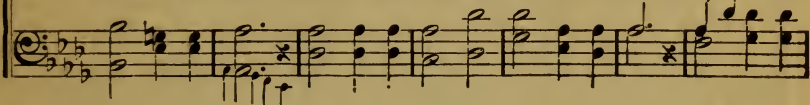
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



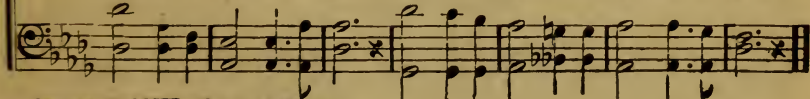
- 1. Near - er, still near - er, close to thy heart, Draw me, my Saviour, so
- 2. Near - er, still near - er, noth - ing I bring, Naught as an off'ring to
- 3. Near - er, still near - er, Lord, to be thine; Sin, with its fol - lies, I
- 4. Near - er, still near - er, while life shall last, Till safe in glo - ry my



precious thou art; Fold me, O fold me close to thy breast, Shel-ter me
Je - sus my King; On - ly my sin - ful, now contrite heart, Grant me the
glad - ly re - sign; All of its pleasures, pomp, and its pride, Give me but
aa - chor is cast; Thro' endless a - ges ev - er to be Near - er, m

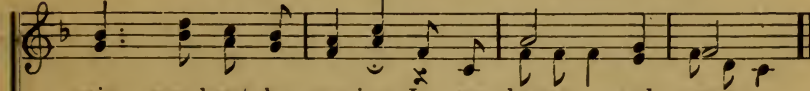


safe in that "Haven of Rest," Shelter me safe in that "Haven of Rest."
cleansing thy blood doth impart, Grant me the cleansing thy blood doth impart.
Je - sus, my Lord cru - ci - fied, Give me but Je - sus, my Lord cru - ei - fied.
Saviour, still nearer to thee, Nearer, my Saviour, still nearer to thee.

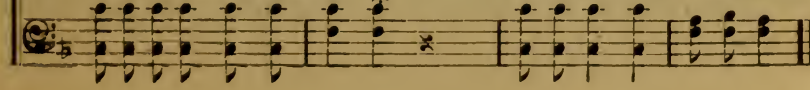


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Jesus Knows and Cares.—Concluded.

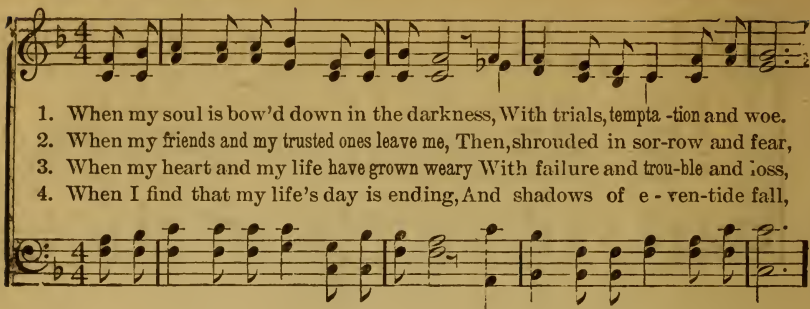


pain your heart be reap-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
not, the cry is ring-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
brings, his heart is will-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
up be-yond the sigh-ing; Je - sus knows and cares.
bit-ter pain your heart be reap-ing; Je - sus knows and Je - sus cares.

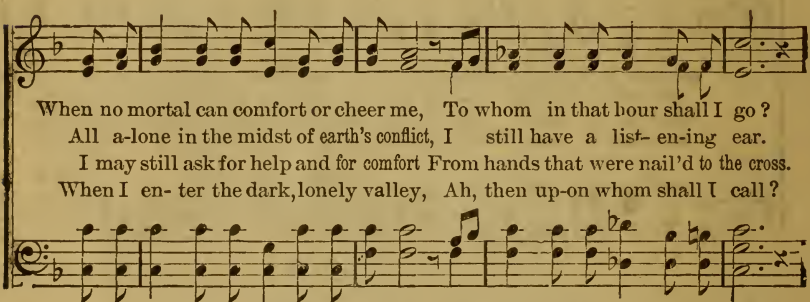


SARAH R. R. ERNEST.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

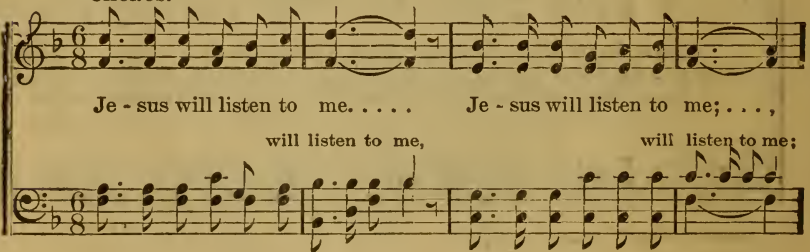


1. When my soul is bow'd down in the darkness, With trials, tempta - tion and woe.
 2. When my friends and my trusted ones leave me, Then, shrouded in sor-row and fear,
 3. When my heart and my life have grown weary With failure and trou-ble and loss,
 4. When I find that my life's day is ending, And shadows of e - ven-tide fall,

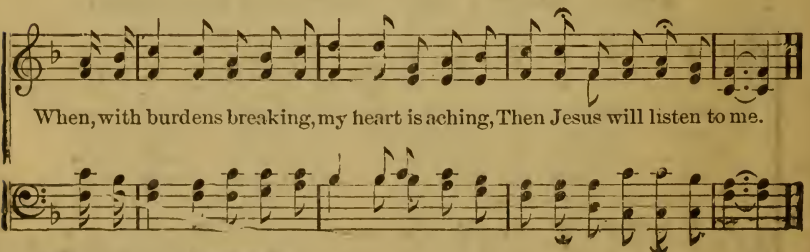


When no mortal can comfort or cheer me, To whom in that hour shall I go?
 All a-lone in the midst of earth's conflict, I still have a list-en-ing ear.
 I may still ask for help and for comfort From hands that were nail'd to the cross.
 When I en-ter the dark, lonely valley, Ah, then up-on whom shall I call?

CHORUS.



Je - sus will listen to me. . . . Je - sus will listen to me; . . . ,
 will listen to me, will listen to me;



When, with burdens breaking, my heart is aching, Then Jesus will listen to me.

Heaven Here Below.

Dedicated to my helpmate, Maccie Mary Strouse.

C. B. S.

Very slow.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE

1. Once I thought sweet peace I'd find, In world - ly
2. I used to be a - fraid to die, I had no
3. What mat-ters' wheth - er sick or well, Our Je - sus
4. Let earth's fierce - est bil - lows roll, I've heav - en
5. I have a right to shout and sing, For my best

pleas - ure and its kind; But no such peace to
home be - yond the sky; Now Je - sus comes and
do - eth all things well; Of earth - ly goods we're
an - chor'd in my soul; And if on earth no
friend is heav - en's King, His whis - pers now, they

me was giv'n, 'Till I be - came a child of heav'n.
walks with me, All fear is gone and I am free.
oft be - reft, But, praise his name, We've heav - en left.
more we greet, We'll meet a - bove at Je - sus' feet.
thrill my soul, The shouts of joy I can't con - trol.

CHORUS.

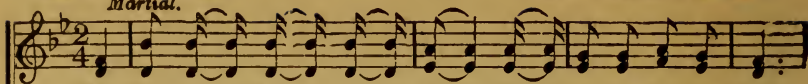
Since I have been for - giv - en, His dear face I see.....

Since I have been for-giv'n, His dear face, his dear face I see—

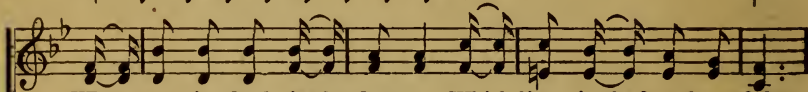
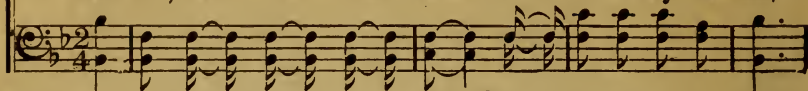
While we walk to - geth - er, This world's a heav'n to me.....
to me.

GEO. NEWELL LOVING, *Marital.*

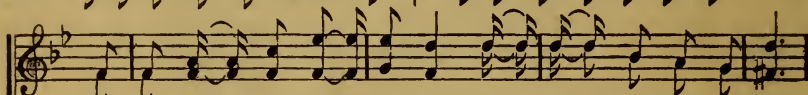
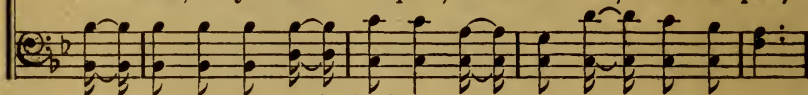
REV. CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



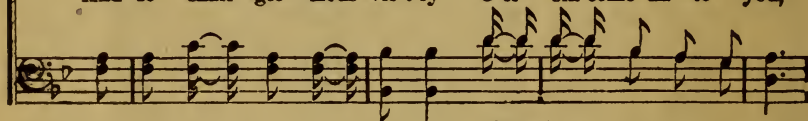
1. Stand firm when the en - e - my charges Your ranks in all his might,
2. Stand firm, and not for an instant Let the coward's thought be yours,
3. Stand firm, and so shall fal - ter The en - e - my at last,



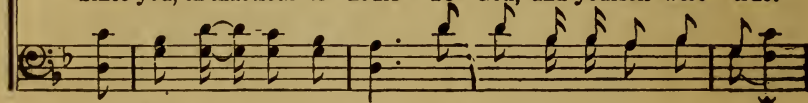
When sore, in - deed, is the dan - ger, Which lies in the hot, fierce fight;
Or the heart that's weak and trembling, Nor the heart that not en - dures:
Grow weak, and yield the con - quest, And the tri - al, will be past;



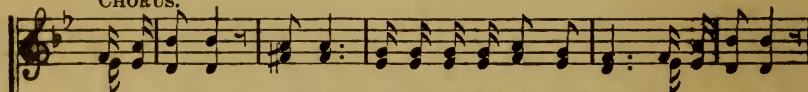
Cow'r not in that hour of con - flict When the test comes un - to you;
But steel your breast to the con - flict, With cour - age your soul en - due,
And so shall gle - mous vic - t'ry O'er sin come un - to you,

*Ritard.*.....

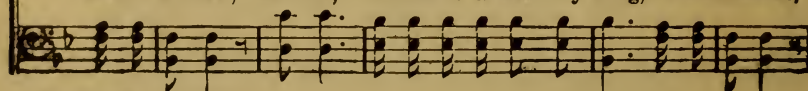
But in that hour of hours To God, and yourself be true!
And in that hour of hours To God, and yourself be true!
Since you, in that hour of hours To God, and yourself were true!



CHORUS.



We are soldiers, soldiers, Soldiers of a heav'nly King, We are soldiers,



Stand Firm.—Concluded.

soldiers, And we'll make his praises ring, We'll make his praises ring for ev-er.

35 Blessed Quietness.

MRS. MANIE PAYNE FERGUSON.

ARR BY J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Springing in - to joy and glad - ness All a-round this glorious Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav - en, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See, a fruit-ful field is grow - ing, Bless-ed fruits of righteous-ness;
2. What a won-der-ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see his face;

He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart his home.
Banished un - be - lief and sad - ness, And we just o - bey and rest.
So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com-ing to us from on high.
And the streams of life are flow - ing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
What a peace-ful hab-i - ta - tion, What a qui-et rest-ing place.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed qui-et-ness, ho-ly qui-et-ness, What as-sur-ance in my soul;

On the stormy sea, Je-sus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

MRS. C. H. M.
DUET.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. My stub-born will at last hath yield-ed; I would be
 2. I'm tired of sin, foot-sore and wea-ry, The dark-some
 3. Thy pre-cious will, O conqu'ring Sav-iour, Doth now em-
 4. Shut in with thee, O Lord, for-ev-er, My way-ward

thine and thine a-lone; And this the pray'r.... my lips are
 path hath drear-y grown, But now a light.... has ris'n to
 brace and com-pass me; All dis-cords hush-d.... my peace a
 feet no more to roam; What pow'r from thee.... my soul car-

Rit...... CHORUS.

bring-ing, "Lord, let in me thy will be done."
 cheer me; I find in thee my Star, my Sun. } Sweet will of God, still
 riv-er, My soul a prison'd bird set free.
 sev-er? The cen-tre of God's will my home.

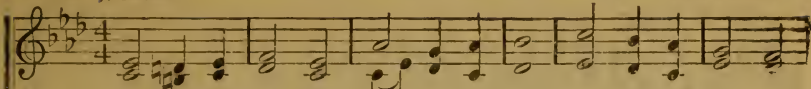
fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee. Sweet will of

God still fold me clos-er, Till I am whol-ly lost in thee.

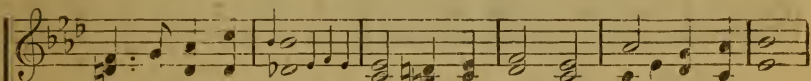
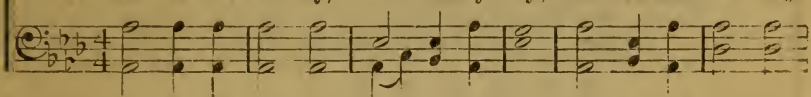
Gather With the Faithful.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

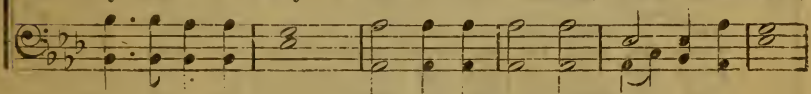
GEO. T. KIRKPATRICK.



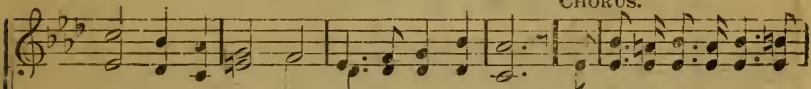
1. Joy in my sad-ness, Hope in my tears; Now let thy pres-ence
2. Come when the morn-ing Breaks on my sight; Come in the noon-tide,
3. Star of the wea-ry, Rise on my way; Where thou art lead-ing,



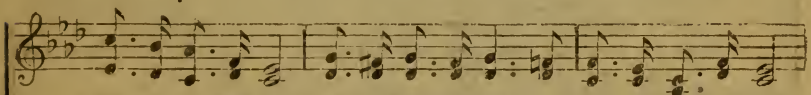
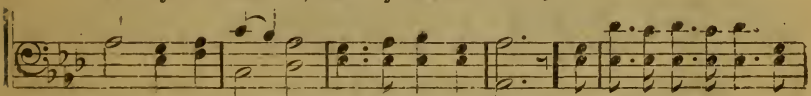
Ban - ish all my fears. Lo, I am wait-ing, Here at thy throne.
 Love-ly, calm and bright: Come when the daybeams Gent-ly have flow'd,
 Joy-ful I o - bey. When o'er life's o - cean, Storm billows feam,



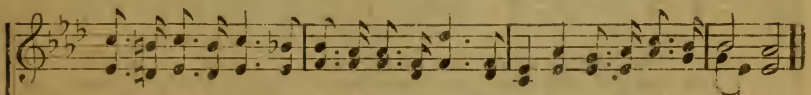
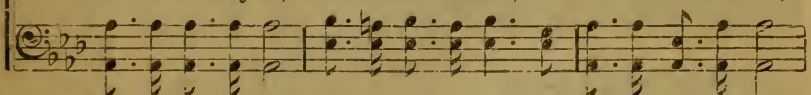
CHORUS.



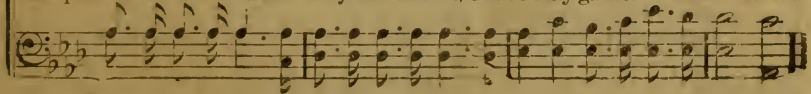
O my Re-deem - er, Leave me not a - lone.
 O my Re-deem - er, Leave me not a - lone. } Wherev - er I may go, wher-
 O my Re-deem - er, Safe - ly bear me home.



ev - er I may be, Thou in whom I trust, O still a-bide with me,



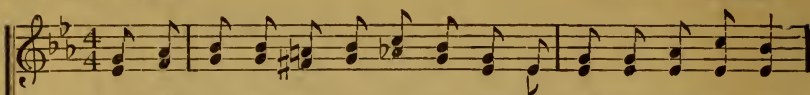
Keep this heart of mine and hide my life with thine, That I may gather with the faithful



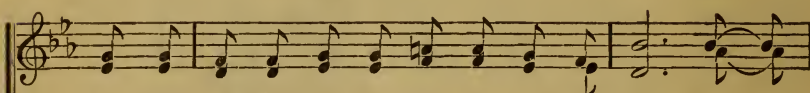
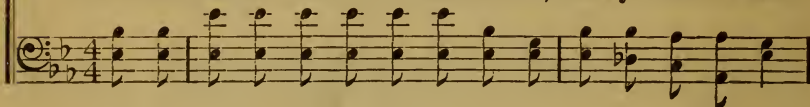
His Loving Arms Around Me.

ELLA M. PARKS.

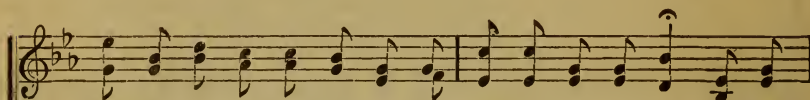
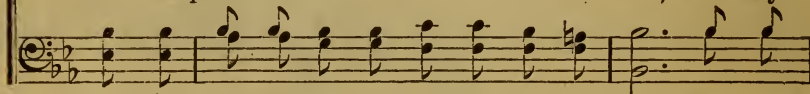
CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



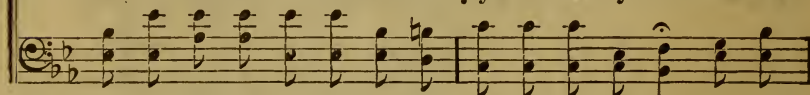
1. I was far a-way from Je-sus, dead in tres-pas-ses and sin,
2. Then he whispered to me par-don thro' the all a-ton-ing blood
3. Day by day he guides and keeps me in the bless-ed nar-row way,
4. In the hour of deep-est tri-al when all earth-ly com-fort fails
5. Oh this bless-ed life in Je-sus! Sin-ner, won't you hear his call?



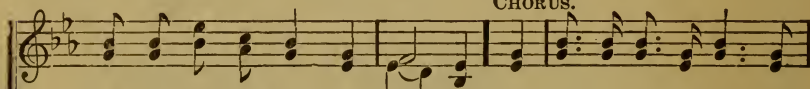
And I thought for one so vile no hope could be; But the
Which he shed for my trans-gres-sions on the tree; And the
From the ban of sin and death he makes me free; There's no
And no cheer-ing ray of sun-shine I can see, Then to
From the pow'r of sin's do-min-ion he can free; Yield thy



bless-ed Lord of Glo-ry stooped and raised me to him-self, And he
bless-ed peace of heav-en came in-to my wea-ry soul, As he
e-vil can be-fall me while I'm rest-ing in his grace, And he
him I bring my sor-row and he wipes a-way my tears, As he
heart to him this mo-ment and with joy thou'lt surely find That he'll



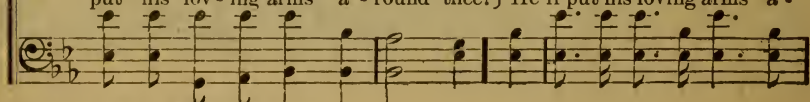
CHORUS.



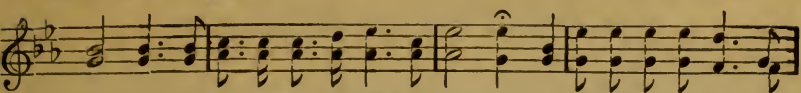
put his lov-ing arms	a-round me.	} He put his lov-ing arms a-
put his lov-ing arms	a-round me.	
has his lov-ing arms	a-round me.	
puts his lov-ing arms	a-round me.	
put his lov-ing arms	a-round thee!	

Cho. for 5th verse.

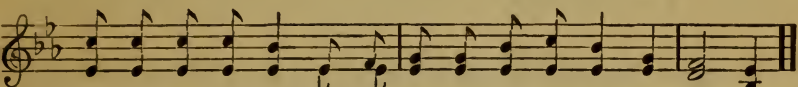
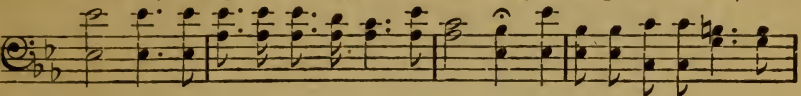
He'll put his loving arms a-



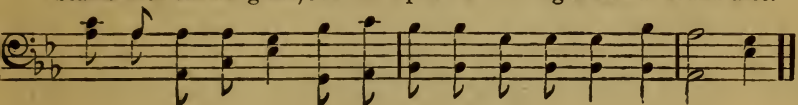
His Loving Arms Around Me.—Concluded."



round me, He put his lov-ing arms around me, I look'd into his face, it
round thee, He'll put his loving arms around thee, Look up into his face, it



beam'd with ten-der grace, As he put his lov-ing arms a-round me.
beams with ten-der grace, And he'll put his lov-ing arms a-round thee.

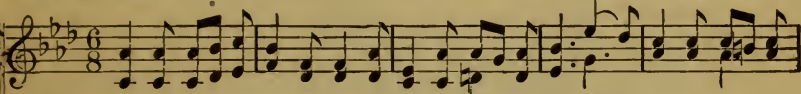


39

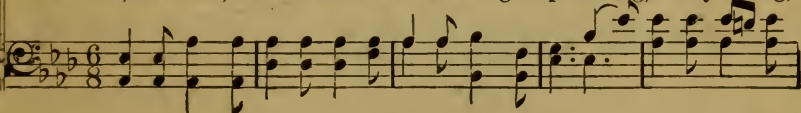
"Yes, Dear Lord."

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

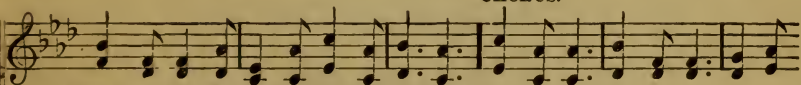
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Long my wilful heart said "no" To Jesus' tender pleading; Now I long his
2. Bringing all I am and have In humble conse-cra-tion, Trusting in the
3. Giv-ing o'er my doubts and fears And all my useless trying, Trusting not my
4. Yes, dear Lord, in life or death With thee all good possessing, Not by feeling,

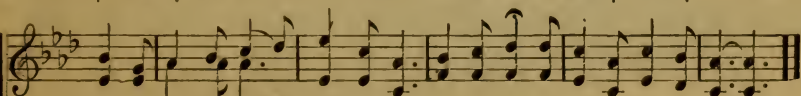
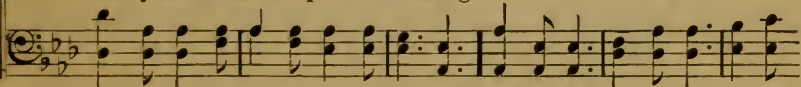


CHORUS.

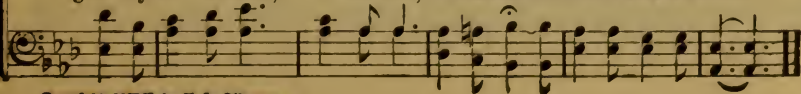


love to know, My stubborn will is yielding.
blood I claim This ut-termost sal-va-tion.
pray'rs or tears, But on thy word rely-ing.
but by faith I take the promis'd blessing.

} Yes, dear Lord, Yes, dear Lord, Here I



give my all to thee; I believe, I believe The blood avails for me.



Stay Firm in Jesus.

L. C. and C. B. S.

CLARENCE E. STROUSE.

1. Stay firm the Lord will give thee All the need-ed grace, His pres-ence
 2. Stay firm, though friends despise thee, And your foes may frown, Know God is
 3. Stay firm, let not the fu-ture, Though it's dim and drear, Fill thee with
 4. Stay firm, let noth-ing tempt thee Now to com-prom-ise; Do ev-er

shall be with thee, Where-so-e'er the place. The storms may rage around thee,
 watch-ing o'er thee, And he holds thy crown. When you shall stand before him,
 dread fore-bod-ing, And with anxious fear. 'Tis on-ly thine to fol-low,
 what is pleas-ing, In the Saviour's eyes; Though it may mean despis-ing,

And the bil-lows wild; They cannot o-verwhelm thee, For thou art his child.
 What will mat-ter then, Not serving him meant earning Slight and scorn of men.
 Where-e'er he shall lead; Thy Shepherd King provideth, For your ev'ry need.
 Ev-er fol-low him; When one has seen his beauty, Joys of earth grow dim.

CHORUS BY M. WATSON.

On-ly a few more days of life, On-ly a few more days of
 A few more days of life, A

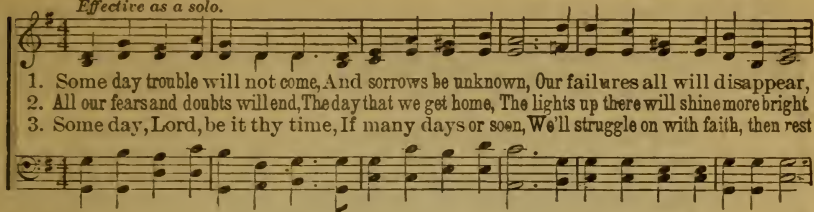
strife; Then safe at last, all dan-ger past, At home with
 few more days of strife, safe

Je-sus we will be, Crowned... for e-ter-ni-ty.
 Crowned for e-ter-ni-ty, Crowned for e-ter-ni-ty.

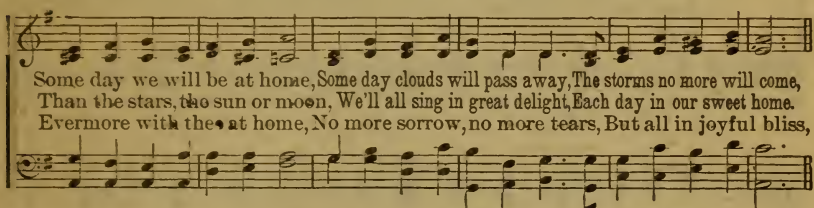
Home With Thee, Dear Lord.

R. T. G. and C. B. S.

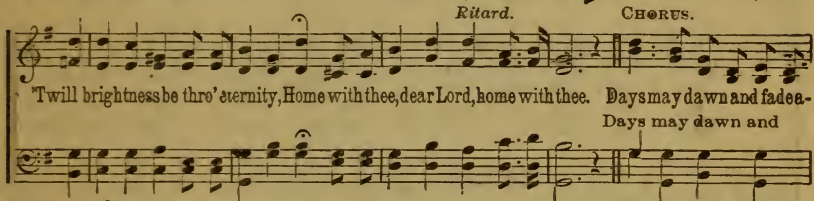
MARY C. PEARCE. Arr. by R.

Effective as a solo.


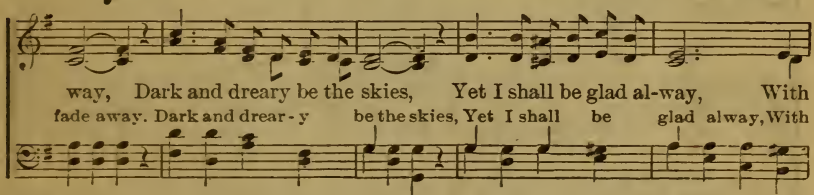
1. Some day trouble will not come, And sorrows be unknown, Our failwres all will disappear,
 2. All our fears and doubts will end, The day that we get home, The lights up there will shine more bright
 3. Some day, Lord, be it thy time, If many days or soon, We'll struggle on with faith, then rest



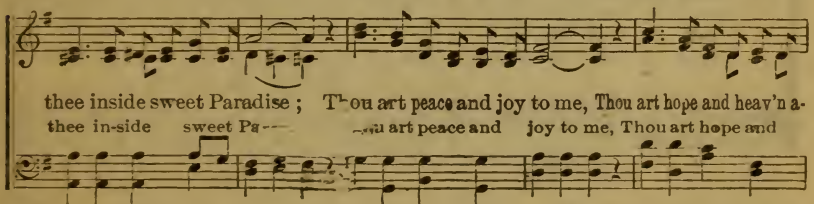
Some day we will be at home, Some day clouds will pass away, The storms no more will come,
 Than the stars, the sun or moon, We'll all sing in great delight, Each day in our sweet home.
 Evermore with thee at home, No more sorrow, no more tears, But all in joyful bliss,



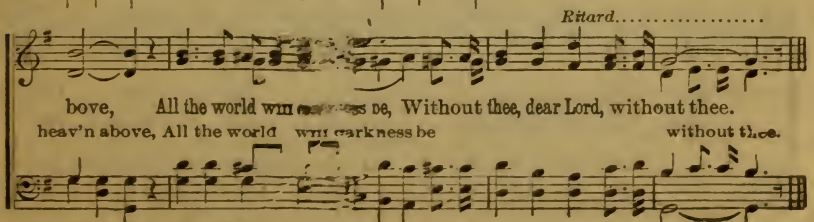
Ritard. CHORUS.
 'Twill brightness be thro' eternity, Home with thee, dear Lord, home with thee. Days may dawn and fade a-
 Days may dawn and



way, Dark and dreary be the skies, Yet I shall be glad al-way, With
 fade away. Dark and drear- y be the skies, Yet I shall be glad alway, With



thee inside sweet Paradise; Thou art peace and joy to me, Thou art hope and heav'n a-
 thee in-side sweet Pa- - - - - art peace and joy to me, Thou art hope and

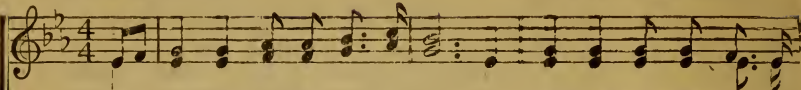


Ritard......
 bove, All the world will be, Without thee, dear Lord, without thee.
 heav'n above, All the world will darkness be without thee.

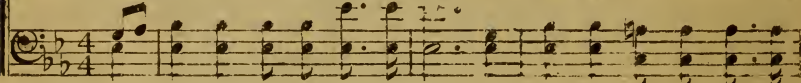
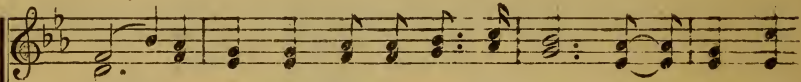
42 Meet me in the City Bright and Fair.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE.


C. B. S. and W. E. BURNETT.




1. Some day I'll bid this world good-bye, I can not tell what day 'twill
 2. Some day I'll lay life's burden down, To nev-er feel their weight a-
 3. I'll greet my lov'd ones gone be-fore, O what a shouting time 'twill
 4. Some day I'll reach my mansion fair Pre-pared on gold-en street 'twill
 5. Some day ten-thousand years from now, We'll talk a-bout this meet-ing

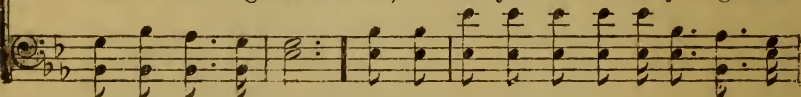
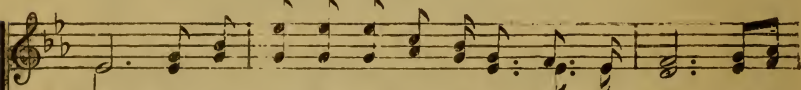
be; But this I know be-yond the sky There is a
 gain; From Je-sus I'll re-ceive my crown, In the cit-y
 be; They'll wel-come me to heav-en's shore, Sav'd, sav'd for
 be; An-gels will know my num-ber there, Dear ones don't
 here; O God for-bid my faltering friend That you should




CHORUS.



hap-py home for me.
 where there is no pain.
 all e-ter-ni-ty. } Will you meet me in that cit-y bright and
 fail to call on me.
 miss of be-ing there. ---Yes, I'll meet you in that cit-y bright and

fair, Will you meet me in that cit-y, I'll be there; Oh
 fair, Yes I'll meet you in that cit-y, I'll be there; Oh



Meet me in the City.—Concluded.

lov'd ones dear, one promise, That you'll now make up your
 lov'd ones I now promise, And I have made up my
 minds, To meet me in that cit - y bright and fair.
 mind To meet you in that cit - y bright and fair.

43

Cleansing Wave.

PHOEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { O now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;
 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, (*Omit*) Points to his wounded side.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and O it cleanseth me!
 O praise the Lord! it cleanseth me! (*Omit*) It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
 Above the world of sin,
 With heart made pure and garments white
 And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
 To feel the blood applied;
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
 My Jesus crucified.

Jesus is Coming.

DR. E. I. D. PEPPER.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE.

1. Je - sus is com - ing, The prom - ise has been giv'n,
 2. Je - sus is com - ing To those who long for heav'n;
 3. Je - sus is com - ing To those whose hearts are riv'n;
 4. Je - sus is com - ing, To see him we have striv'n.

Je - sus is com - ing, To take us all to heav'n;
 Je - sus is com - ing To those whose all is giv'n.
 Je - sus is com - ing To those with all for - giv'n.
 Je - sus is com - ing To meet him grace is giv'n.

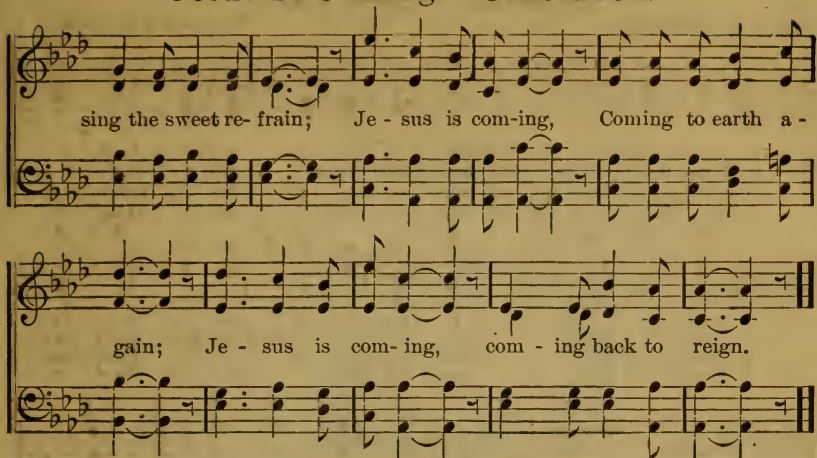
Je - sus is com - ing, The ad - vent draw - eth nigh;
 Je - sus is com - ing! Come quick - ly, Lord, we cry;
 Je - sus is com - ing! Oh, let our tears be dry;
 Je - sus is com - ing! No long - er breathe a sigh,

Oh, how glo - ri - ous, That we may nev - er die.
 Oh, how glo - ri - ous, Thy por - tents we es - py.
 Oh, how glo - ri - ous, When we as - cend on high.
 Oh, how glo - ri - ous, He com - eth from on high.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is com - ing, coming back a - gain; Je - sus is com - ing,

Jesus is Coming.—Concluded.

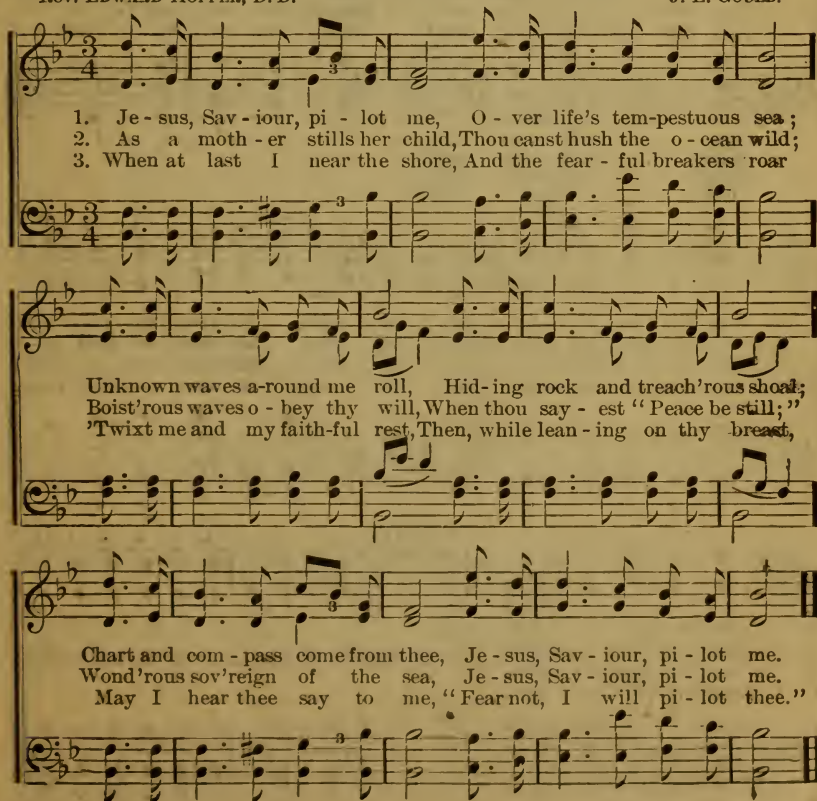


sing the sweet re-frain; Je - sus is com-ing, Coming to earth a -
gain; Je - sus is com-ing, com - ing back to reign.

45 Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

Rev. EDWARD HOPPER, D. D.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem-pestuous sea;
2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar

Unknown waves a-round me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say - est "Peace be still;"
'Twixt me and my faith-ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

Chart and com - pass come from thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
Wond'rous sov'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee."

Someone's Last Call.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
Arr.

1. Come, oh come to the bless - ed Sav - - iour, List, oh
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - - fle Yearn - ings
 4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs..... you, Hard - en

1. Come, oh come to the bless - ed Sav - iour, List, oh
 2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
 3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn - ings
 4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en

list to his lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don,
 voice to each way - ward child; Heed it! O heed it!
 sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no long - er
 not your fast melt - ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion

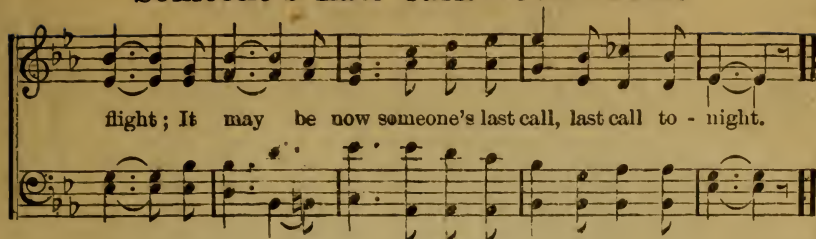
list to his call.
 voice to his child.
 toward his life more pure.
 not your heart.

Par - don from sin to all; Oh come, he gives par - don from
 Be no more sin - be - guiled, Oh heed his voice, be now no
 But in God rest se - cure; Oh strive no more, but in God
 Else shall your chance de - part; Oh take it *now*, else shall your

REFRAIN.

sin to all, to all.
 more beguiled, be - guiled. } Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this moment takes
 rest se - cure, se - eure.
 chance de - part, de - part.

Someone's Last Call.--Concluded.



47

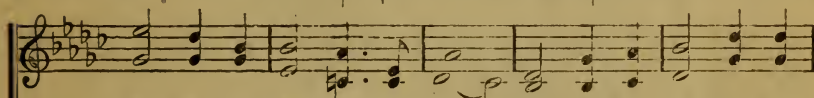
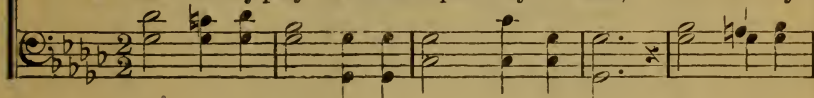
Closer to Thee.

O. H. M.

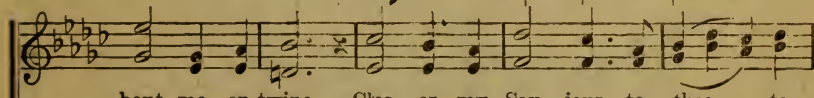
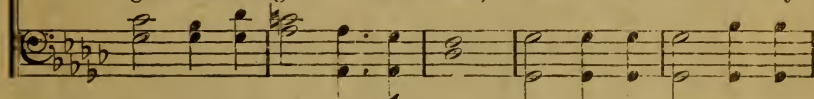
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



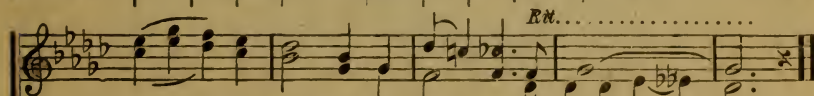
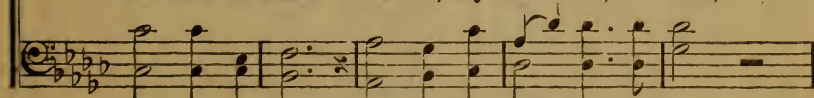
- | | |
|--|-------------|
| 1. Draw me, oh Lord, to that great heart of thine, | Let me like |
| 2. Near to thy side where the crimson drops flow, | Mak-ing me |
| 3. Light of my life where the dark shadows creep, | Be thou my |
| 4. This be my pray'r while life's path-way I take, | Till on my |



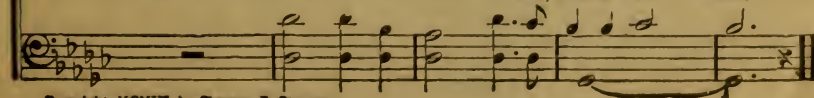
John on thy bos-om re-cline,	Feel-ing thine arms round a-
whit-er, yes, whit-er than snow,	More of thy won-drous sal-
guide for the path-way is steep;	Safe 'neath thy wing ev-er-
sight heav-en's glo-ries shall break,	Till I at last in thy



bout me en-twine,	Clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee, to
va-tion to know,	Clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee, to
more would I keep,	Clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee, to
like-ness a-wake:	Clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee, to



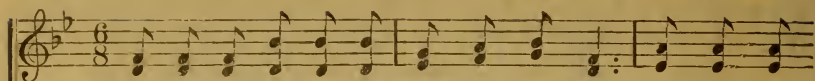
thee, Yes, clos-er, my Sav-our, to thee.....
Yes, clos-er to... thee.



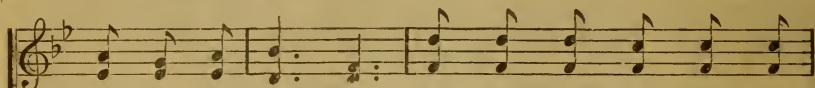
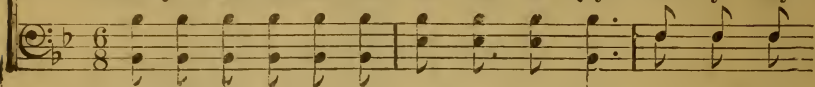
Bury thy Sins at the Fountain.

L. E. J.

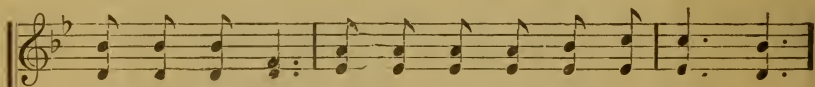
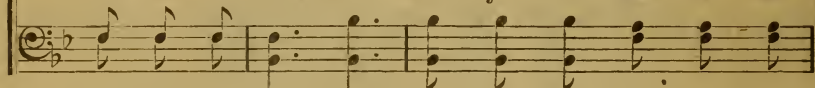
L. E. JONES



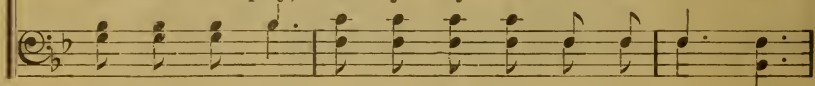
1. Would you from bur-dens and sor-rows be free? Bur-y thy
2. Je-sus the price of thy ran-som hath paid, Bur-y thy
3. Would you have heart all un-spot-ted and pure? Bur-y thy
4. Would you have rest and a-ful-ness of joy? Bur-y thy



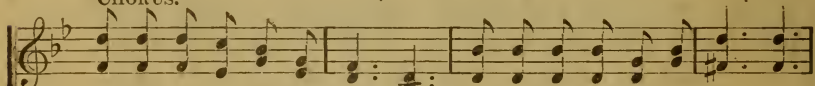
sins at the fount-ain. Pre-cious the cur-rent, 'tis
 sins at the fount-ain. On him thy ev-'ry trans-
 sins at the fount-ain. Would you have peace that doth
 sins at the fount-ain. Would you be used in the



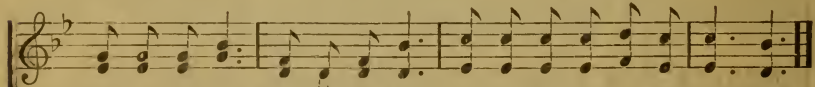
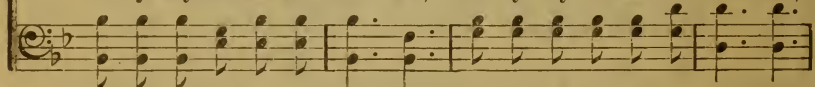
flow-ing for thee, Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain.
 gres-sion is laid, Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain.
 ev-er en-dure, Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain.
 Mas-ter's em-ploy, Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain.



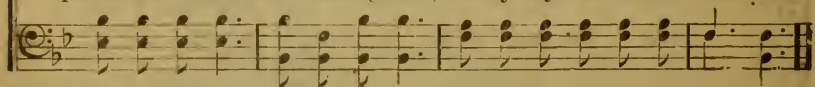
CHORUS.



Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain, Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain,



precious the blood. sin-cleansing flood, Bur-y thy sins at the fount-ain.



Leaving all to Jesus.

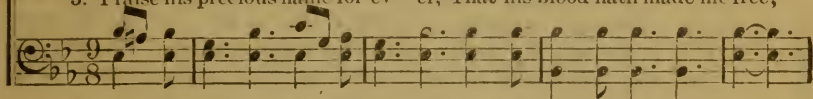
"Behold we have forsaken all and followed thee."—St. Mark 10: 37.

ISA M. DUDLEY.

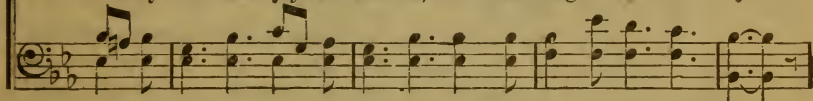
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Leav-ing all to fol-low Je - sus, Turning from the world a - way;
2. Naught reserv-ing, on the al - tar All I lay, and wait the hour,
3. Tak-ing up the cross for Je - sus, Glad for him to suf - fer shame
4. Walking still by faith in Je - sus, Trusting till he gives me sight,
5. Praise his precious name for-ev - er, That his blood hath made me free;



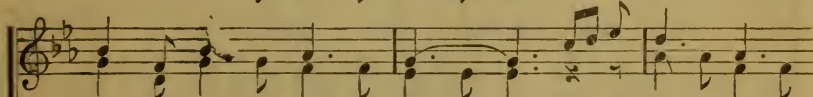
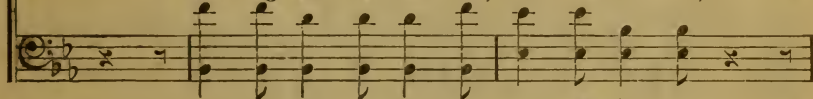
Stepping out up - on his promise, All I have is his to - day.
 When the fire from heav'n descending, Shall at-test his glo-rious pow'r.
 All my gain I count but loss-es, For the glo - ry of his name.
 When my chastened soul is read - y, He will lead me to the light.
 Now my soul shall joy to tell it, Thro' the long e - ter - ni - ty.



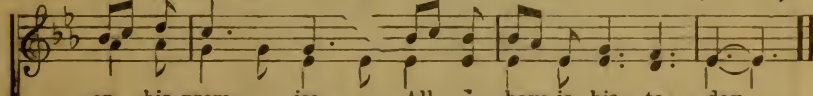
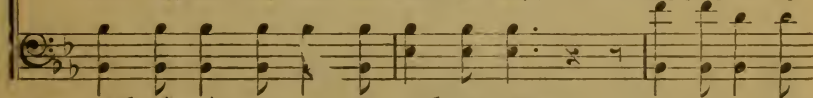
CHORUS.



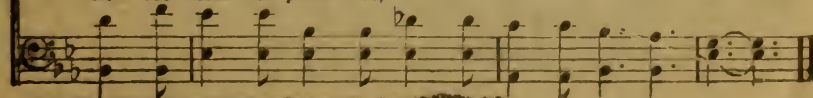
Leav-ing all to fol - low Je - sus, Turn-ing
 Leav - ing all to fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,



from the world a - way;..... Stepping out up -
 Turn - ing, turn - ing from the world a - way; Stepping out up -



on his prom - ise, All I have is his to - day.
 on his bless - ed prom - ise,

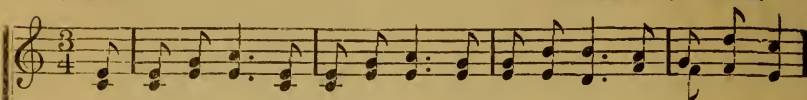


God Will Answer.

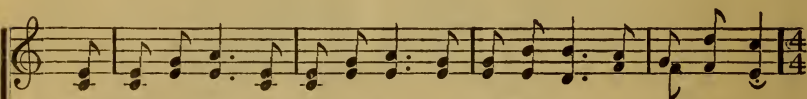
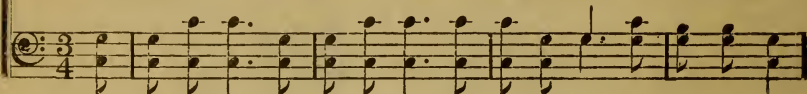
"What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them."—Jesus.

C. B. S.

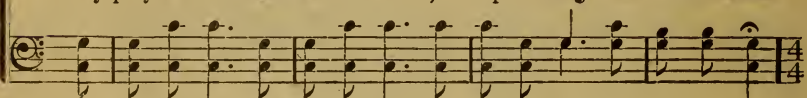
CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



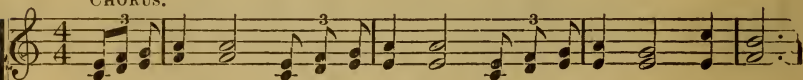
1. If I but trust thy precious blood And plunge beneath its cleansing flood,
2. If I but con - se - crate to thee My life for all e - ter - ni - ty,
3. If I but trust thy promise made That power shouldst my life pervade,
4. And when thou comest for thy love, I'll meet thee in the clouds a - bove;



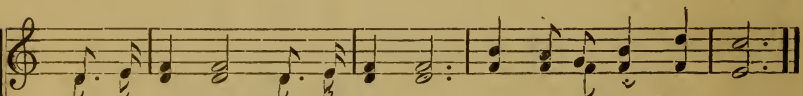
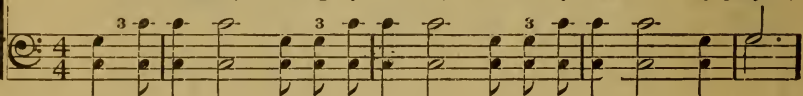
I will receive thy pardon free And know that thou hast answered me.
Thou wilt thy pu - ri - ty impart And give to me a perfect heart.
And pray the Ho - ly Ghost to fill My soul with all thy perfect will.
My prayer will cease at heaven's door, And praise begin for ev - er - more.



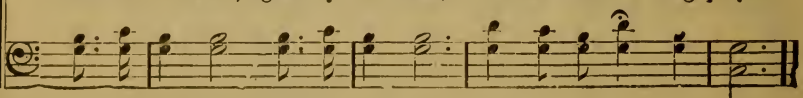
CHORUS.



God will answer, lov - ing - ly answer, Certainly answer my prayer,



God will an - swer, glad - ly an - swer, An - swer be - liev - ing prayer.



I'll Go, Send Me.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Dear Lord, I would now as thy mes - sen - ger go, O'er
 2. O send me to where there are hearts that are sad, And
 3. I would not be i - dle when souls are a - stray, All

mountain or val - ley or sea; O fill me and fit me to
 quick at thy bid - ding I'll go; O help me to tell them the
 burdened with sor - row and sin; O may I to them 'all thy

tell of thy love And just where thou will - eth send me.
 mer - cy and grace, That thou art a - wait - ing to show.
 good - ness de - clare, And un - to thy joy bring them in.

CHORUS.

I'll go,.... send me,... on an - y er-rand of love for thee,
 I'll go, send me,

Rit......

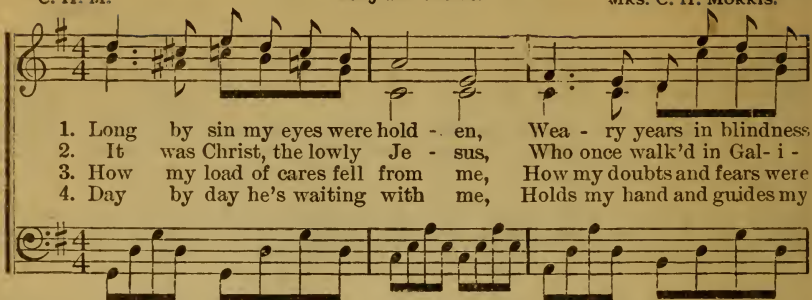
I'll go,.... send me,... on an - y er-rand of love for thee.
 I'll go, send me,

Mine Eyes Beheld the King.

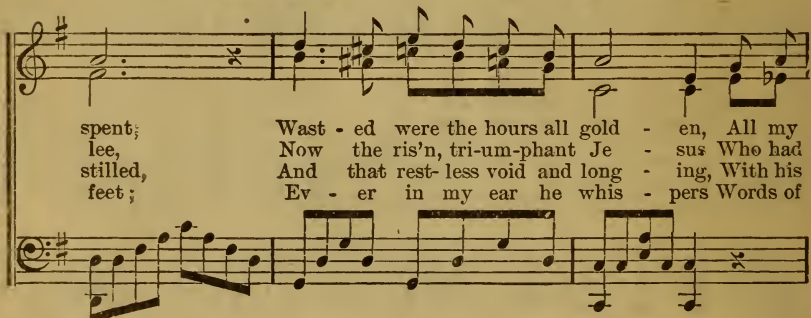
C. H. M.

Song and Chorus.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



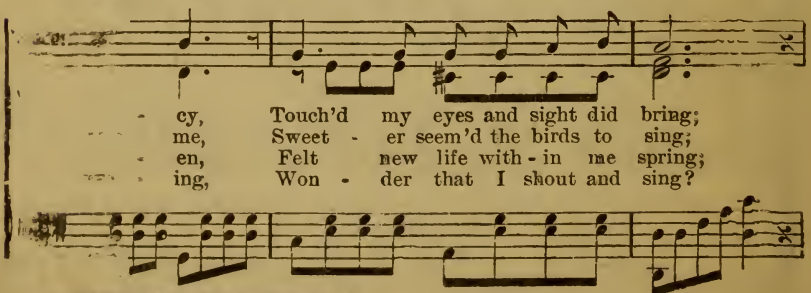
1. Long by sin my eyes were hold - en, Wea - ry years in blindness
 2. It was Christ, the lowly Je - sus, Who once walk'd in Gal - i -
 3. How my load of cares fell from me, How my doubts and fears were
 4. Day by day he's waiting with me, Holds my hand and guides my



spent; Wast - ed were the hours all gold - en, All my
 lee, Now the ris'n, tri-um-phant Je - sus Who had
 stilled, And that rest - less void and long - ing, With his
 feet; Ev - er in my ear he whis - pers Words of

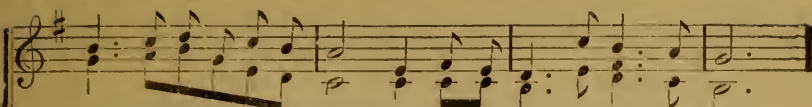


life on pleas - ure bent. Till One came in love and
 thus brought sight to me. Bright - er shone the sun' a -
 pre - cious love was fill'd. How I felt my sins for -
 com - fort won - drous sweet. Do you won - der I'm re -

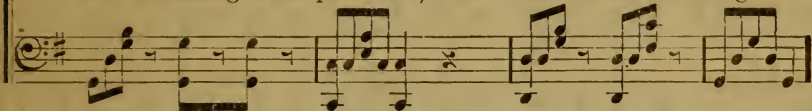


- cy, Touch'd my eyes and sight did bring;
 me, Sweet - er seem'd the birds to sing;
 en, Felt new life with - in me spring;
 ing, Won - der that I shout and sing?

Mine Eyes Beheld the King.—Concluded.



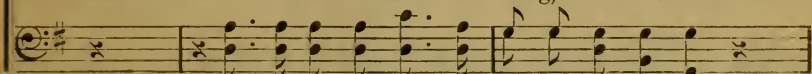
At his feet I fell and worshipp'd, For mine eyes beheld the King.
 All the earth took on new beau-ty, When mine eyes beheld the King.
 I became an heir of heav-en, When mine eyes beheld the King.
 For I'm liv-ing in his pres-ence, And I still behold the King.



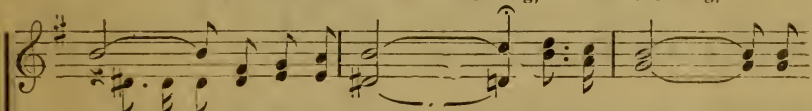
CHORUS.



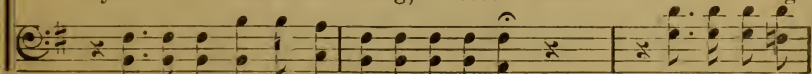
For mine eyes..... be-held the King,..... For mine
 When mine eyes..... be-held the King,..... When mine
 When mine eyes..... be-held the King,..... When mine
 And I still..... be-hold the King,..... And I



For mine eyes be-held the King, be-held the King,
 When mine eyes be-held the King, be-held the King,
 When mine eyes be-held the King, be-held the King,
 And I still be-hold the King, be-hold the King,

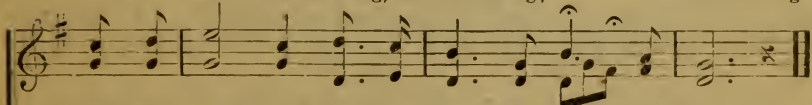


eyes..... beheld the King;..... At his feet..... I
 eyes..... beheld the King;..... All the earth..... took
 eyes..... beheld the King;..... I be-came..... an
 eyes..... behold the King;..... For I'm liv-ing

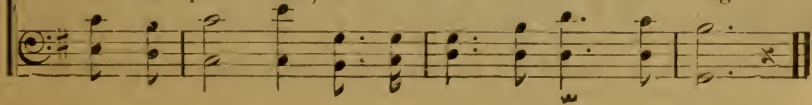


For mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 When mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 When mine eyes be-held the King, beheld the King;
 And I still be-hold the King, behold the King;

At his feet I
 All the earth took
 I became an
 For I'm liv-ing

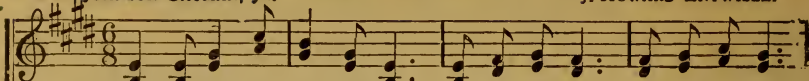


fell and wor-shipp'd, For mine eyes be-held the King.
 on new beau-ty, When mine eyes be-held the King.
 heir of heav-en, When mine eyes be-held the King.
 in his pres-ence, And I still be-hold the King.

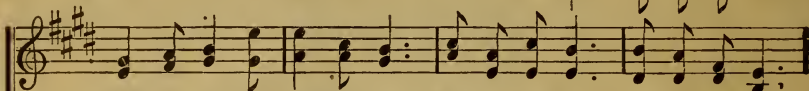
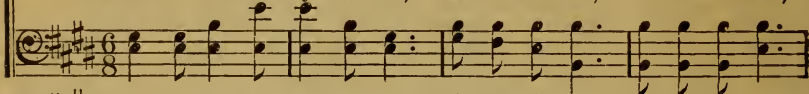


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

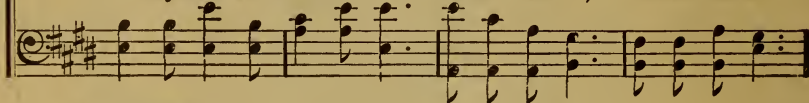
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



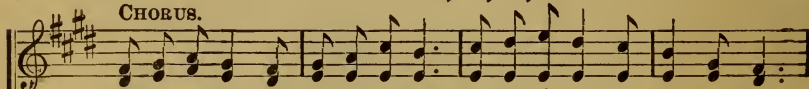
1. Christ will me his aid af-ford, Nev-er to fall, nev-er to fall;
2. I can fol-low all the way, Hearing him call, hearing him call;
3. Tho' a ves-sel I may be, Bro-ken and small, bro-ken and small,
4. When I reach the crys-tal sea, Voic-es will call, voic-es will call;



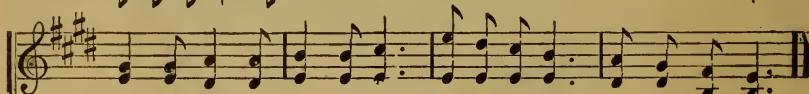
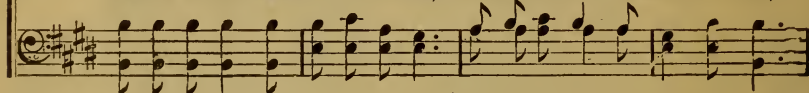
While I find my precious Lord Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
 Find-ing him, from day to day, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
 Yet his blessings fall on me, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.
 But my Sav-iour's voice will be, Sweeter than all, sweeter than all.



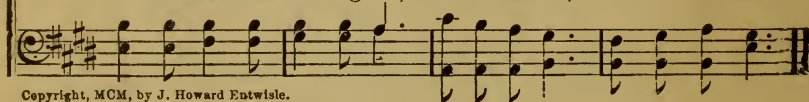
CHORUS.



Je-sus is now and ev-er will be, Sweeter than all the world to me,



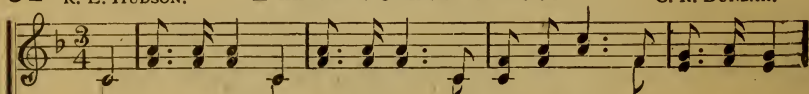
Since I heard his lov-ing call, Sweeter than all, sweet-er than all.



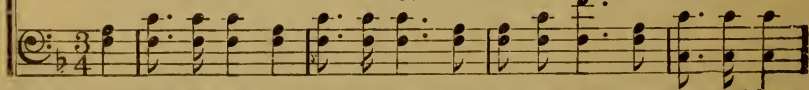
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R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.



1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. O thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free;

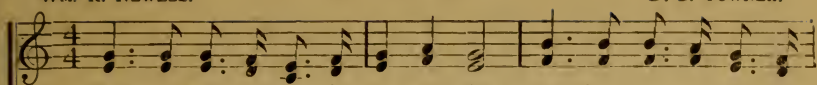


Cho.—I'll live for thee, I'll live for thee, And O how glad my soul should be,

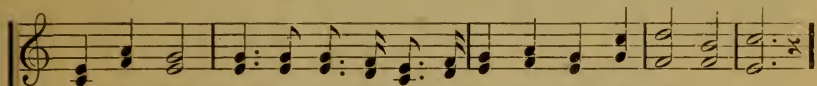
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WM. R. NEWELL.

D. B. TOWNER.



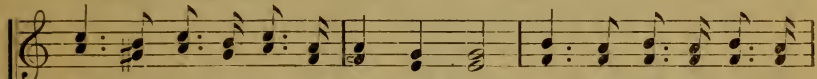
1. Years I spent in van-i-ty and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was
 2. By God's word at last my sin I learned; Then I trembled at the
 3. Now I've giv'n to Je-sus ev-'ry-thing, Now I glad-ly own him
 4. Oh! the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan, Oh! the grace that brought it



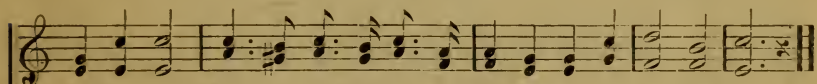
eru-ci-fied, Knowing not it was for me he died On Cal-va-ry.
 law I'd spurned, Till my guilt-y soul im-ploring, turned To Cal-va-ry.
 as my King, Now my raptured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal-va-ry.
 down to man, Oh! the mighty gulf that God did span At Cal-va-ry.



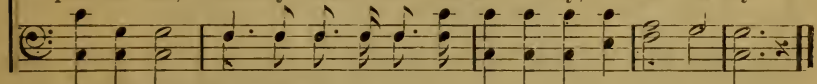
CHORUS.



Mer-cy there was great and grace was free, Par-don there was mul-ti-



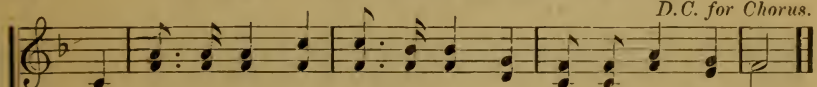
plied to me, There my burdened soul found lib-er-ty, At Cal-va-ry.



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I'll Live for Thee.—Concluded.

D.C. for Chorus.



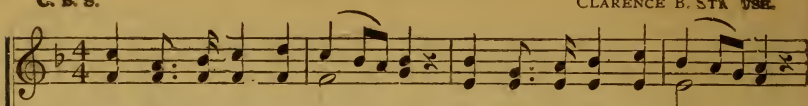
O may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I con-se-crate my life to thee, My Sav-iour and my God!



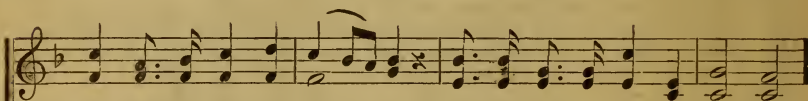
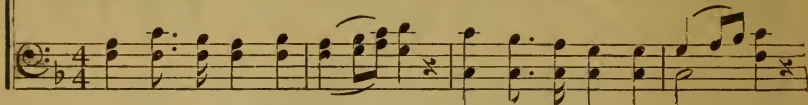
That thou didst give thy-self for me, My Sav-iour and my God!

C. B. S.

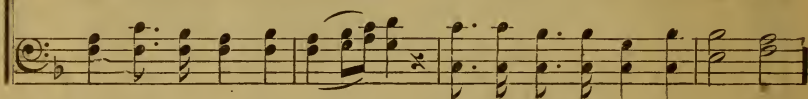
CLARENCE B. STANLEY



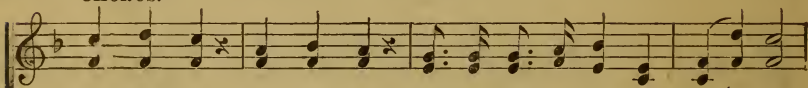
1. Ring! for the world is dy - ing, Ring! hear the sin - ners cry - ing,
2. Ring! while to Christ we're clinging, Ring! for the grace he's bring - ing,
3. Ring! for the spir - its' giv - en, Ring! for the chains are riv - en;
4. Ring! for the souls made whit - er, Ring! for the hearts made light - er;



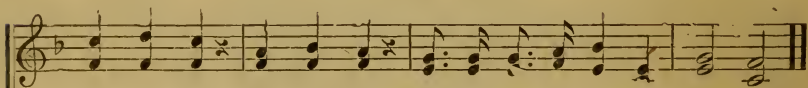
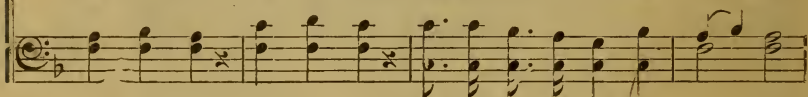
Ring! christian hearts are sigh - ing, Ring the bells of full sal - va - tion.
 Ring! while his praise we're sing - ing. Ring the bells of full sal - va - tion.
 Ring! thro' the earth and heav - en; Ring the bells of full sal - va - tion.
 Ring! for the world made bright - er, Ring the bells of full sal - va - tion.



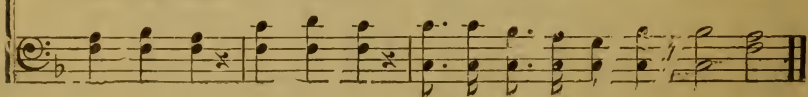
CHORUS.



Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring the bells of full sal - va - tion:



Ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, ring, Ring the bells of full sal - va - tion.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can
2. Of that cit-y, to which I jour-ney; My Re-deem-er, my Re-
3. There the sanbeams are ev-er shin-ing, O my long-ing heart, my

tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am go-ing To where the
deem-er, is the light; There is no sor-row, nor an-y sighing, Nor an-y
longing heart is there; Here in this country, so dark and dreary, I long have

CHORUS.

I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger;

fountains are ev-er flowing;
tears there, nor an-y dying. I'm a pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim, and a stranger,
wander'd forlorn and weary; and a stranger,

I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night; I'm a pil-grim, and

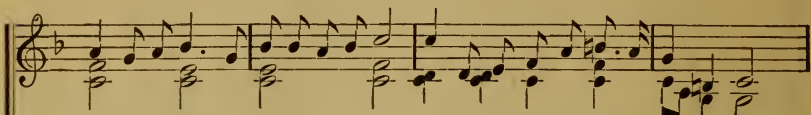
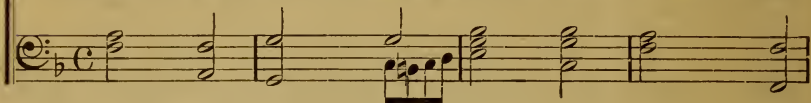
tar-ry, tar-ry, tarry but a night; pilgrim, I'm a pilgrim,

I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I can tar-ry but a night!

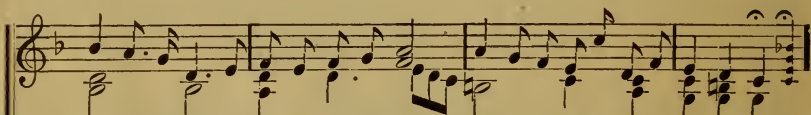
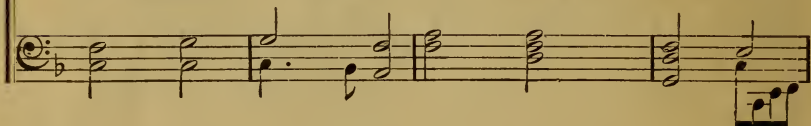
and a stranger, and a stranger, tar-ry, tar-ry, tar-ry but a night.



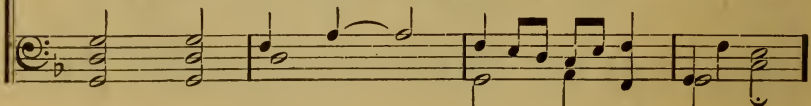
1. "My way, not thine," I once in anguish cried, When all the hopes I cherished were denied :
2. "My way, not thine," was still my bitter wail, When my belov'd ones passed beyond the vale ;
3. "Thy way, not mine," thank God I've learn'd to say ! Thy will divine I fol - low day by day ;



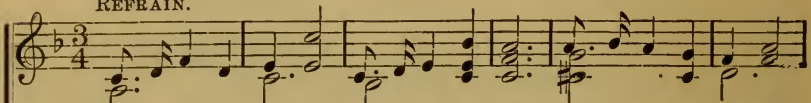
Bit-ter-ly beat-ing 'gainst God's holy will Till his commanding voice said, "Peace be still."
 "Give back my treasures, I can not a-lone Tread life's dark path," I cried. When lo ! there shone
 For in the light of af-ter years I see How ev-'ry tri-al held a joy for me.



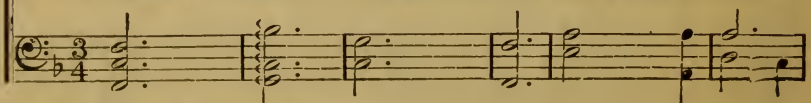
And in the calm that followed my un-rest, Clear-ly I saw the way of God was best.
 Com-fort-ing vis-ions of that hap-py day When I should reach them, if I took God's way.
 Per-fect thro' suffering, now I am at rest, Feeling and knowing that God's way is best.



REFRAIN.



O the ho - ly rap - ture ! O the peace that's mine ; Found in sweet sur - ren - der



Thy Way, Not Mine.—Concluded.

To a will Di-vine! Trust-ing in my Fa-ther, Ev-'ry day is blest,

For my heart keeps say-ing, "Thy way is best, Lord, thy way is best."

58 (b)

More Love, O God.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

F. P. TOSTI.

1. I would I had more love for God, More love, O God, to thee! For then, mid life's un-
2. I would I had more love for God, A love that would not fail To keep me hope-ful
3. O God, I pray that thou wilt let This love come in my soul, A love that from me

cer-tain ways I would not fear-ful be; And when on trou-bled seas I toss, In
in dis-tress, When sor-rows deep as-sail; I'd know he do-eth all things well, And
fear will cast As far as pole from pole. O then my life in peace I'll spend, From

waters cold and deep, I'd know that thou could'st still the waves, And safe my bark would keep.
out of grief would make A crown of joy to wear a-bove, When he my soul should take.
care I shall be free, And joy in lov-ing thee I'll find In-creased e-ter-nal-ly.

1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chos-en you?"
 2. As the first dis - ci-ples fol-low'd, As they went where'er he sent,
 3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er-rand in his name,
 4. Mas-ter, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, Thy children, humbly wait;

Does he tell you in com-mun-ion What he wish-es you to do?
 So to - day we, too, may fol-low, On his lead-ing still in - tent.
 We can serve him as dis - ci-ples, For our place is just the same.
 Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.

CHORUS.

Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
 Are you in the in-ner cir-cle? Have you heard the Master's call?

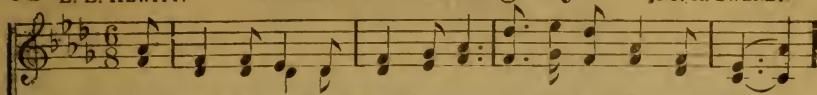
rit.
 Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your all in all?
 Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus?

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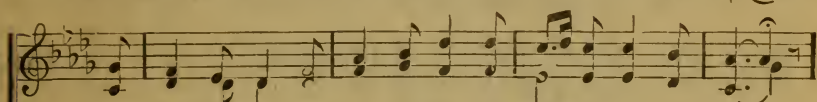
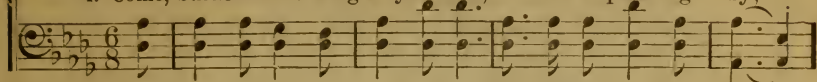
60

Come to Jesus.

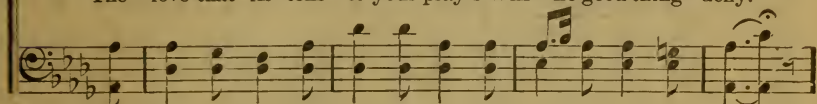
1. Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now;



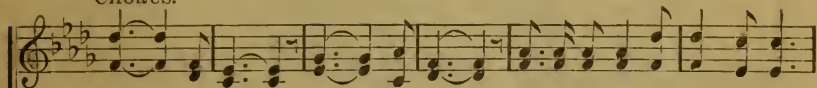
1. Come, con-trite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, hun-gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, burden'd one bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;



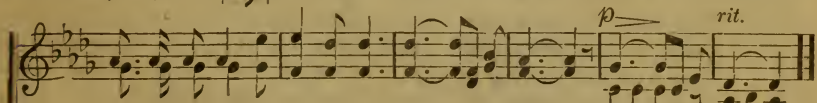
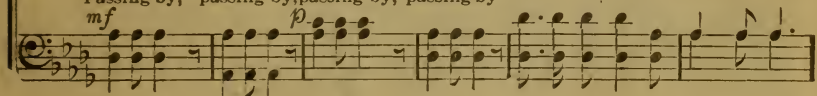
See in his rec - on - cil - ing face The sunshine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the long - ing heart is bless'd, And on his bos - om lie.
 The love that lis - tens to your pray'r Will "no good thing" deny.



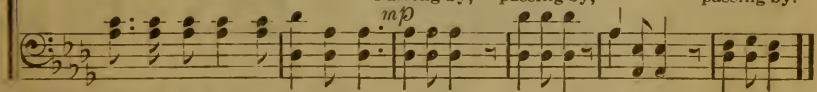
CHORUS.



Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way;
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by

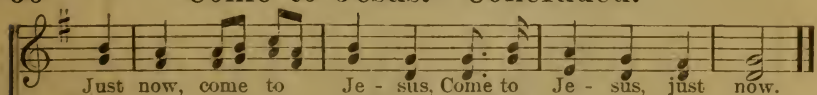


Je - sus is pass - ing by to - day, pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by. . .
 Passing by, passing by, passing by.

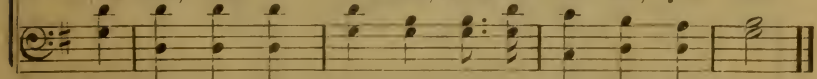


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60 Come to Jesus.—Concluded.



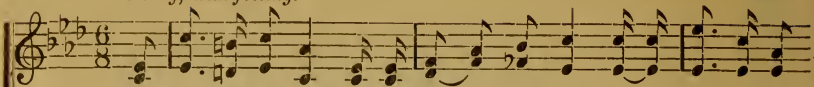
Just now, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just now.



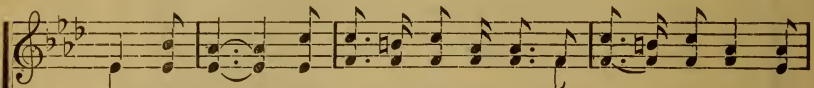
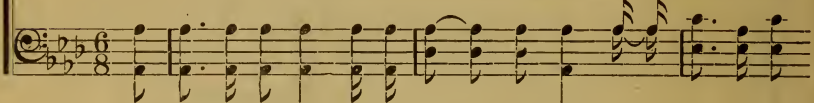
- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|-----------------------|
| 2. He will save you. | 5. Call upon him. | 8. He'll forgive you. |
| 3. He is able. | 6. He will hear you. | 9. Don't reject him. |
| 4. Only trust him. | 7. Look to Jesus. | 10. Hallelujah, Amen |

G. M. J

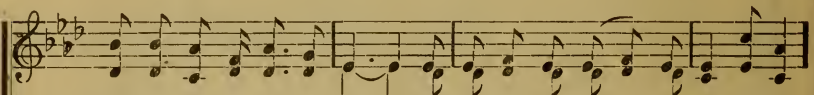
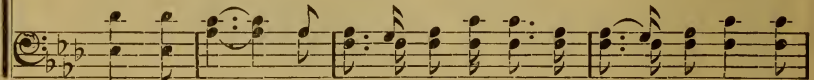
GERTRUDE MANLY JONES.

Slowly, with feeling.

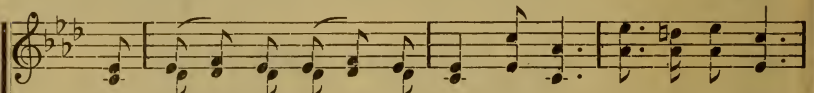
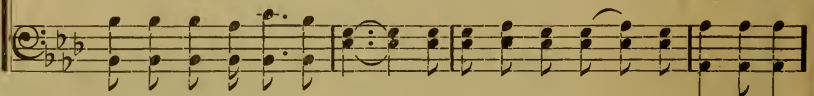
1. The Spir - it once came to an in - no-cent child And plead in the
2. The Spir - it came back to the tall, fair youth, With a loving and
3. The Spir - it plead thus with the toil-worn man: "Make haste while God's
4. The old man now leans on his trem - bling staff With a quav - er - ing



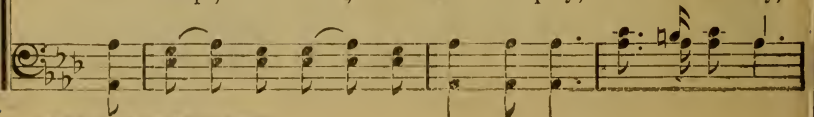
tend' rest tone: "Dear lit - tle one, let me come in - to thy heart, And
 ten - der plea: "The harvest is ready, there's work to be done, A-
 grace shall last. The sil - ver is tinging thy locks of brown, Thy
 bit - ter sigh: "I've wasted a lifetime in sin," he cried, "And



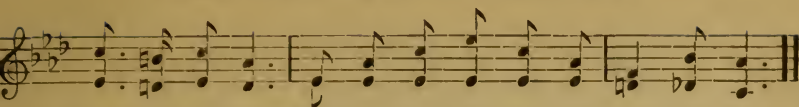
make it for - ev - er my own." "Sweet Spirit," he cried, "please go away;
 rise, God is calling for thee." "O Spirit," he cried, "leave me, I pray,
 years are now slipping by fast." "O Spirit," he cried, "I should obey,
 now I am going to die: The Spirit, long slighted, has flown away;



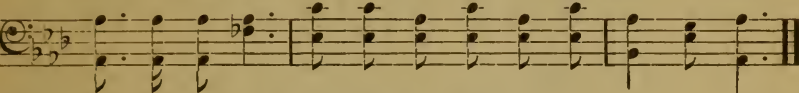
For childhood is on - ly for fun and play; Some oth - er day,
 The pleasures of earth hold me in sway; Some oth - er day,
 But I am too bus - y and tired to pray; Some oth - er day,
 No hope, no God, I can - not pray; No oth - er day,



Some Other Day.—Concluded.



some oth - er day; When I am old - er, I'll bid thee stay."
 some oth - er day; Then, Ho - ly Spir - it, I'll bid thee stay."
 some oth - er day; When I have time I will bid thee stay."
 no oth - er day; The Ho - ly Spir - it has gone to stay."

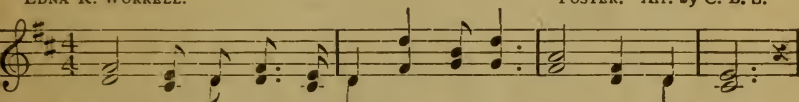


33

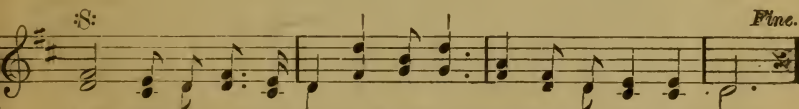
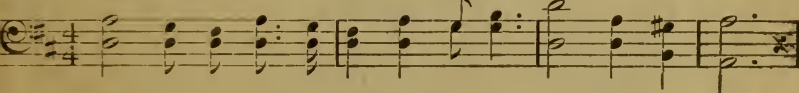
Jesus in My Heart.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

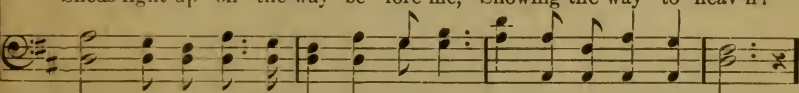
FOSTER. Arr. by C. B. S.



1. What makes my heart so hap - py ev - er, Gay as the flow'rs?
2. What makes my tasks a joy and pleasure, Hard tho' they be?
3. When sore oppressed, I'm weak and weary, Lad - en with care;
4. Who, when the clouds of life are o'er me, By storm winds driv'n,



What makes me feel as I have never Felt since my childhood hours?
 What turns each tear to heav'nly treasure—Pearls in the crystal sea?
 Who makes my burden seem less dreary? Helps me my load to bear?
 Sheds light up - on the way be - fore me, Showing the way to heav'n?



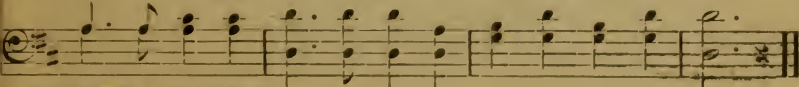
D.S.—O I'm so glad I let him en - ter, Nev - er to more de - part!



CHORUS.

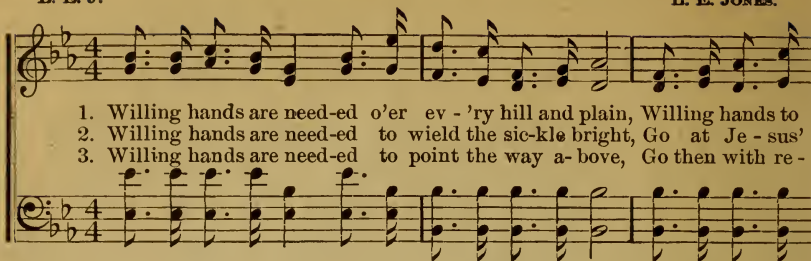
D.S.

O 'tis Je - sus, precious Je - sus! Dwelling in my heart!

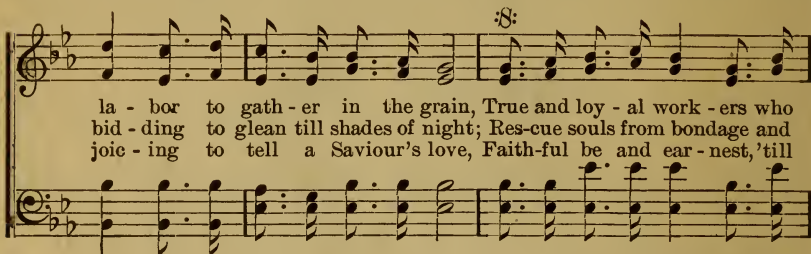


L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

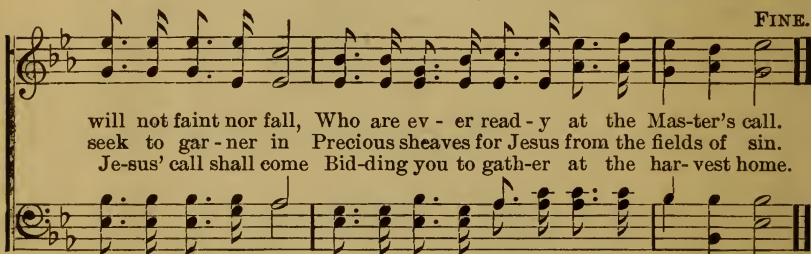


1. Willing hands are need-ed o'er ev - 'ry hill and plain, Willing hands to
 2. Willing hands are need-ed to wield the sic-kle bright, Go at Je - sus'
 3. Willing hands are need-ed to point the way a - bove, Go then with re -



la - bor to gath - er in the grain, True and loy - al work - ers who
 bid - ding to glean till shades of night; Res-cue souls from bondage and
 joic - ing to tell a Saviour's love, Faith-ful be and ear - nest, 'till

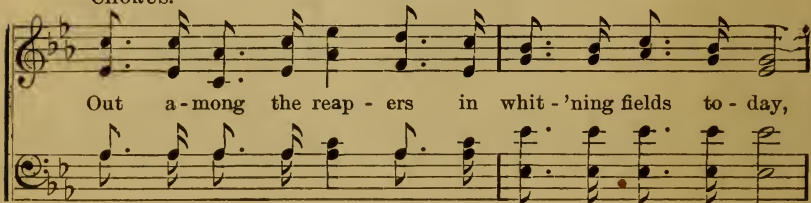
D.S.—Fair the grain is stand-ing, there's



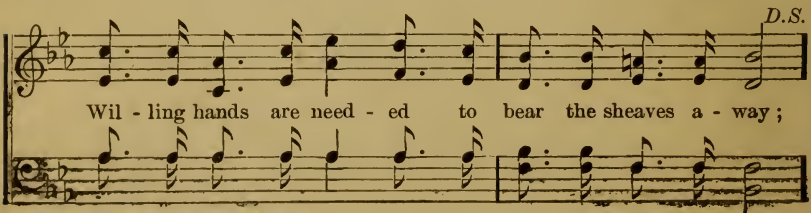
will not faint nor fall, Who are ev - er read - y at the Mas - ter's call.
 seek to gar - ner in Precious sheaves for Jesus from the fields of sin.
 Je - sus' call shall come Bid - ding you to gath - er at the har - vest home.

much that you may do— Out among the reap-ers is the place for you.

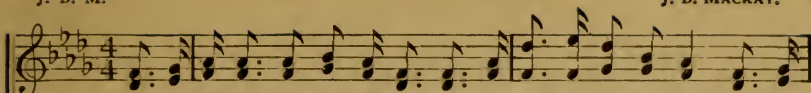
CHORUS.



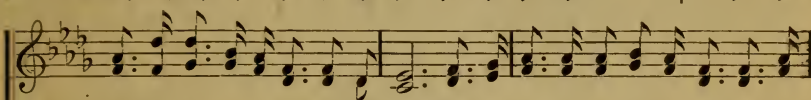
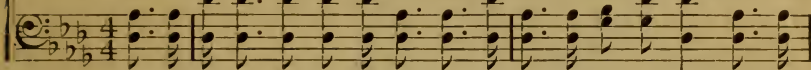
Out a - mong the reap - ers in whit - 'ning fields to - day,



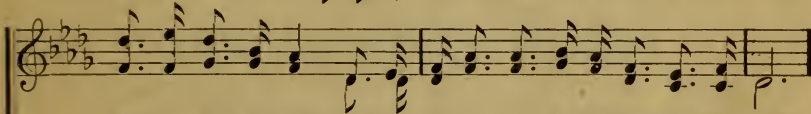
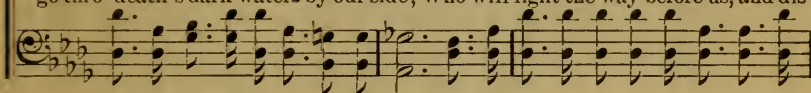
Wil - ling hands are need - ed to bear the sheaves a - way ;



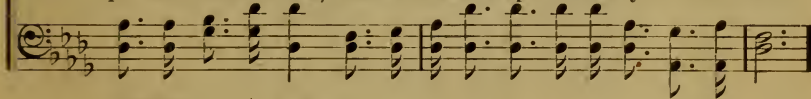
1. Is there any one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the
2. Is there any one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there any one can help us who can give a sinner peace, When his
4. Is there any one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will



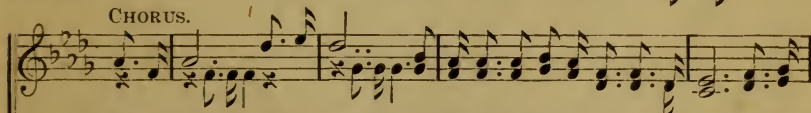
thorns of life have pierc'd them till they bleed; One who sympathizes with us, who in faint and fall beneath it in a-larm; Who in tenderness will lift us, and the heart is burden'd down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that ago thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-



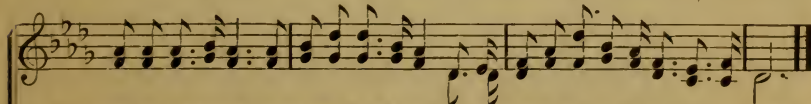
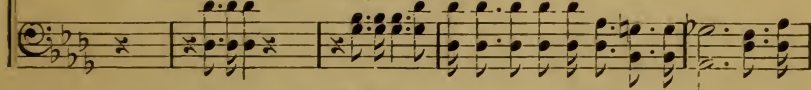
wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver - y blessing that we need? heav - y bur-den share, And sup-port us with an ev - er - last-ing arm? fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and make as white as snow? pel all doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safe-ly o'er the tide?



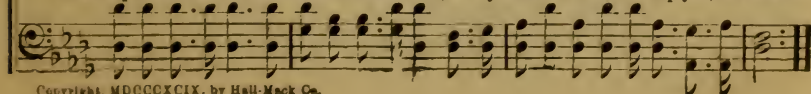
CHORUS.



Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, only One.



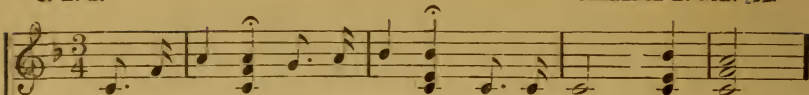
fiction's press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the one.



Dedicated to Rev. E. I. D. Pepper, D. D.

C. B. S.

CLARENCE B. STROUSE



Going through with Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

My soul says Hal-le-lu-jah, I'm on the road to stay, My

soul says Hallelujah, there's sunshine all the way, My soul says Hallelujah, I'm

gaining day by day, My soul says Hal-le-lu-jah, for I'm happy on the way.

67

Wideness in God's Mercy.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJEE.

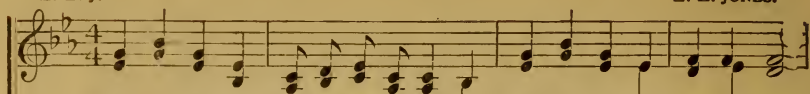
1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
 2. There's a welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
 3. For the love of God is broader Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
 4. If our love were but more simple We should take him at his word;

There's a kind-ness in his jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er-ty.
 There is mer-cy with the Savi-our; There is heal-ing in his blood.
 And the heart of the E-ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

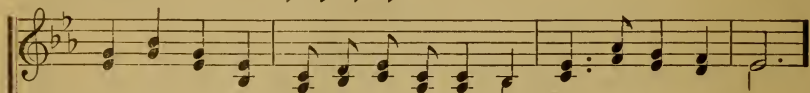
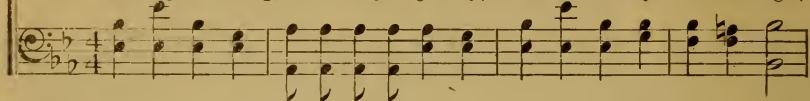
68 With the Blood-bought I'll be There.

L. E. J.

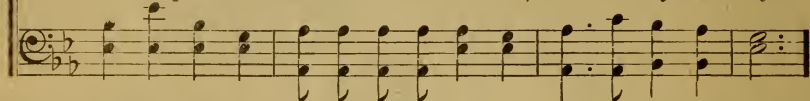
L. E. JONES.



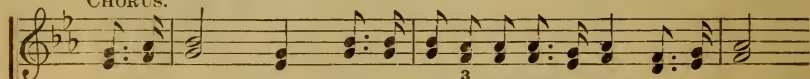
1. Marching, marching, Jesus leading onward To the land that knows no sin;
2. Marching, marching, joyful-ly each moment, Praising Christ by day or night;
3. Marching, marching, on the way to glo - ry, To a cit - y built on high;



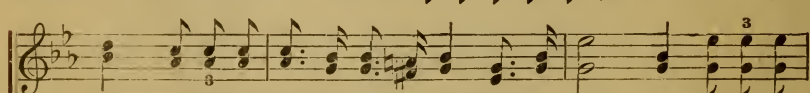
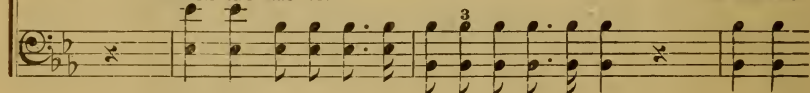
Where the an - gels fill the air with singing While the saved march in.
 Praising him who guides my footsteps ev - er To the land of light.
 In his pres-ence where there is no sad-ness, I'll rest by and by.



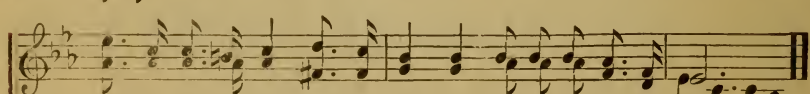
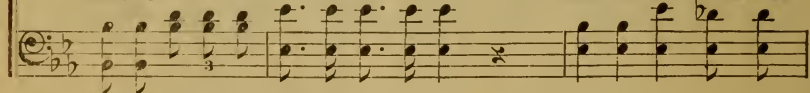
CHORUS.



When the Mas - ter shall assemble his loved and own; When the ran -
 When the Mas - ter When the



somed gather around the crystal throne; When the saved meet, free-ly to
 ransomed When the saved meet to



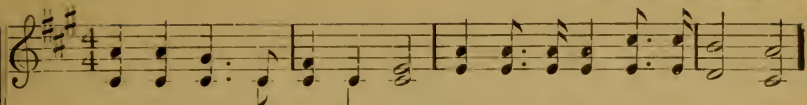
know as they are known; With the blood-bought company, I'll be there.
 I'll be there.



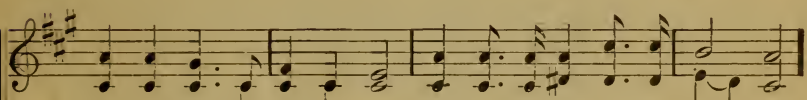
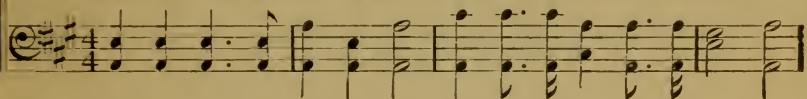
Glory to God in the Highest!

C. B. S.

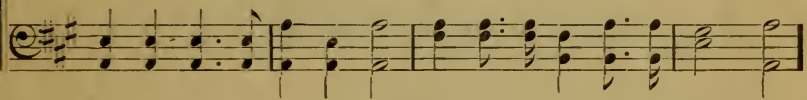
CLARENCE B. STROUSE



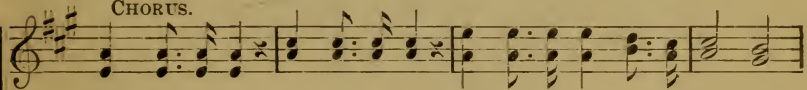
1. Je - sus' grace now makes us free, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !
2. Storms of life a - round us roll, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !
3. Par - don, cleansing in the flood, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !
4. Death is conquer'd by his pow'r, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !



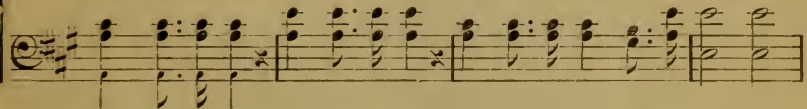
Let us shout the vic - to - ry, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !
 There's a calm with - in the soul, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !
 Keep - ing pow - er in the blood, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !
 We fear not the dy - ing hour, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !



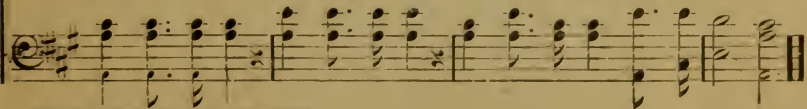
CHORUS.



Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !



Christ's blood avails, Grace never fails, Glo - ry to God in the high - est !



I'm the Lord's Forever.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. I would sing of Je - sus and his good-ness day by day, I'm the
 2. He my soul is keep-ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the
 3. Tho' I walk in sun-shine or where shadows dark-ly fall, I'm the

Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; All my sins for - giv - en, I am
 Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; In the hour of tri - al, I shall
 Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name; With his arms to shield me, naught of

marching on the way, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
 have his pres-ence near, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.
 e - vil can be - fall, I'm the Lord's for - ev - er, praise his name.

CHORUS.

I'm the Lord's forever, I'm the Lord's forever, I'm the Lord's forever, praise his name;

Mercy doth enfold me, loving arms uphold me, I'm the Lord's forever, praise his name.

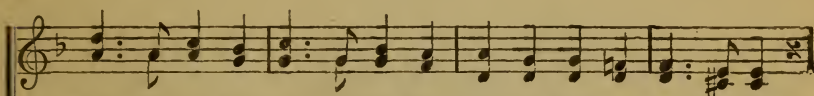
Ere it Be Too Late.

EDNA R. WORRELL.

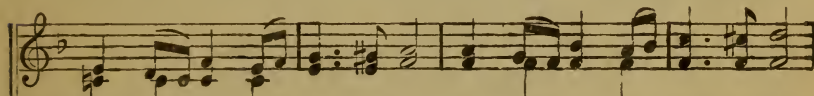
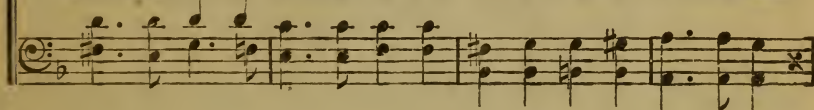
Melody by W. COENEN. Arr. by C. B. S.



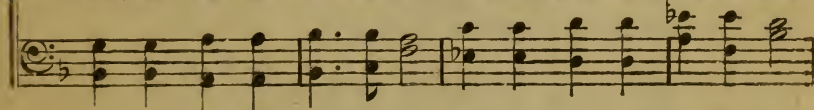
1. Sin comes marching down life's pathway, Lead-ing ma - ny mighty bands,
2. Sins great ar-my fain would claim you, Press you in - to ser-vice ill ;
3. See ! the foe is draw-ing near-er, But the ar-my of the Lord
4. Ere it be too late, and Sa-tan Makes you captive, chains your will,



Bent on war and des - e - cra - tion Scorning God's di - vine command.
 While you loi - ter by the way-side Faint of heart and weak of will ;
 O - pens ranks to wand'ring mor-tals Dreading death by Sa-tan's sword.
 Quick ac-cept the Lord's sal - va - tion, He to you is of-fering still.



Armed with cruel and e - vil deeds, For un - sav - ed souls they wait,
 But the Lord is ev - er near With his ar - my, good and great,
 Lin - ger not, im - per - fect soul, Lost are they that hes - i - tate !
 Come, en - list on Je - sus' side, Think how long you've made him wait,

*Rit.*

Flee, then flee to God's protection, Ere it be too late.
 Ask, then ask for his protection, Ere it be too late.
 Pray to be a Christian soldier, Ere it is too late.
 Lest a death by sin o'ertakes you And God says "too late."

For last verse only.

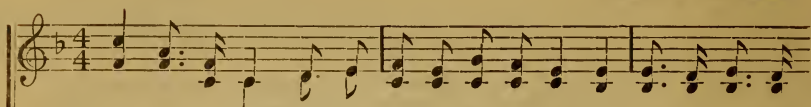
late, "too late."



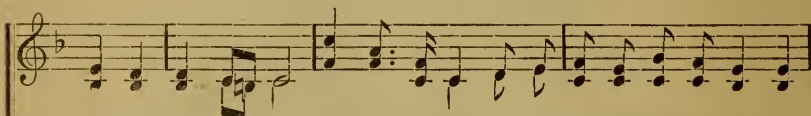
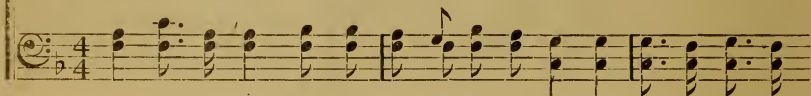
Peace, Perfect Peace.

EDNA R. WORRELL. Cho. by C. B. S.

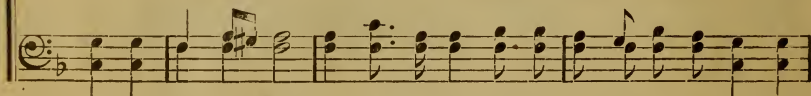
CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



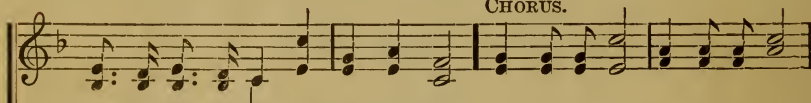
1. "Come un - to me ye who la - bor and are la - den, Come all ye with
2. "Seek first the kingdom of God" as Christ commands you, Trouble not your
3. Strug - gle no more 'gainst your gentle, lov - ing Sav - iour, Do the will of



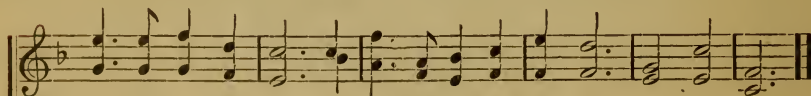
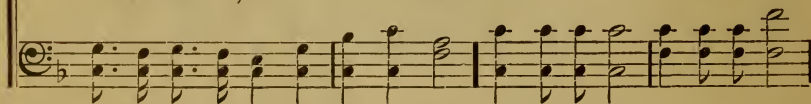
burdens sore oppress'd, Take on my yoke," are the words of Christ your Saviour,
heart nor be distress'd, All things are ad-ded to those who do his bid-ding,
him who stands all tests; Trust in his promise, and make complete surren-der;



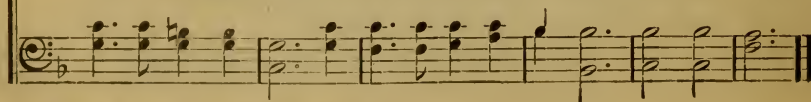
CHORUS.



'Learn of me, and I will give you rest."
E - ven un - to find - ing per - fect rest. } Rest, perfect rest, rest, perfect rest,
Con - flict wearies, but sur - ren - der rests.




Per - fect peace and rest! O do the will of Je - sus, and be blest.



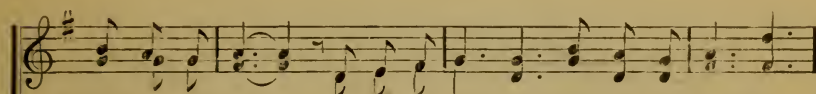
Heavenly Sunlight

REV H J ZELLEY

G. B. COOK




1. Walking in sun-light, all of my jour-ney, O-ver the mountains,
 2. Shadows a-round me, shadows a-bove me, Nev-er con-ceal my
 3. In the bright sun-light, ev-er re-joic-ing, Press-ing my way to

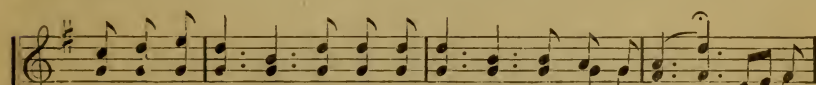


through the deep vale; Je-sus has said I'll nev-er for-sake thee,
 Sav-iour and Guide; He is the light, in him is no dark-ness,
 man-sions a-bove; Sing-ing his prais-es, glad-ly I'm walk-ing,


CHORUS.



Prom-ise di-vine that nev-er can fail.
 Ev-er I'm walk-ing close to his side. } Heav-en-ly sun-light,
 Walk-ing in sun-light, sun-light of love. }



heav-en-ly sun-light, Flooding my soul with glo-ry di-vine Hal-le

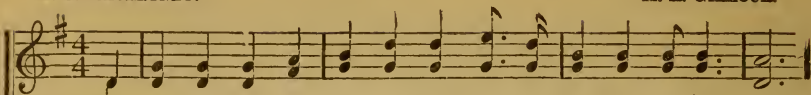


lu-jah, I am re-joic-ing, Singing his prais-es, Je-sus is mine.

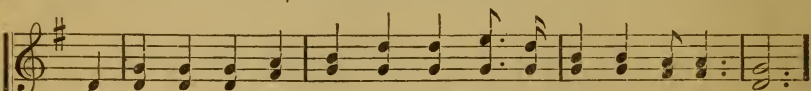
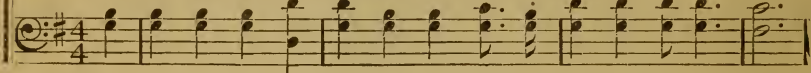
There'll Be No Dark River There.

E. O. MACARTNEY.

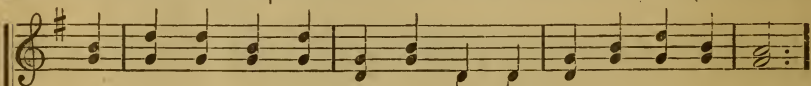
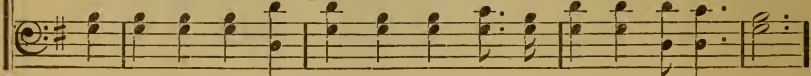
H. L. GILMOUR.



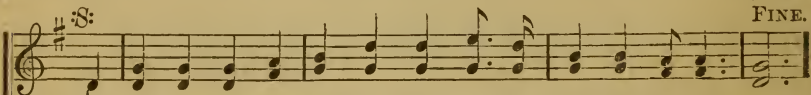
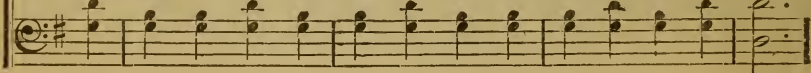
1. When we have come to Jor-dan's tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
2. With an-gels bend-ing from a-bove, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
3. And when we've cross'd the mystic tide, There'll be no dark riv-er there;
4. Let this blest tho't fresh cour-age give, There'll be no dark riv-er there;



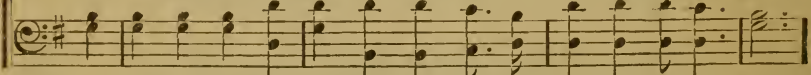
With Je-sus stand-ing close be-side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
 In fel-low-ship with him we love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
 When we have reach'd the oth-er side, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
 In that bright home of peace and love, There'll be no dark riv-er there.



His bound-less grace shall light the place, With beams of glo-ry fair,
 His word di-vine shall bright-ly shine, His end-less life we'll share;
 And hand in hand we'll walk the strand With lov'd ones bright and fair,
 The gates a-jar we see a-far, Be-yond this world of care,



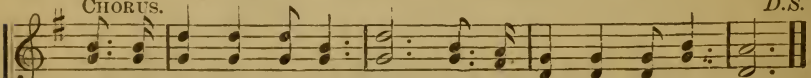
And in the sunshine from his face, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
 When all to Je-sus we re-sign, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
 For in that hap-py heav'n-ly land, There'll be no dark riv-er there.
 Tho' Jordan's stream may us di-vide, There'll be no dark riv-er there.



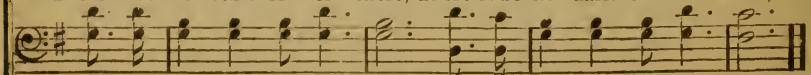
D.S.—Up-on his breast we'll sweet-ly rest. There'll be no dark riv-er there.

CHORUS.

D.S.



There'll be no dark riv-er there, There'll be no dark riv-er there,



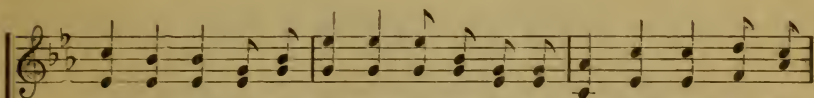
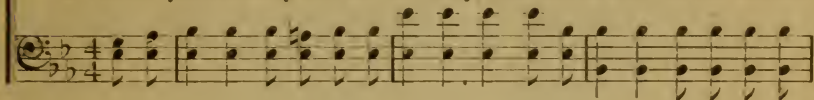
By the Blood we Overcome.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.



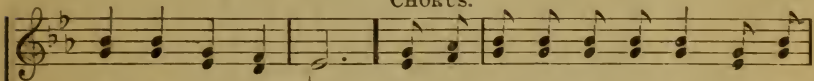
1. Let us shout hosannah to the heavenly King While our lives an off'ring to his
2. Let us press right onward 'gainst the hosts of sin, In the strength of Jesus let the
3. Let us join the army and the Lord obey, From the ranks he leadeth we shall



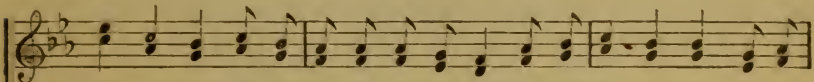
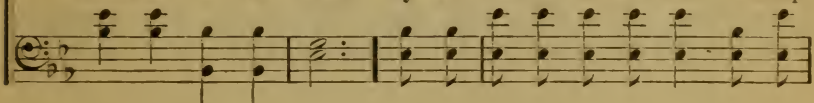
feet we bring, Let us sound the message till the earth shall ring, By the
 fray be - gin, In his name re- joic - ing glorious vic - t'ry win, By the
 nev - er stray, From the path be - fore us shadows flee a - way, By the



CHORUS.



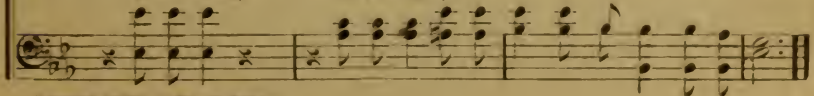
blood we o - ver - come. By the blood we o - ver - come in temp -



ta - tion's hours, By the blood we o - ver - come breaking Satan's pow'r O - ver -



come, o - ver - come, O - ver - come by the blood of the Lamb.
 o - ver - come, o - ver - come,



The Joyful Song.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Behold! a roy-al ar-my, With banner, sword and shield, Are marching forth to
 2. And now the foe ad-vanc-ing That valiant host assails, And yet they nev-er
 3. O when the war is ended, When strife and conflict cease, When all are safely

conquer, On life's great battlefield; Its ranks are fill'd with soldiers, U-nit-ed,
 falter, Their courage never fails; Their Leader calls, "Be faith-ful," They pass the
 gathered Within the vale of peace, Before the King e - ter - nal, That vast and

bold and strong, Who follow'd their Commander, And sing their joyful song.
 word a - long, They see his sig - nal flash-ing, And shout the joyful song.
 mighty throng Shall praise his name for-ev - er, And this shall be their song.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

Vic-to-ry, victory, Thro' him that redeem'd us, Vic-to-ry, victory, Thro' Jesus

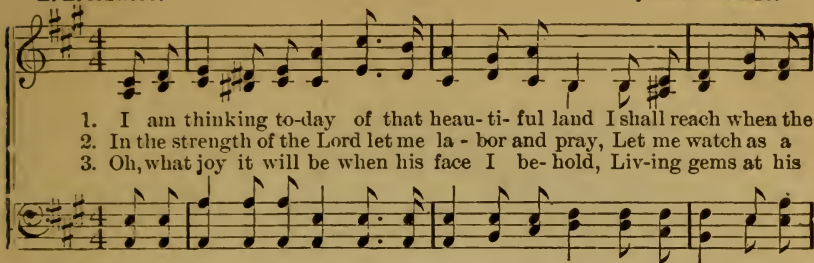
Voices in harmony.

Christ our Lord; Vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, vic-to-ry, Thro' Jesus Christ our Lord.
 thro' Christ our Lord.

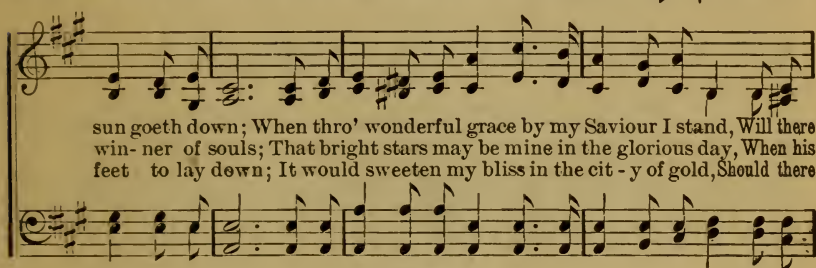
Will There be any Stars?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

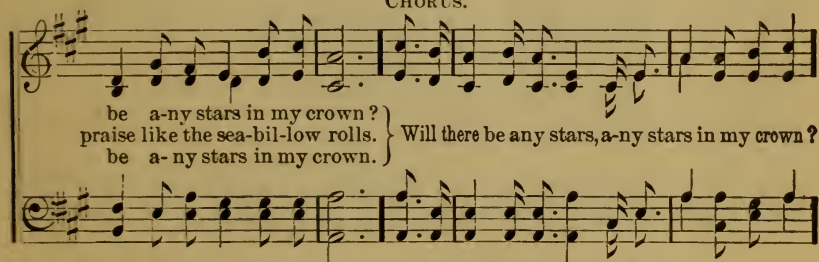


1. I am thinking to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
 3. Oh, what joy it will be when his face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at his

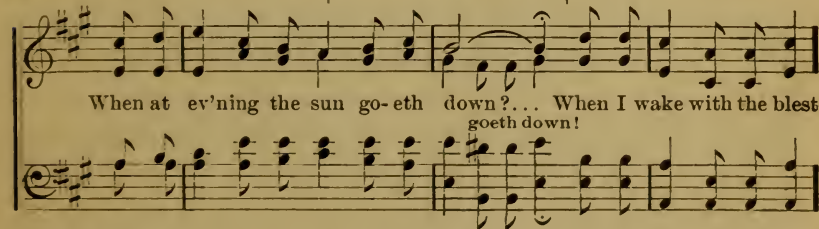


sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
 win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
 feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the cit-y of gold, Should there

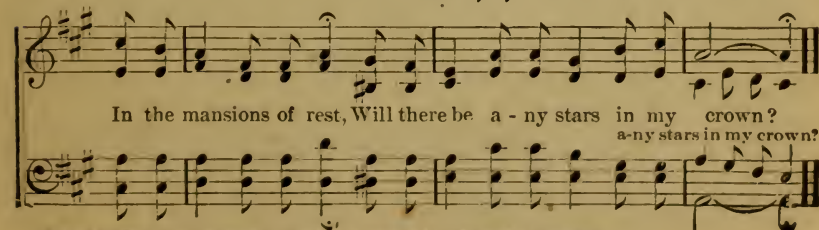
CHORUS.



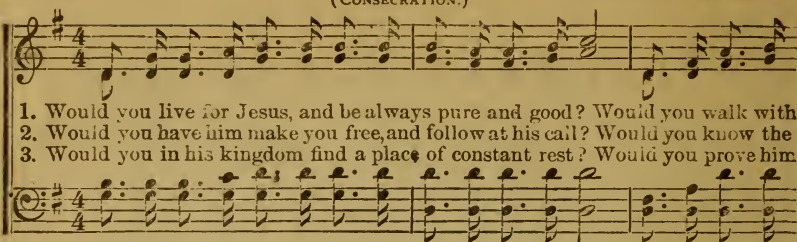
be a-ny stars in my crown? } Will there be any stars, a-ny stars in my crown?
 praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. }
 be a-ny stars in my crown. }



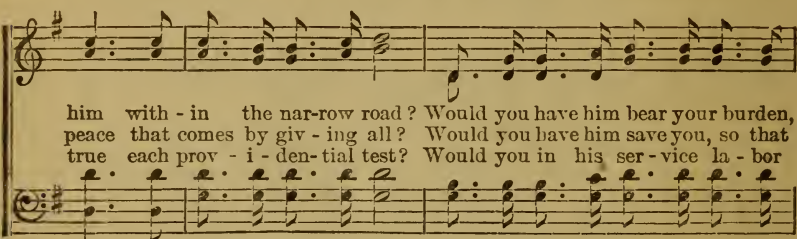
When at ev'ning the sun go-eth down?... When I wake with the blest
 goeth down!



In the mansions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
 a-ny stars in my crown?

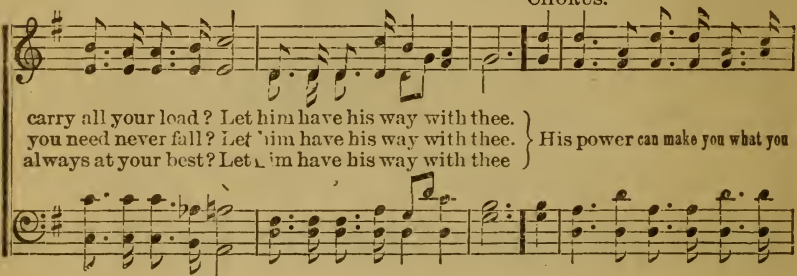


1. Would you live for Jesus, and be always pure and good? Would you walk with
 2. Would you have him make you free, and follow at his call? Would you know the
 3. Would you in his kingdom find a place of constant rest? Would you prove him

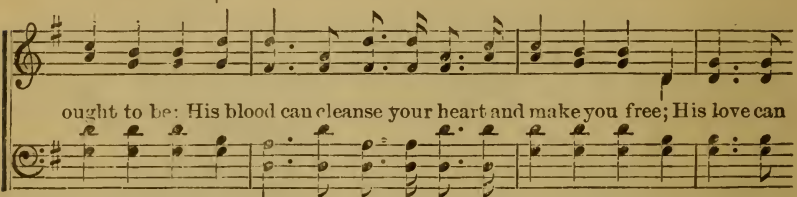


him with - in the nar - row road? Would you have him bear your burden,
 peace that comes by giv - ing all? Would you have him save you, so that
 true each prov - i - den - tial test? Would you in his ser - vice la - bor

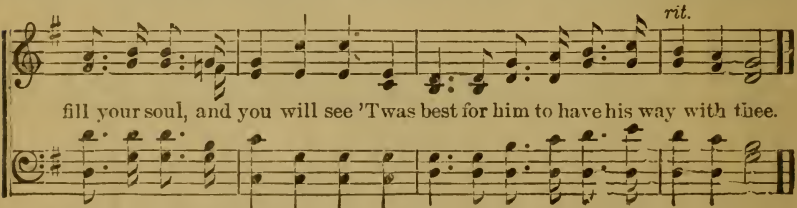
CHORUS.



carry all your load? Let him have his way with thee. }
 you need never fall? Let 'im have his way with thee. } His power can make you what you
 always at your best? Let 'im have his way with thee }



ought to be: His blood can cleanse your heart and make you free; His love can



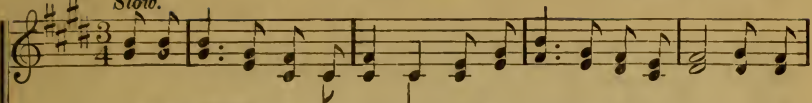
fill your soul, and you will see 'Twas best for him to have his way with thee.

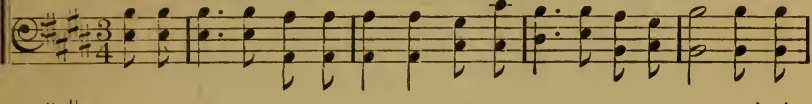
E. M. P.

(Psalm 31: 20.)

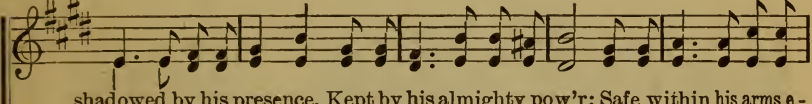
ELLA M. PARKS.

Slow.

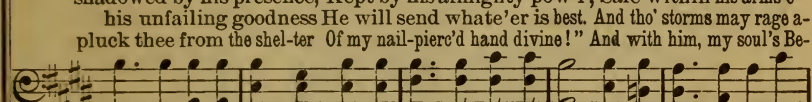
- 
1. In the se-cret place with Je-sus I am rest-ing, hour by hour, O-ver -
 2. All alone with Christ, my Saviour, Worldly cares cannot oppress, For in
 3. There he whispers, "I have lov'd thee! Thou art mine and I am thine! Naught can



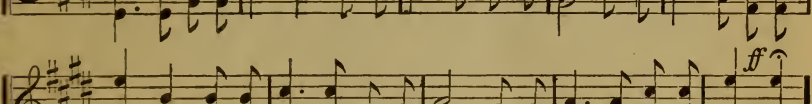
shadowed by his presence, Kept by his almighty pow'r; Safe within his arms e -
his unfailing goodness He will send whate'er is best. And tho' storms may rage a -
pluck thee from the shel-ter Of my nail-pier'd hand divine!" And with him, my soul's Be-



ter - nal, Trusting in his boundless grace, Sings my heart in love ex-ult - ant,
bout me, If I may but see his face, My glad heart will find its shel-ter
lov - ed, In the radiance of his face, I am living, trusting, working,

CHORUS. *pp*


"O this precious, se-cret place!"
In His love—His secret place. } Precious, secret place, where Jesus hides his
Hidden in His se - cret place.

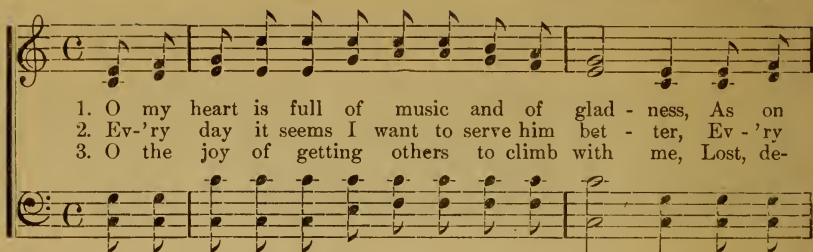


lov'd ones in his grace, All my heart sings Hallelujah! For this precious, secret place.

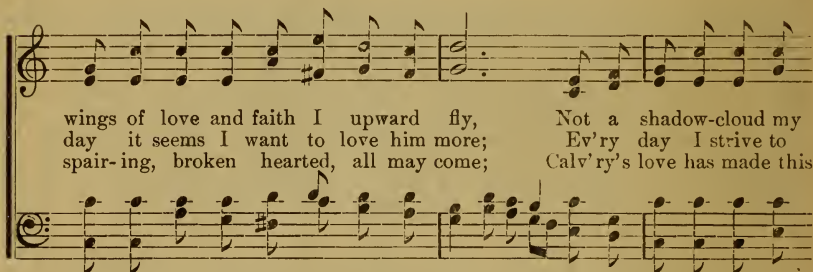
Climbing Up the Narrow Way.

B. T

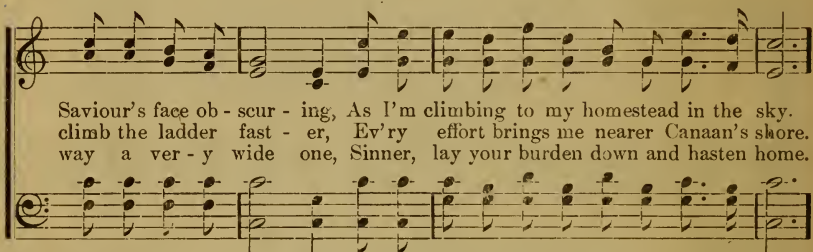
COMMANDER BOOTH TUCKER.



1. O my heart is full of music and of glad - ness, As on
 2. Ev-'ry day it seems I want to serve him bet - ter, Ev -'ry
 3. O the joy of getting others to climb with me, Lost, de-

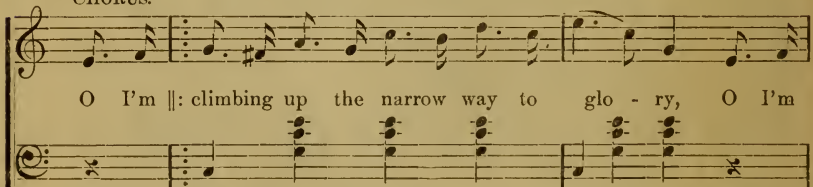


wings of love and faith I upward fly, Not a shadow-cloud my
 day it seems I want to love him more; Ev'ry day I strive to
 spair-ing, broken hearted, all may come; Calv'ry's love has made this

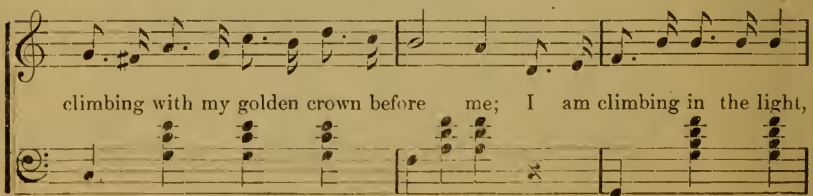


Saviour's face ob - scour - ing, As I'm climbing to my homestead in the sky.
 climb the ladder fast - er, Ev'ry effort brings me nearer Canaan's shore.
 way a ver - y wide one, Sinner, lay your burden down and hasten home.

CHORUS.



O I'm :: climbing up the narrow way to glo - ry, O I'm



climbing with my golden crown before me; I am climbing in the light,

Climbing Up the Narrow Way.—Concluded.

1 am climbing day and night, I shall shout with all my might when I get there! Halle-lujah! O I'm :|| I am climbing up the narrow way.

81

Our Redeemer King.

ELLA M. PARKS.

W. J. BALTZELL

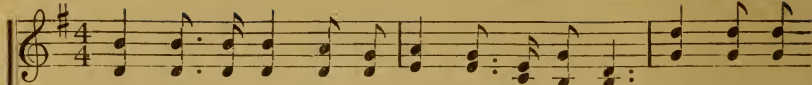
1. From hill and val - ley, over land and main, From hearts redeemed there
 2. "From sin's do - min - ion he doth bring release, On ma - ny hearts he
 3. Like sound of ma - ny waters' mighty voice, The blood-washed throng with
 4. Re - joice, O earth, and join the heav'nly song, The day is breaking,

comes a triumph strain, "To God's own a - nointed One, our
 breathes his wondrous peace, His own to the mansions of the
 an - thems fill the skies, Their crowns they are casting at his
 it will not be long Till we shall be - hold him in his

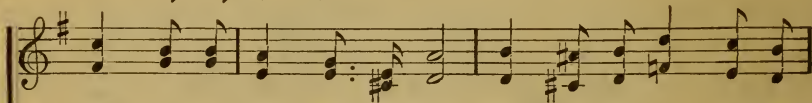
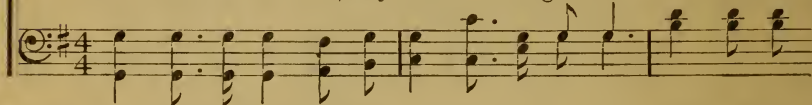
songs we would bring, To Cal - vary's Saviour, our Redeem - er King!"
 blest he will bring, Their keeper for - ev - er, mighty Lord and King."
 feet as they sing "To him who hath bought us," heav'n's eter - nal King.
 beau - ty and sing "He cometh! He cometh! Our Redeem - er King!"

O. H. M.

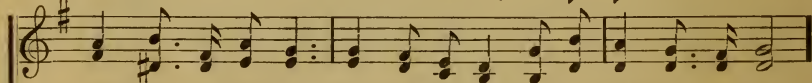
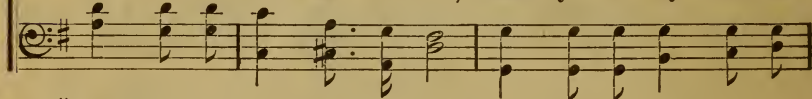
Mrs. O. H. MORRIS.



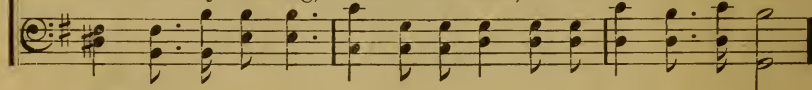
1. Some one for years at your heart has been knocking, Knock-ing and
2. Glimp-ses of light on thy path have been shin-ing, To - kens of
3. Haste, oh make haste, for the night is approaching, Soon will thy
4. Al - most de - cid - ed, why not al - to - geth - er? Al - most de -



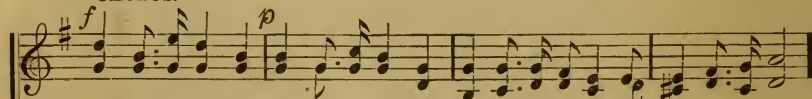
plead - ing a - gain and a - gain ; Out - side the door he's been
 treas - ures of love yet in store, All to be thine, free - ly
 day of pro - ba - tion be o'er ; Haste for thy Lord will not
 cid - ed is but to be lost ; Choose ye to - day and be



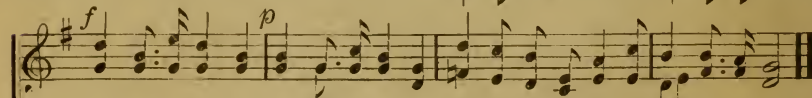
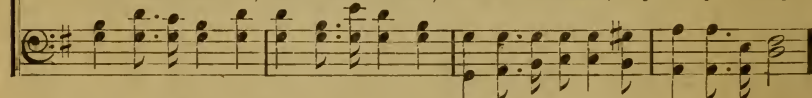
pa - tient - ly stand - ing, Will you per - mit him to plead thus in vain ?
 thine, for the ask - ing, If un - to him thou wilt o - pen the door.
 al - ways stand pleading, Haste, lest he leave to re - turn nev - er - more.
 wise in thy choos - ing, Christ or the world, oh con - sid - er the cost.



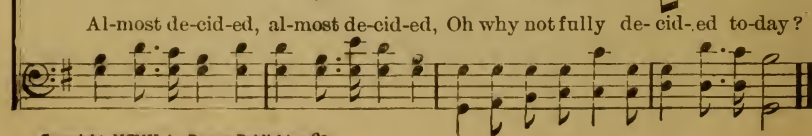
CHORUS.



Al - most de - cid - ed, al - most de - cid - ed, Life is uncertain, why will ye de - lay ?



Al - most de - cid - ed, al - most de - cid - ed, Oh why not fully de - cid - ed to - day ?



My Lord and I.

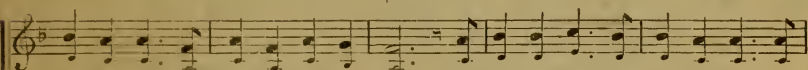
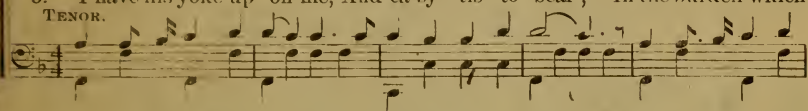
Words arranged by W. E. B.

Music by W. E. BURNETT.

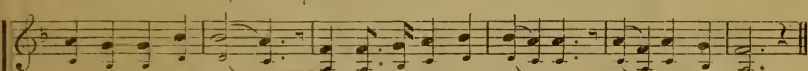
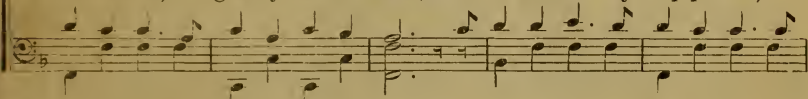
SOPRANO. *Moderato.*

1. I have a Friend so precious, So ver - y dear to me, He loves me with such
2. Sometimes I'm faint and weary, He knows that I am weak, And as he bids me
3. I tell him all my sor - rows, I tell him all my joys, I tell him all that
4. He knows how I am longing Some weary soul to win, And so he bids me
5. I have his yoke up - on me, And ea - sy 'tis to bear; In the burden which

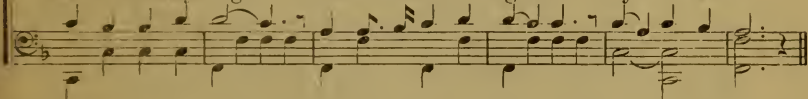
TENOR.



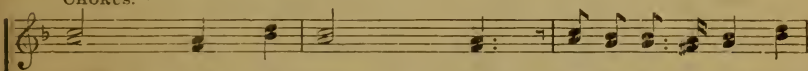
ten - der love, He loves so faithful - ly, I could not live a - part from him, I
 lean on him, His help I glad - ly seek, He leads me in the paths of light, Be -
 pleas - es me, I tell him what an - noys, He tells me what I ought to do, He
 go and speak The loving words for him, He bids me tell his wondrous love, And
 he car - ries, I glad - ly take a share, For then it is my hap - pi - ness, To



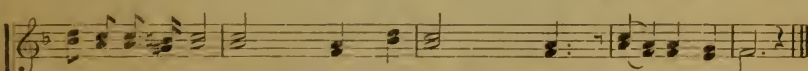
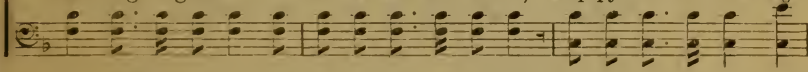
love to feel him nigh, And so we dwell to - geth - er My Lord and I.
 neath a sun - ny sky— And so we dwell to - geth - er My Lord and I.
 tells me what to try— And so we dwell to - geth - er My Lord and I.
 why he came to die— And so we dwell to - geth - er My Lord and I.
 have him always nigh— And so we dwell to - geth - er My Lord and I.



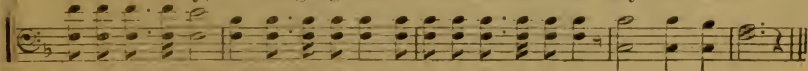
CHORUS. *



Dwell - - ing to - geth - - er— Hap - py we will be through -
 Dwell - ing to - geth - er for - ev - er and for - ev - er, Hap - py we will be through -



out e - ter - ni - ty, Dwell - ing to - geth - - er My Lord and I.
 out e - ter - ni - ty, Dwelling together fore - ver and for - ev - er My Lord and I.



* Chorus may be omitted.

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E. E. HEWITT.

J. C. H. and V. A. WHITE.

1. "Fear not I am with thee;" Blessed golden ray, Like a star of
 2. Ros - es fade a-round me, Lil - ies bloom and die, Earth - ly sunbeams
 3. Steps un - seen be - fore me, Hid - den dangers near; Near - er still my

glo - ry Light - ing up my way! Through the clouds of mid - night,
 van - ish— Ra - diant still the sky! Je - sus, Rose of Shar - on,
 Sav - iour, Whisp'ring, "be of cheer," Joys, like birds at spring-time,

This bright promise shone, "I will nev - er leave thee, Nev - er will
 Bloom - ing for his own, Je - sus, Heaven's sun - shine, Nev - er will
 To my heart have flown, Sing - ing all so sweet - ly, "He will not

CHORUS.

leave thee a - lone." } No nev - er a - lone,.....
 leave me a - lone. }
 leave me a - lone." } Nev - er a - lone, nev - er a - lone,

No, nev - er a - lone; He prom - ised nev - er to leave me,

Never Alone.—Concluded.

1
Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

2
Nev-er to leave me a-lone.

The musical score consists of two systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked with a '1' and the second with a '2'. The lyrics 'Nev-er to leave me a-lone.' are written below each system.

85 Jesus Has Lifted the Load.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The trust-ing heart to Je-sus clings, Nor an-y ill for-bodes,
2. The pass-ing days bring ma-ny cares, "Fear not," I hear him say,
3. He tells me of my Fa-ther's love, And nev-er-slumb'ring eye;
4. When to the throne of grace I flee, I find the prom-ise true,

The musical score is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

But at the cross of Cal-v'ry, sings, Praise God for lift-ed loads!
And when my fears are turn'd to prayers, The burdens slip a-way.
My ev-er-last-ing King a-bove Will all my needs sup-ply.
The might-y arms up-hold-ing me Will bear my bur-dens too.

The musical score continues with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

CHORUS.

Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, Praising the Lord, prais-ing the Lord,

The musical score for the chorus is in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

rit. ad lib.
Sing-ing I go a-long life's road, For Je-sus has lift-ed my load.

The musical score concludes with a treble and bass staff. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The tempo marking 'rit. ad lib.' is placed above the staff.

L. L. P.

Adapted by L. L. PICKETT

1. Speak to my soul, dear Je - sus, Speak now in tend' rest tone; Whisper in
 2. Speak to thy chil - dren ev - er, Lead in the ho - ly way; Fill them with
 3. Speak now as in the old time Thou didst reveal thy will; Let me know

loving kindness: "Thou art not left a - lone." Open my heart to hear thee,
 joy and gladness, Teach them to watch and pray, May they in consecration
 all my du - ty, Let me thy law ful - fil. Lead me to glo - ri - fy thee,

Quickly to hear thy voice, Fill thou my soul with praises, Let me in thee rejoice.
 Yield their whole lives to thee Hasten thy coming kingdom, Till our dear Lord we see.
 Help me to show thy praise, Gladly to do thy bidding, Honor thee all my days.

CHORUS.

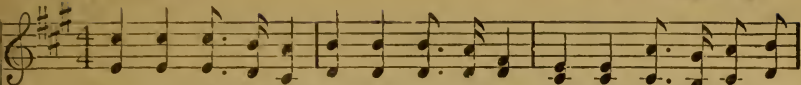
{ Speak thou in soft - est whis - pers, Whispers of love to me;
 { Speak thou to me each day, Lord, Always in tend' rest tone;

"Thou shalt be always conq'ror, Thou shalt be always free."
 Let me now hear thy whisper, "Thou art not left (Omit.) a - lone." }

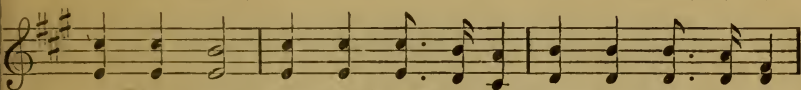
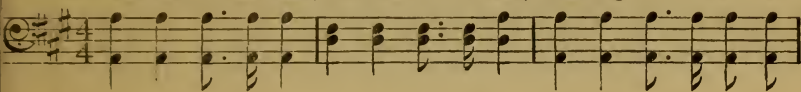
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

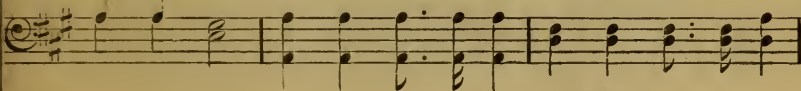
A. J. SHOWALTER.



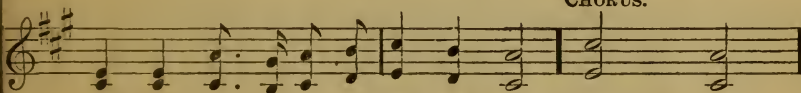
1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy divine, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Lean-ing on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev - er -



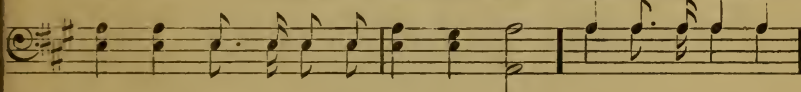
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing arms; O how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



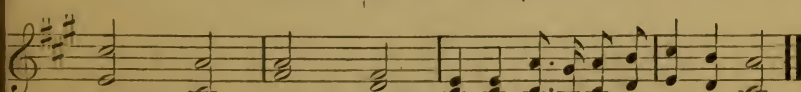
CHORUS.



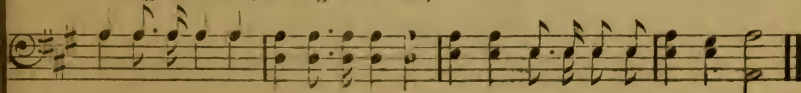
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - - ing,
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. }
 Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. } Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - - ing Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 lean - ing on Je - sus.

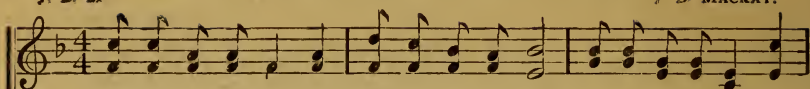


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev - er - last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Je-sus, leaning on Je-sus,

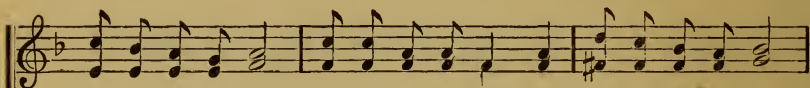
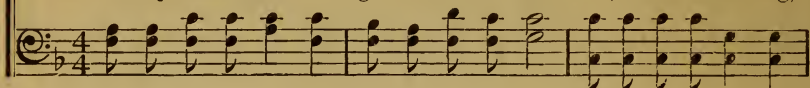


J. B. M.

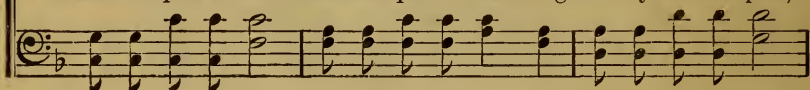
J. B. MACKAY.



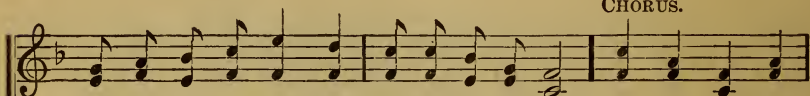
1. Jesus found me wand'ring, Far from him a-stray, Ten-der-ly he led me
2. I can hear him whisper, When my soul is tried, "Fear not, I am with thee;
3. Would you hear the Saviour's gen-tle voice within? Now, while he is call-ing,



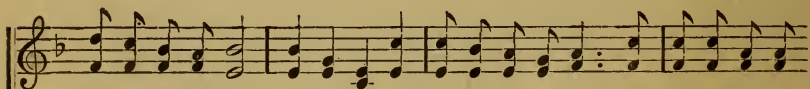
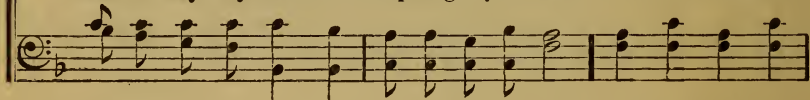
To the shining way, Words of peace he whispered, Bade my fears de-part;
I am at thy side." When the foe as-sails me, Je-sus takes my part;
Leave the path of sin. Peace that passeth knowledge Free-ly he'll im-part;



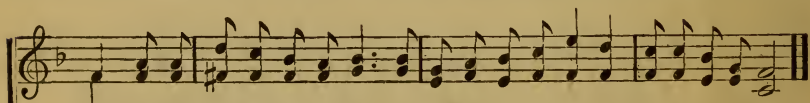
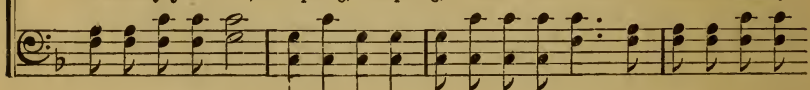
CHORUS.



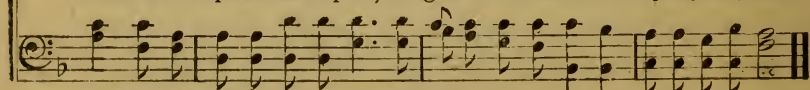
O'twas sweet to hear him Whisp'ring in my heart.
I re-joice to hear him Whisp'ring in my heart. } Whisp'ring, whisp'ring,
You to-day may hear him Whisp'ring in your heart. }



O what joy is mine; Whisp'ring, whisp'ring, Words of love divine. No strain of earthly



music Such rapture can impart; I'm glad I ever heard him Whisp'ring in my heart.



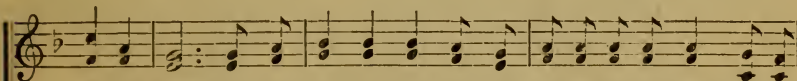
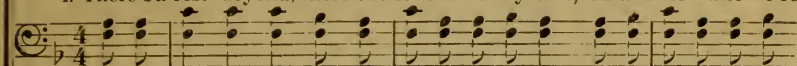
89 In a Little While we're Going Home.

E. E. H.

E. E. HEWITT.



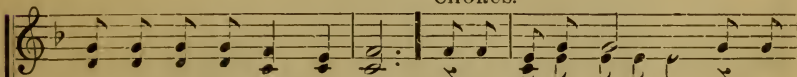
1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, way worn feet, In a little while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a little while we're



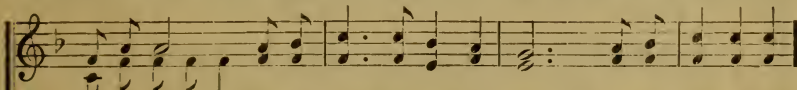
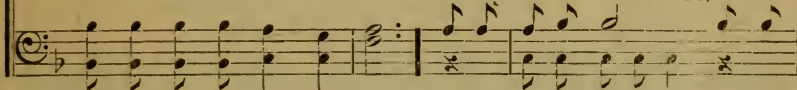
go-ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er - lasting day, In a
go-ing home; And the grace of God will our daily strength renew, In a
go-ing home; O may loving hearts spread around an influence sweet! In a
go-ing home; And no tears shall fall in that city bright and fair, In a



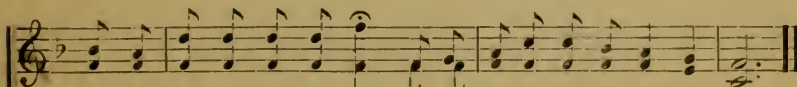
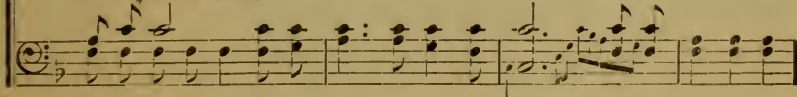
CHORUS.



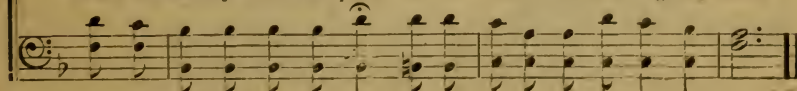
lit - tle while we're go - ing home. In a lit - tle while, In a
In a lit - tle while,



lit tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last,
In a lit - tle while,



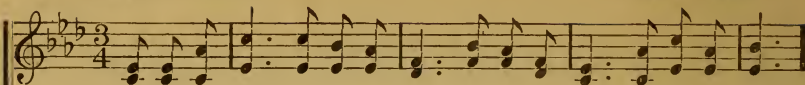
When the stormy winds are past, In a little while we're going home.



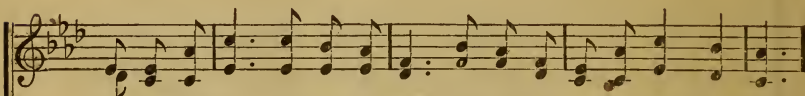
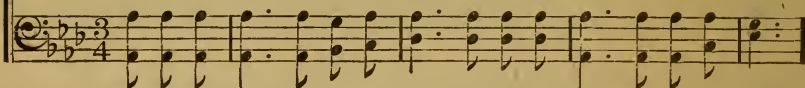
Higher Ground.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

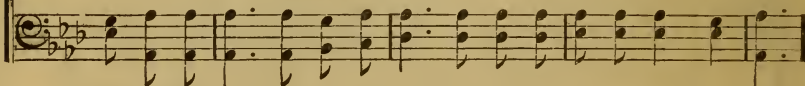
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



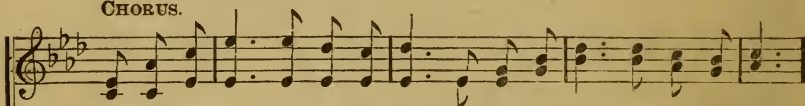
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



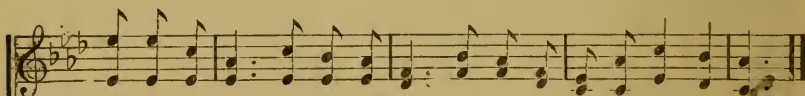
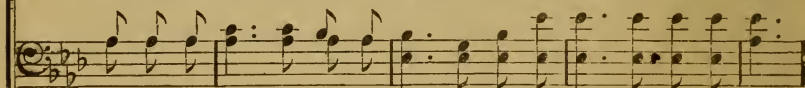
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground,"
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



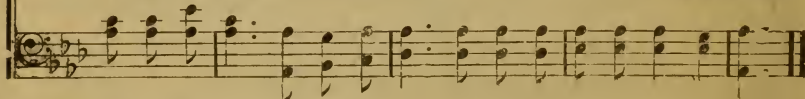
CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;

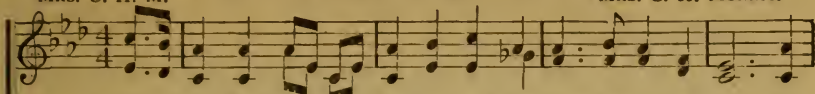


A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

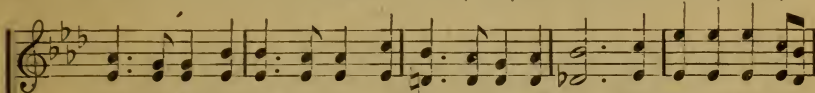
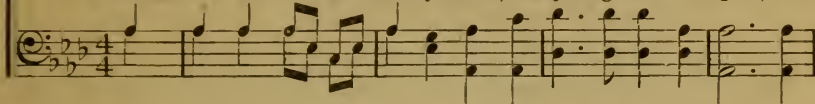


MRS. C. H. M.

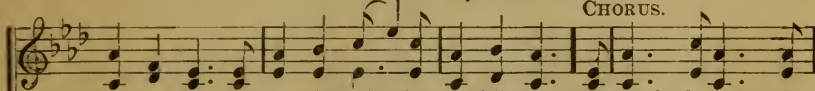
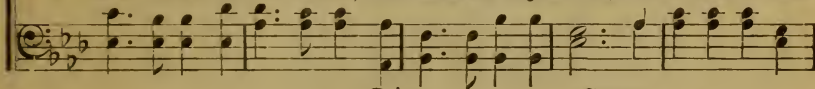
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



1. The pow'r that fell at Pen-te-cost, When in that up-per room, Up-
2. "Ye shall have pow'r (said Jesus) when, The Holy Ghost is come;" Your
3. The wav'ring shall stead-fast become; The weak in faith be strong, With
4. Breathe on us now the Ho-ly Ghost, The young and old inspire; Let

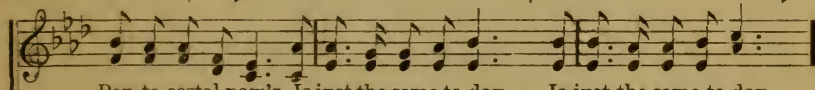
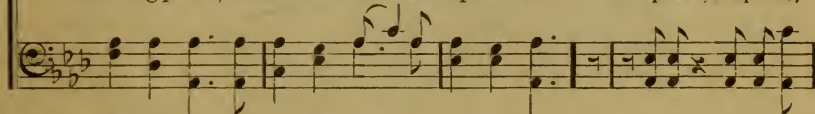


on the watching, waiting ones, The Holy Ghost had come, Remaineth ev-er-
loosen'd tongues shall speak his praise, Your lips no more be dumb. The timid, shrinking
ho-ly boldness going forth, Denouncing sin and wrong, With burning zeal each
each receive his Pen-te-cost, Send hearts and tongues of fire, Thou wonderful trans-

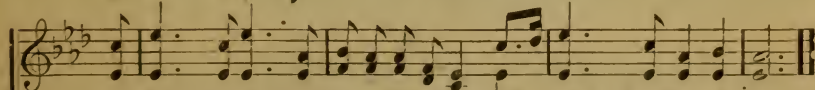
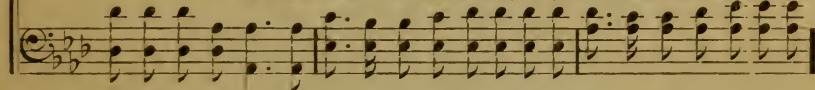


CHORUS.

more the same; Unchanging still, O praise his name. The pow'r, the pow'r, the
ones be brave, To reach a hand the lost to save. }
heart a-flame, A whole sal-va-tion to proclaim.
forming pow'r, Come now in this ac-cepted hour. The pow'r, the pow'r,



Pen-te-costal pow'r, Is just the same to-day, Is just the same to-day,
Is just the same, the same to-day, Is just the same, the same to-day,

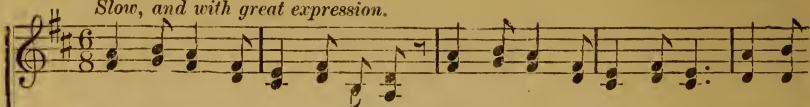


The pow'r, the pow'r, The Pentecostal pow'r, Is just the same to-day.
The pow'r, the pow'r, just the same,

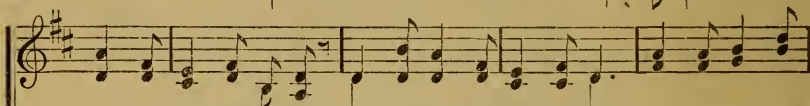
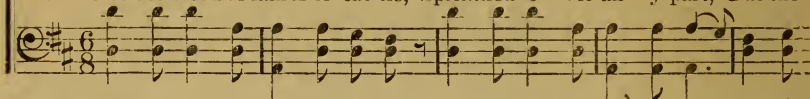


REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

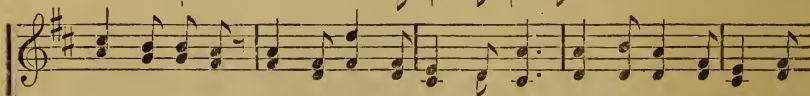
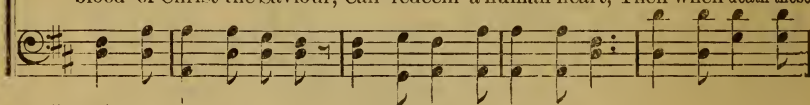
GEO. C. HUGG.

Slow, and with great expression.

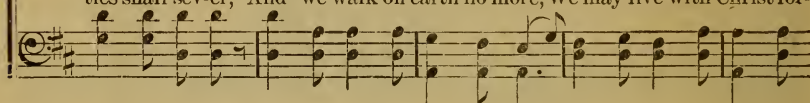
1. When the Lord pass'd o-ver Egypt, There was weeping ev'-rywhere, For the
2. We are in a land of danger, And death lurks on ev'-ry hand, But that
3. Not the blood of lambs or cat-tle, Sprinkled o-ver an-y part, But the



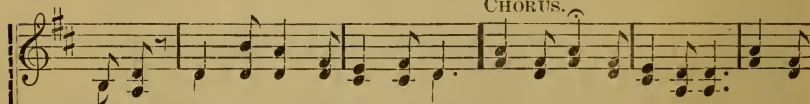
an-gel smote the first-born, Of each family dwelling there, But some houses
soul has per-fect safe-ty, Who obeys the Lord's command, For se-cure in
blood of Christ the Saviour, Can redeem a human heart, Then when death these



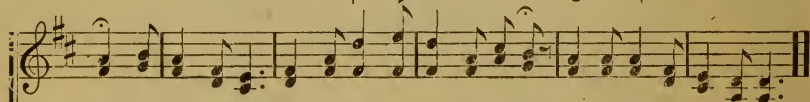
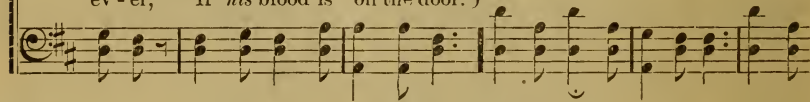
he pass'd o-ver, As his word had said be-fore, And death entered **not** the
God's pa-vil-ion, He can watch life's breakers roar, For God's angels guard that
ties shall sev-er, And we walk on earth no more, We may live with Christ for-



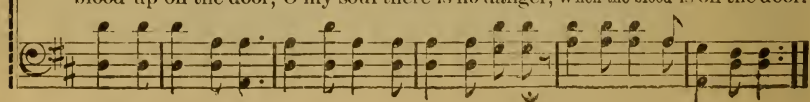
CHORUS.



por-tals, Where the blood was on the door. }
dwelling, Where the blood is on the door. } Precious blood upon the door, Saving
ev-er, If his blood is on the door. }



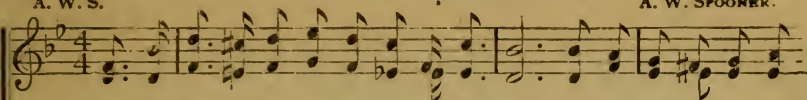
blood up-on the door, O my soul there is no danger, When the blood is on the door.



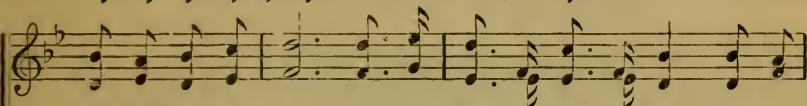
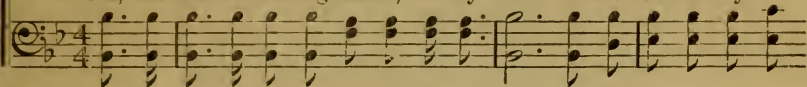
Happy Days.

A. W. S.

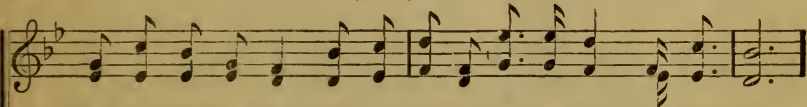
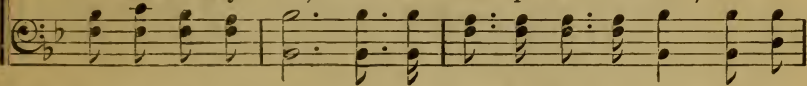
A. W. SPOONER.



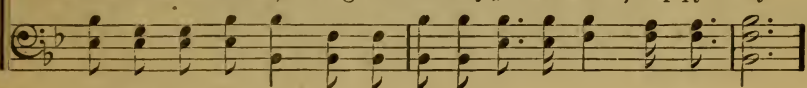
1. Yes, the time is drawing nearer, hap-py day, When the clouds that hide our
2. Yes, the time is drawing nearer, blessed dawn, When our arms shall clasp the
3. Yes, the time is drawing nearer, O how blest, When our weary hearts shall
4. Yes, the time is drawing nearer; one by one To e - ter - ni - ty the



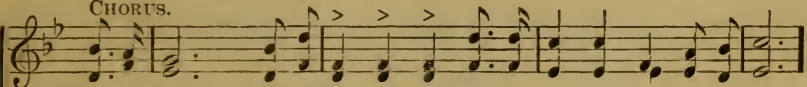
path shall roll a - way; We shall know as we are known, When we
 loved ones from us torn; In that home be-yond the tomb, Partings
 gath-er home to rest; We shall walk the gold - en street, And our
 mo-ments swiftly run; Soon the trum-pet will re-sound, All the



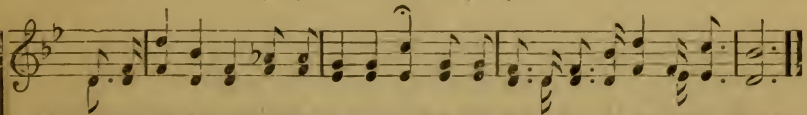
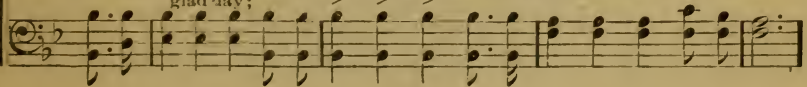
stand be-fore the throne, Stand complete in Christ a-lone; Hap-py day.
 nev - er, nev - er come, And we ne'er shall walk a-lone; Hap-py day.
 loved ones there shall meet, Life with Je-sus will be sweet; Hap-py day.
 dead shall hear the sound, Loving hearts with joy shali bound; Hap-py day.



CHORUS.



Hap-py day; Sins all washed away; We'll be home at last, home to stay;
 glad day;

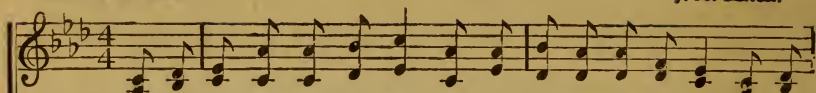


At the Saviour's feet, It will be so sweet; O what joy the King to greet; Happy day.

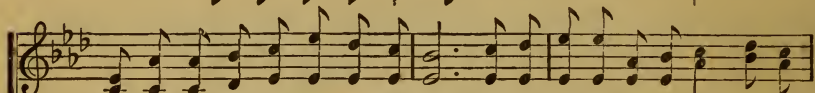
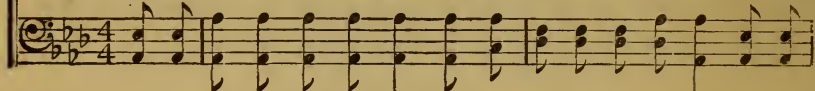


HATTIE E. BUELL.

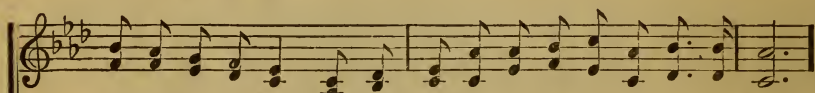
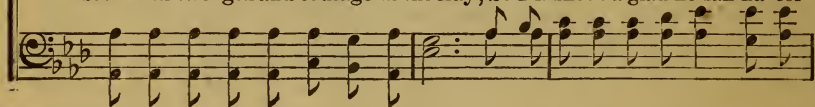
J. M. BLACK.



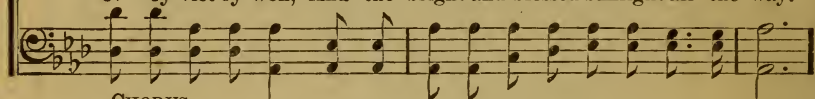
1. O the brightness and the glo - ry of love that came to me, On the
2. In this won - der - ful sal - va - tion, and his redeeming grace, I have
3. 'Tis the hope of joys e - ter - nal when life on earth is done, Fills my



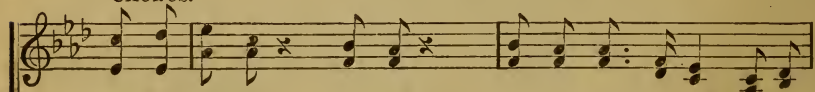
morning of that bright and happy day, When I found my blessed Saviour whose
peace and joy, and nothing can dismay; In the comfort of his presence, the
soul with strength and courage in the fray; So I'll shout a glad ho-san-na for



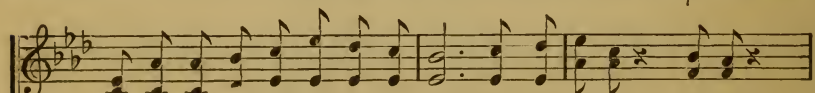
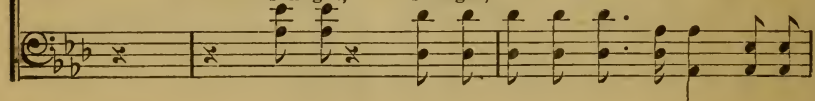
pardon made me free, Now there's bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
shin-ing of his face There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.
ev - 'ry vict'ry won, And the bright and blessed sunlight all the way.



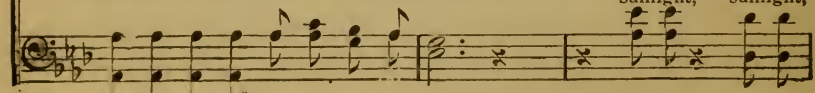
CHORUS.



There is sunlight, sunlight, beaming bright and clear In the
sunlight, sunlight,



sweetness of his serv-ice day by day, There is sunlight, sunlight,
sunlight, sunlight,



Sunlight All the Way.—Concluded.

with my Saviour near, There is bright and blessed sunlight all the way.

95 We'll Never Say Good-Bye.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy-ful is the thought that lingers, When lov'd ones cross death's sea,
3. No part-ing words shall e'er be spo-ken In that bright land of flow'rs.

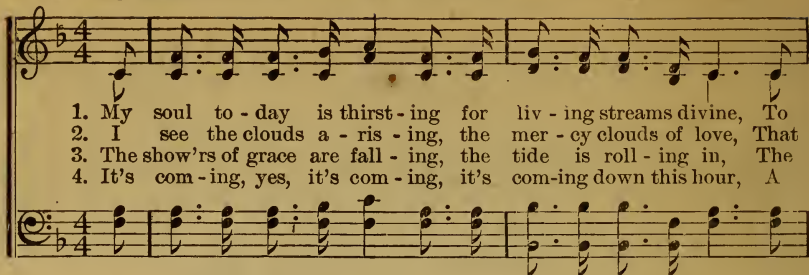
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good- bye.
That when our la - bors here are end-ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.

CHORUS.

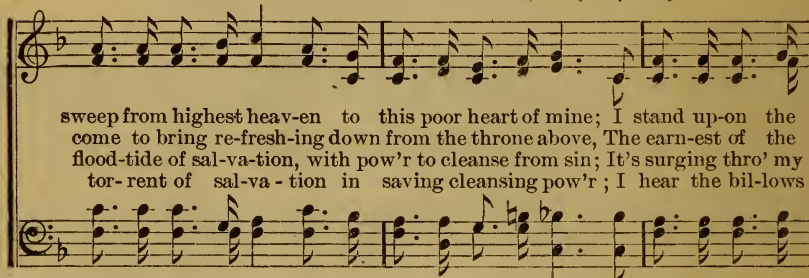
We'll nev-er say good-bye in heav'n, We'll nev-er say good - bye;
good-bye,

Repeat Chorus pp.

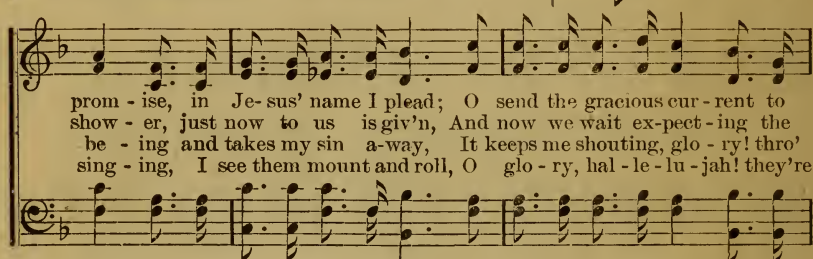
For in that land of joy and song, We'll nev-er say good - bye.



1. My soul to-day is thirst-ing for liv-ing streams divine, To
 2. I see the clouds a-ris-ing, the mer-cy clouds of love, That
 3. The show'rs of grace are fall-ing, the tide is roll-ing in, The
 4. It's com-ing, yes, it's com-ing, it's com-ing down this hour, A

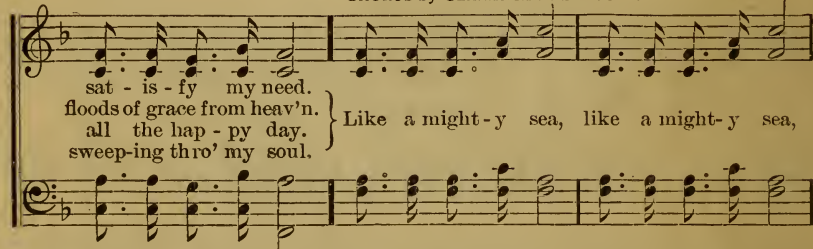


sweep from highest heav-en to this poor heart of mine; I stand up-on the
 come to bring re-fresh-ing down from the throne above, The earn-est of the
 flood-tide of sal-va-tion, with pow'r to cleanse from sin; It's surging thro' my
 tor-rent of sal-va-tion in saving cleansing pow'r; I hear the bil-lows

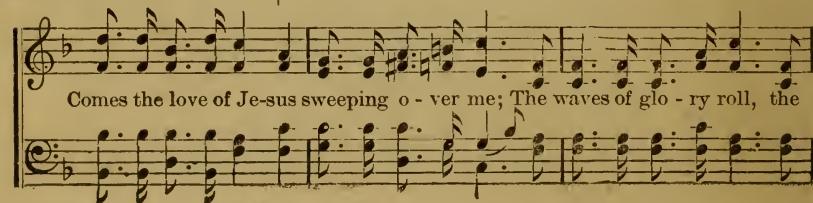


prom-ise, in Je-sus' name I plead; O send the gracious cur-rent to
 show-er, just now to us is-giv'n, And now we wait ex-pect-ing the
 be-ing and takes my sin a-way, It keeps me shouting, glo-ry! thro'
 sing-ing, I see them mount and roll, O glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! they're

CHORUS by CLARENCE B. STROUSE.



sat-is-fy my need.
 floods of grace from heav'n. } Like a might-y sea, like a might-y sea,
 all the hap-py day.
 sweep-ing thro' my soul.



Comes the love of Je-sus sweep-ing o-ver me; The waves of glo-ry roll, the

Like a Mighty Sea.—Concluded.

shouts I can't con-trol, Comes the love of Je - sus, sweeping o'er my soul.

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97

No, Not One.

REV. JOHNSON OASMAN, JR.,

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
4. Did ev-ersaint find this Friend forsake him? No, not one! no, not one!
5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav-iour giv-en? No, not one! no, not one!

FIN.

None else could heal all our soul's dis-eas-es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low-ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that he would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will he re-fuse us a home in heav-en? No, not one! no, not one!

D. S.—There's not a friend like the low-ly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!

CORNS.

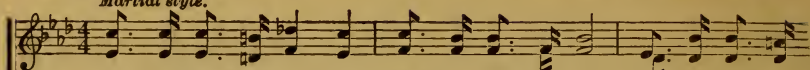
D. S.

Je-sus knows all a-bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

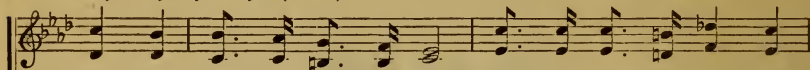
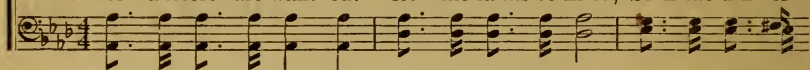
Used by per. of Geo. C. Hugg, owner of Copyright.

By E. E. WILLIAMS.
Martial style.

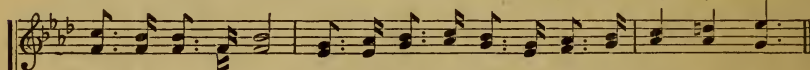
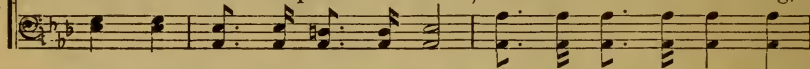
M. PAULINE GILMOUR, A.



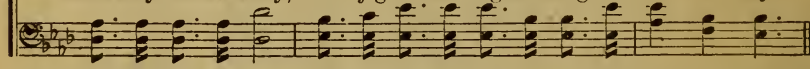
1. Vol - unteers are want-ed! hear the stir - ring call, O be swift to
2. Vol - unteers are want-ed! val - iant men and true, In the ranks, my
3. Vol - unteers are want-ed! for on land and sea Sa-tan's starving
4. Vol - unteers are want-ed! on the bat - tle-plain Soldiers brave are
5. Vol - unteers are want-ed! let the ranks be filled, Soon the din of



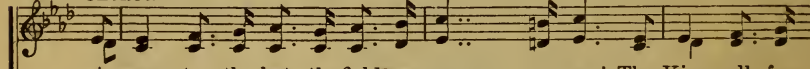
an - swer, com - rades one and all; Gird - ing on your ar - mor,
 broth - er, there is room for you; Christ is the Com-mand - er,
 bond - men clam - or to be free; Hast - en to their res - cue,
 fall - ing, ne'er to fight a - gain; Who will take their plac - es
 bat - tle will in peace be stilled; See! the clouds are lift - ing,



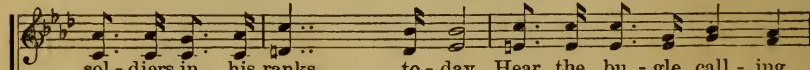
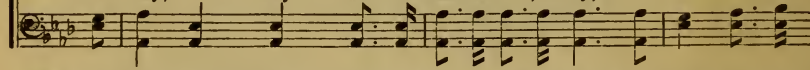
haste to march a-way, For the Lord is calling, "to the front to - day!"
 let us all o - bey When he gives the or - der, "to the front to - day!"
 if you still delay Blood-bought souls must perish, to the front to - day!
 in the dead - ly fray? Who will march with Jesus to the front to - day?
 soon they'll clear away, Glo-ry gilds the heights along the front to - day.



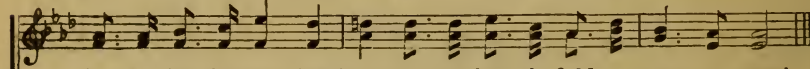
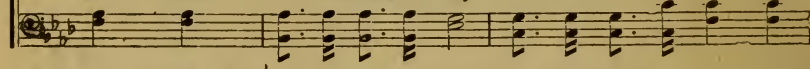
CHORUS.



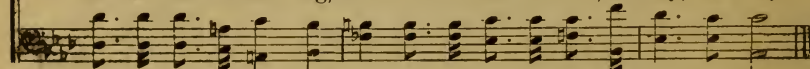
A - way to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a-way! The King calls for
 A - way, a - way to the bat - tle-field, a-way,



sol - diers in his ranks to - day, Hear the bu - gle call - ing,
 sol - diers in his ranks to - day.



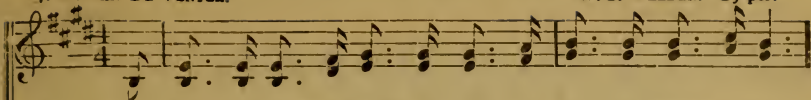
in - to line be fall - ing, Forth to the bat - tle-field, a - way, a - way!



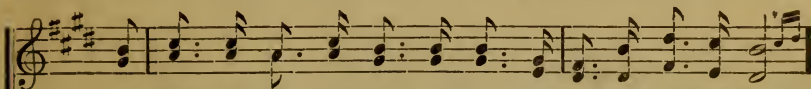
Sunlight.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

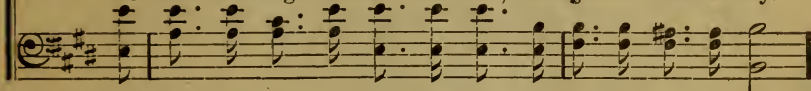
W. S. WEEDEN. By per.



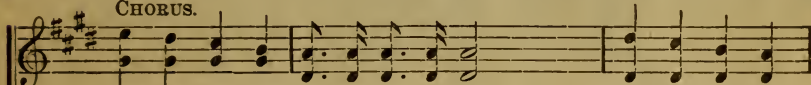
1. I wan-der'd in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Tho' clouds may gath-er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,
3. While walk-ing in the light of God, I sweet com-mun-ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex-tend-ed fields, I jour-ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see him as he is, The Light that came to me;



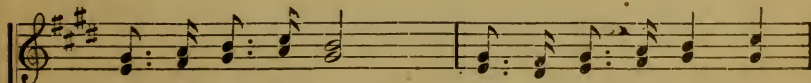
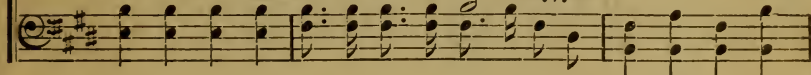
And with the sun-light of his love Bid all my darkness flee.
 How-ev-er dark the world may be I've sun-light in my soul.
 I press with ho-ly vig-or on And leave the world behind.
 And in the sun-light of his love I reap the gold-en grain.
 Be-hold the brightness of his face, Throughout e-ter-ni-ty.



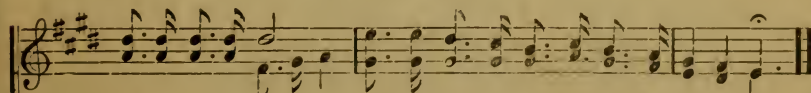
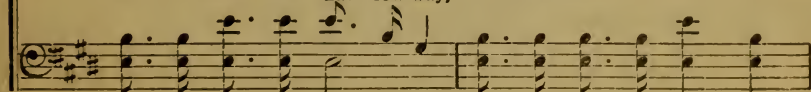
CHORUS.



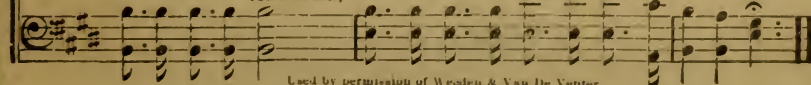
Sun-light, sunlight, in my soul to-day, to-day, yes Sunlight, sunlight,



all a-long the way. Since the Sav-iour found me,

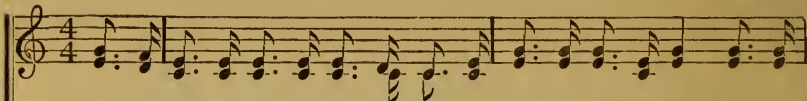


took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
 load of sin,

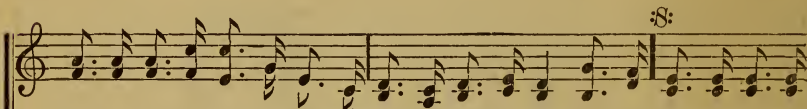
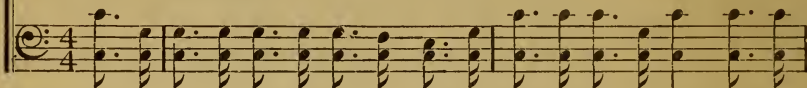


REV. J. M. HOBBS.

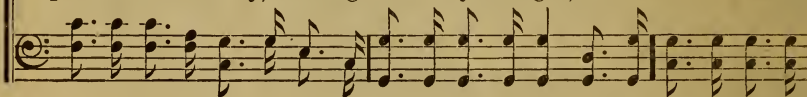
JNO. R. SWENEY.



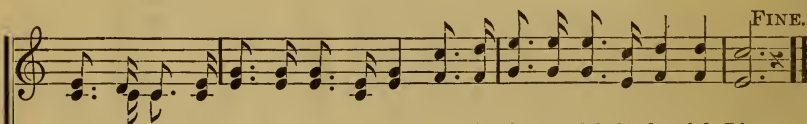
1. O the Glo-ry Hal-le-lu-jah, Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev-er
2. O the Hal-le-lu-jah cho-rus Is a glorious one to sing, But the
3. I'm a Hal-le-lu-jah pil-grim, And I'll nev-er hold my peace Till my
4. Then be ready, faithful pil-grims, To go forward in the fight, Take the



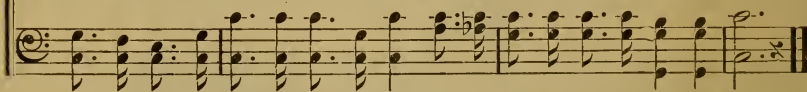
since I came to Je-sus, And his Spir-it made me whole; All my spir-it, soul and
soul's true Hal-le-lu-jah Is a-wak-ened by our King; For the joy of his sal-
blessed Saviour tells me, Then, then on-ly will I cease To in-vite poor hungry
Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we



D.S.—since I came to



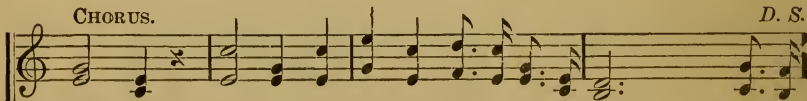
bod-y, Now are un-der his control, On the Glory Hal-le-lu-jah Line.
vation, Makes the heart with music ring, On the Glory Hal-le-lu-jah Line.
sinners, Come, and share the gospel feast, On the Glory Hal-le-lu-jah Line.
conquer, And we'll praise him with delight, On the Glory Hal-le-lu-jah Line.



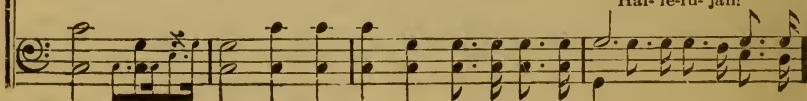
Je-sus, and his Spir-it made me whole, I've been on the Hal-le-lu-jah Line.

CHORUS.

D. S.



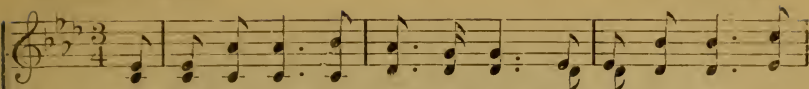
Glo-ry, glo-ry, O yes, 'tis glo-ry in my soul, Ev-er
Hal-le-lu-jah!



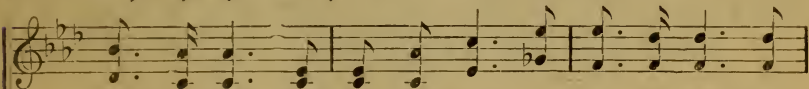
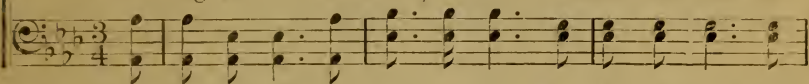
We're on the Way to Canaan's Land

REV H G JACKSON.

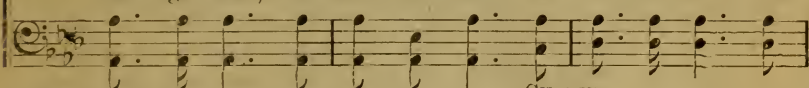
W. S. NICKLE



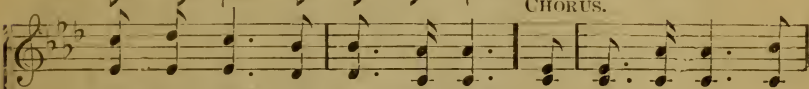
1. From Egypt's cru - el bon - dage fled, O - be - dient to our
2. Thro' wil - der - ness - es wild and drear Our Lord will guide our
3. His pow'r the smit - ten rock con - trols, A crys - tal stream our
4. In hos - tile lands we feel no fear, No foe our on - ward
5. Ere long the riv - er cross'd, we'll meet The ran - somed host at



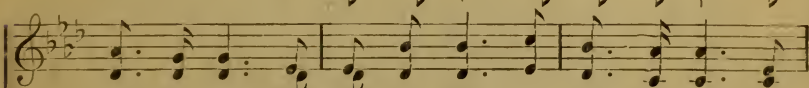
Lord's command, And by his word and spir - it led, We're
steps a - right; Be - hold, to prove his pres - ence here, The
need sup - plies; He feeds our hun - gry, faint - ing souls With
march can stay; In ev - 'ry con - flict he is near, Whose
his right hand; And there re - ceive a wel - come sweet From



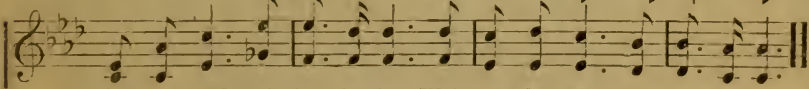
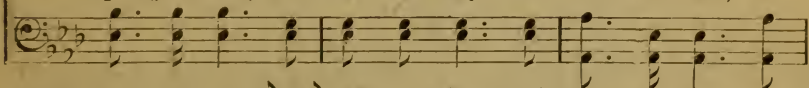
CHORUS.



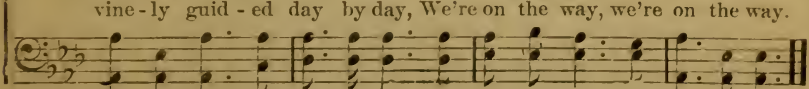
on the way to Ca - naan's land! }
cloud by day, the fire by night! } We're on the way, a
dai - ly man - na from the skies! }
pres - ence cheers us on the way. }
our dear Lord to Ca - naan's land! }

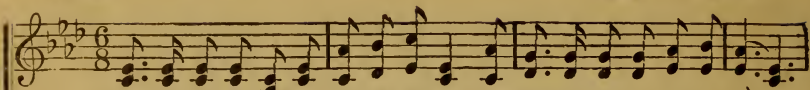


pil - grim band, We're on the way to Ca - naan's land, Di -

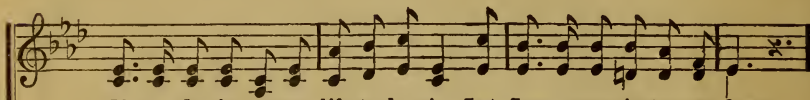


vine - ly guid - ed day by day, We're on the way, we're on the way.

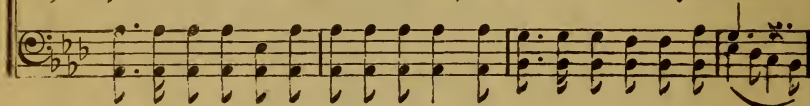




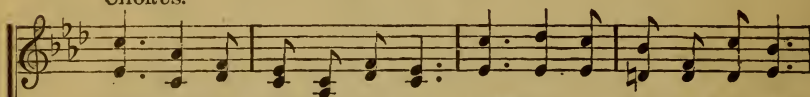
1. If you are tir'd of the load of your sin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pur-i-ty now that you sigh, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
3. If there's a tempest your voice cannot still, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
4. If friends, once trusted, have proven untrue, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;
5. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart;



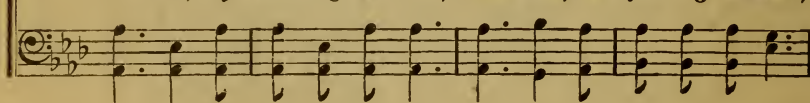
If you de-sire a new life to be-gin, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 Fountains for cleansing are flowing near by, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 If there's a void this world never can fill, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 Find what a Friend he will be unto you, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.
 If you would enter the mansions of rest, Let Jesus come in-to your heart.



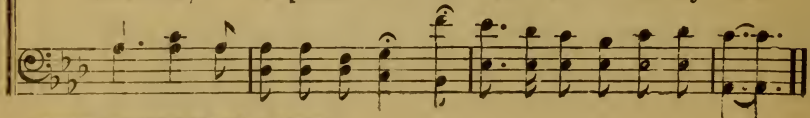
CHORUS.



Just now, your doubtings give o'er; Just now, re-ject him no more;
 Just now, my doubtings are o'er; Just now, re-ject-ing no more;



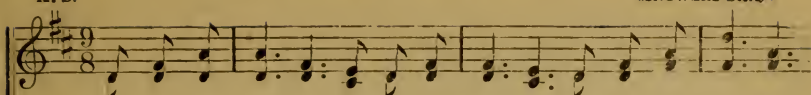
Just now, throw o-pen the door; Let Je-sus come in-to your heart.
 Just now, I o-pen the door And Je-sus comes in-to my heart.



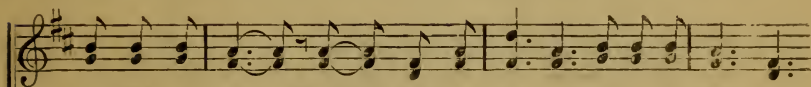
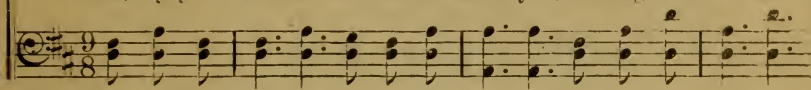
"I Am the Vine."

K. S.

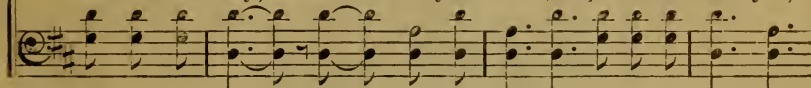
KNOWLES SHAW



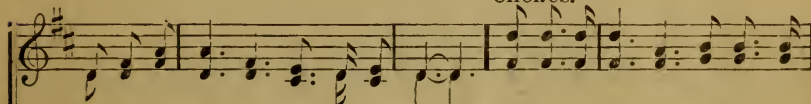
1. I am the vine, and ye are the branches, Bear precious fruit for
2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spok-en, Abid-ing in me much
3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walking in love as



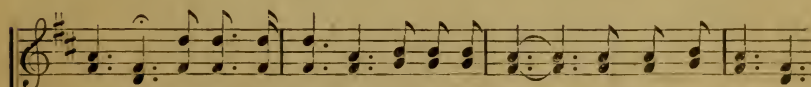
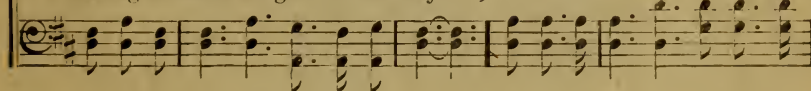
Je - sus to - day; The branch that in me no fruit ev-er bear - eth,
 fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell - ing in thee, my promise un- bro - ken,
 chil-dren of day; Fol - low your Guide, He pass'd on before you,



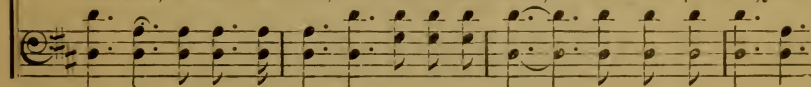
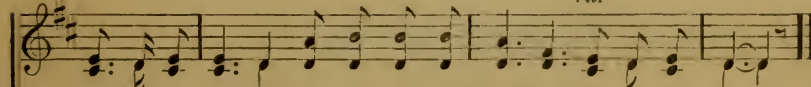
CHORUS.



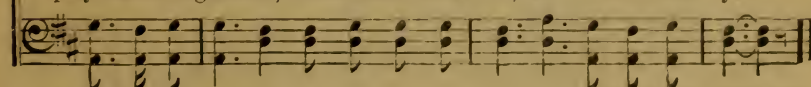
Je-sus hath said, "He tak-eth a - way."
 Glo-ry in heav'n with me ye shall share." } "I am the vine, and ye are the
 Leading to realms of glo - ri-ous day.



branches; I am the vine, be faithful and true; Ask what ye will, your

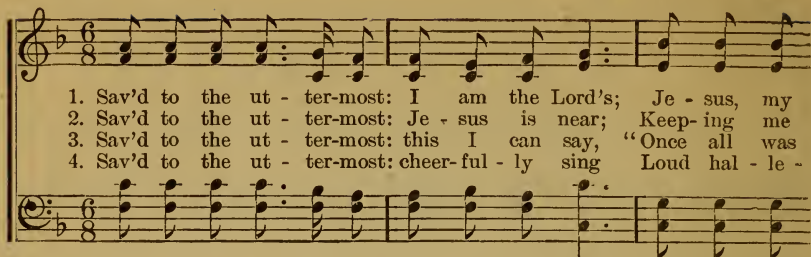
*rit.*

pray'r shall be grant-ed, "The Father loved me, so I have loved you."



W. J. K.

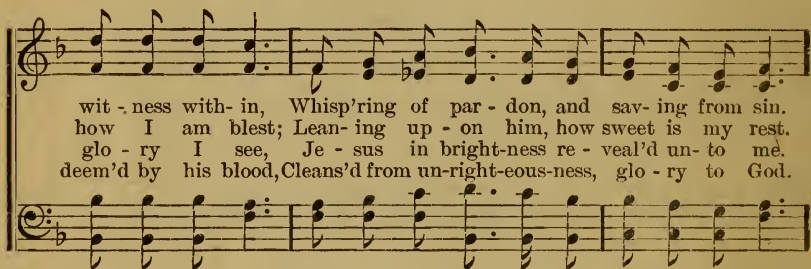
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus is near; Keep - ing me
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: this I can say, "Once all was
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most: cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

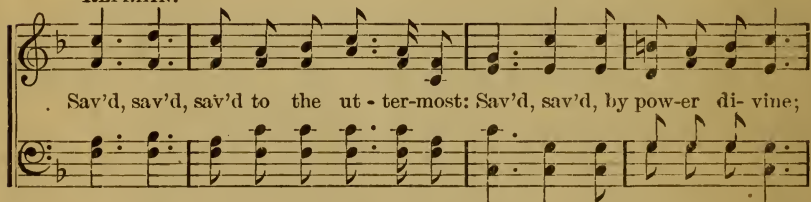


Sav - iour, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me his Spir - it a
 safe - ly, he cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing his prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ran - som'd and par - don'd, re -

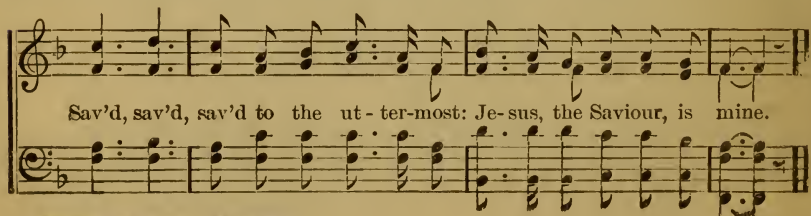


wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don, and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on him, how sweet is my rest.
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me.
 deem'd by his blood, Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God.

REFRAIN.



Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Sav'd, sav'd, by pow - er di - vine;

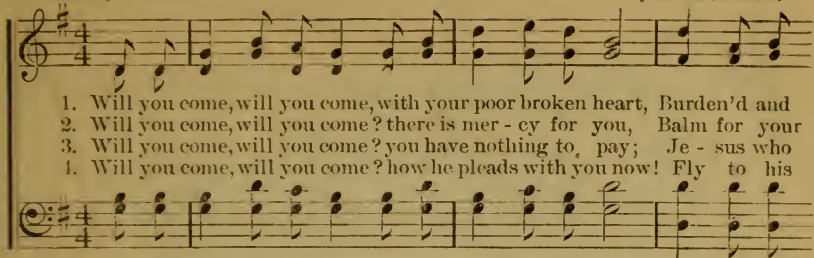


Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter-most: Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine.

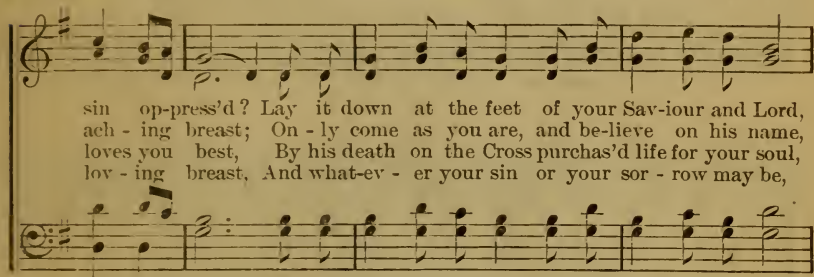
Jesus Will Give You Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY

JNO. R. SWENEY.

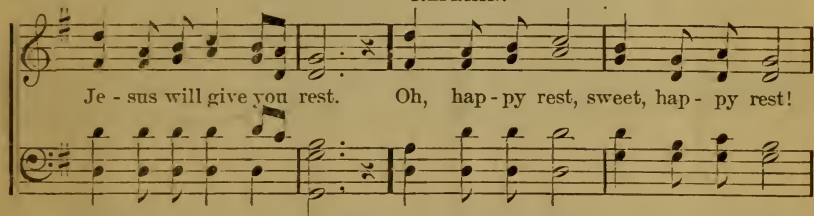


1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor broken heart, Burden'd and
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your
 3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to, pay; Je - sus who
 1. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

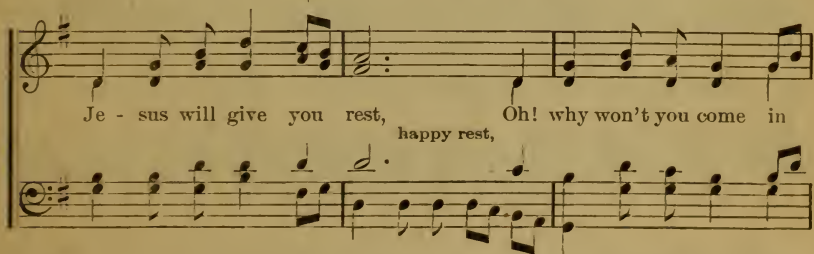


sin op-press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Sav-iour and Lord,
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be-lieve on his name,
 loves you best, By his death on the Cross purchas'd life for your soul,
 lov - ing breast, And what-ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

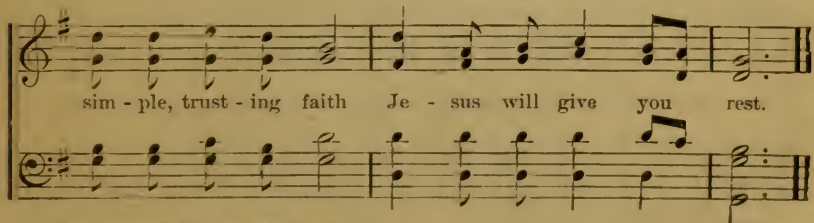
REFRAIN.



Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest, sweet, hap - py rest!



Je - sus will give you rest, Oh! why won't you come in
 happy rest,



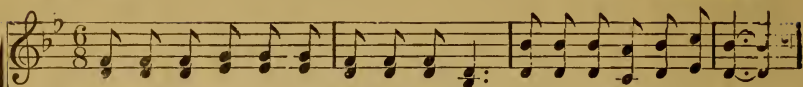
sim - ple, trust - ing faith Je - sus will give you rest.

Jesus Will Wash it Away.

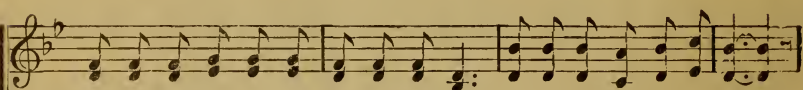
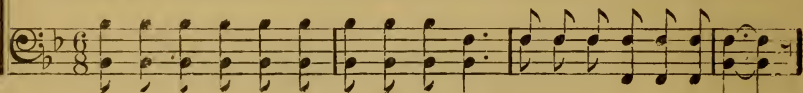
"Wash and be clean." 2 Kings 5: 13.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Bring all your sin to the Cru-ci-fied One, Jesus will wash it a - way,
2. No oth-er fountain for sin can a - vail, Jesus will wash it a - way,
3. O, what an off-'ring for sin he hath made, Jesus will wash it a - way,
4. Sing, all ye ransom'd, ex-ult-ant o'er sin, Jesus will wash it a - way;

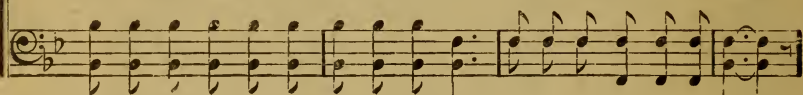


Haste for your life! un - to Cal - va - ry run, Jesus will wash it a - way.

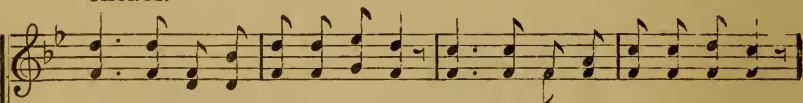
No oth-er comfort when fears shall as-sail, Jesus will wash it a - way

Come where the price of re-demption was paid, Jesus will wash it a - way.

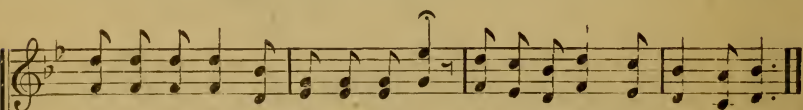
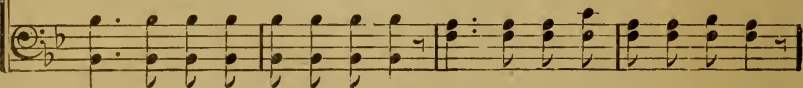
This is the shout that will vic - to - ry win, Jesus will wash it a - way



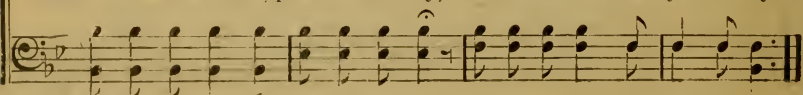
CHORUS.



Come, come, and his bid - ding o - bey, Come, come, and be-lieving you'll say,



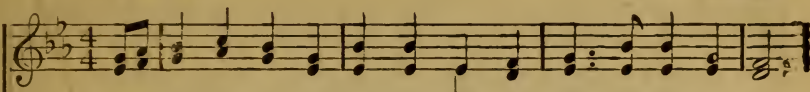
Jesus hath saved me, praise him to-day, Je-sus hath wash'd my sin a-way.



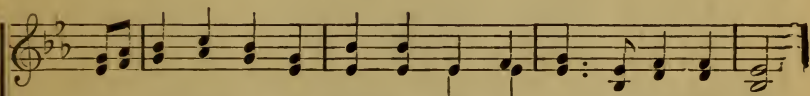
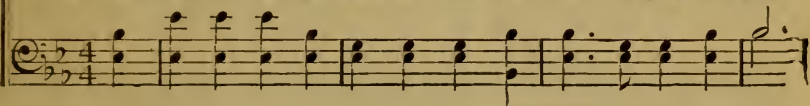
He Rolled the Sea Away.

REV. H. J. ZELLEY

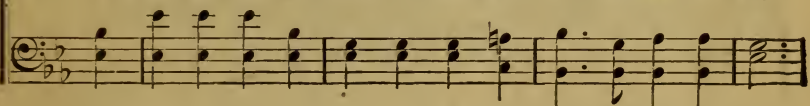
H. L. GILMOUR.



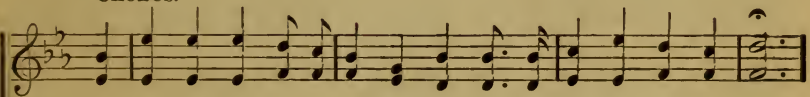
1. When Is-ra-el out of bon-dage came, A sea be-fore them lay;
2. Be - fore me was a sea of sin, So great I feared to pray;
3. When sorrows dark like storm-y waves, Were dash-ing o'er my way.
4. And when I reach the sea of death, For need - ed grace I'll pray



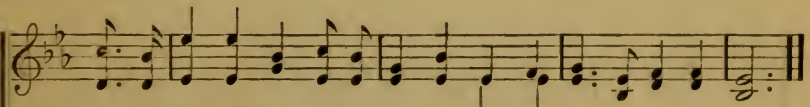
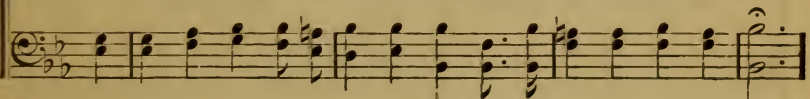
The Lord reach'd down his mighty hand, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 My heart's de-sire the Sav-iour read, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 A - gain the Lord in mer - cy came, And roll'd the sea a - way.
 I know the Lord will quick-ly come, And roll'd the sea a - way.



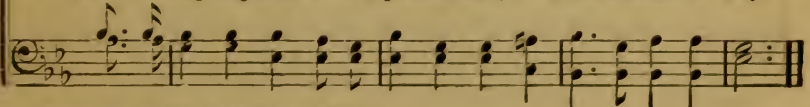
CHORUS.



Then for-ward still, 'tis Je-ho-vah's will, Tho' the bil-lows dash and spray;



With a conq'ring tread we will push a-head, He'll roll the sea a - way.



L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Would you be free from your burden of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
 2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
 3. Would you be whiter, much whiter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
 4. Would you do ser-vice for Je-sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,

pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry wir
 pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans-ing to Cal - va - ry's tide,
 pow'r in the blood; Sin stains are lost in its life giv-ing flow,
 pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly, his prais - es to sing?

CHORUS.
 There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
 There is pow'r,

Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb, There is
 in the blood of the Lamb,

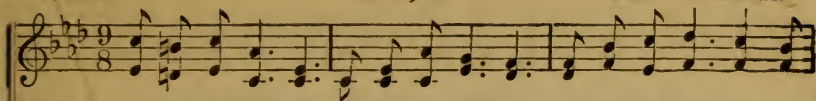
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r, In the precious blood of the Lamb.
 There is pow'r,

109 Have Ye Received the Holy Ghost?

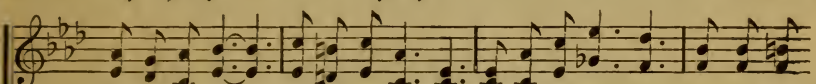
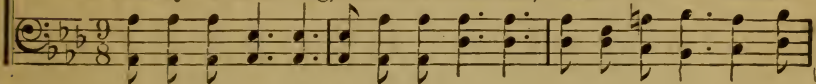
C. H. M.

Acts 19: 2.

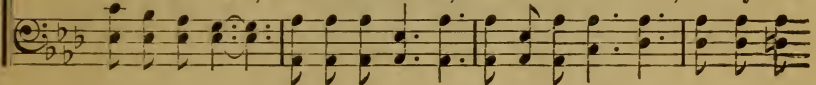
MRS. C. H. MORRIS.



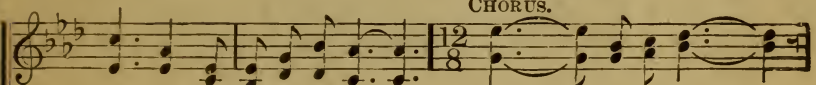
1. Ye are the tem-ples, Je-sus hath spo-ken, Temples of God's Ho-ly
2. He who has pardoned surely will cleanse thee, All of the dross of thy
3. Showers of mer-cy, ful-ness of bless-ing, Ev-er the Spir-it's in-
4. Wea-ry of wand'ring, come in-to Ca-naan, Feast on the ful-ness and



Spir-it di-vine; Have ye received him, bidden him en-ter, Make his a-na-ture re-fine; Cleans'd from all sin, his Spirit will en-ter, Fill you and dwelling at-tend; 'Tis the enduement, pow-er of serv-ice, Fruits for your fat of the land; Feed on the manna, dwell in the sun-shine, Led by his



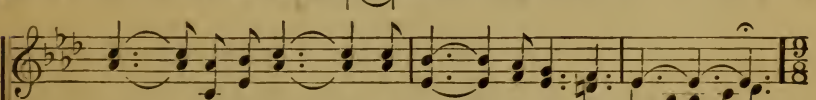
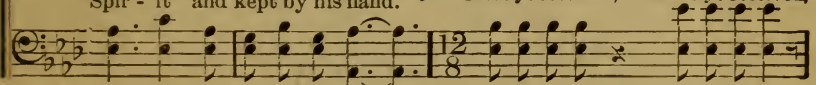
CHORUS.



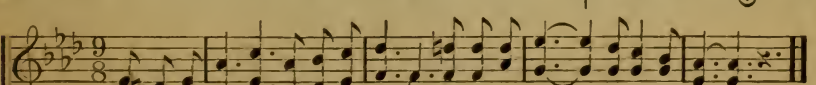
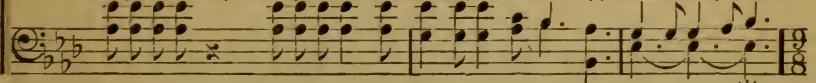
bode in that poor heart of thine?
thrill you with power di-vine.
la-bor he sure-ly will send.
Spir-it and kept by his hand.

Have.... ye re-ceived,

Have ye received, have ye received,



since ye be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho-ly Ghost?.....
since ye believed, since ye believed, blessed, blessed Ho-ly, blessed Holy Ghost?



He who has promised, gift of the Father, Have ye received the Holy Ghost?

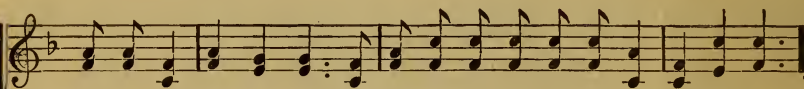
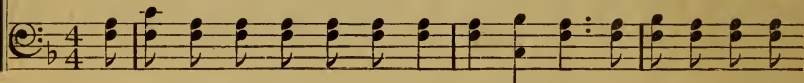


H. L. GILMOUR.

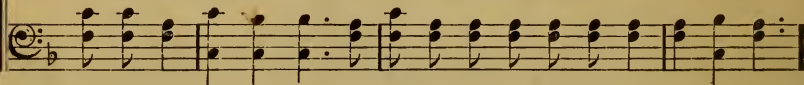
ARR. by H. L. G.



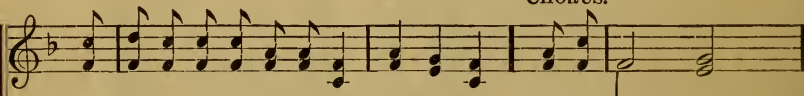
1. When out in sin and dark-ness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was
2. The Spir - it roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, Love found me, For sav-ing from an
4. And when I reach the gold-paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a-dor-ing



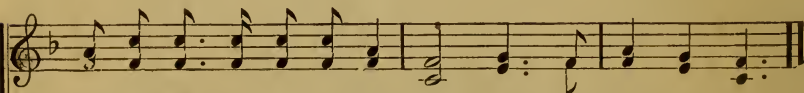
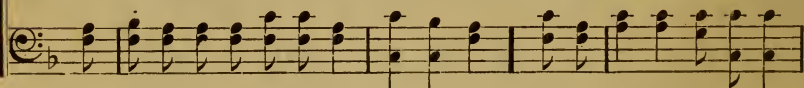
tempest toss'd, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's word's so blest, Love found me,
 strong and deep, Love found me, Al-tho' I long withstood his grace, Love found me,
 endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad - vo - cate a - bove, Love found me,
 at his feet, Love found me, And sing hosanna round the throne, Love found me,



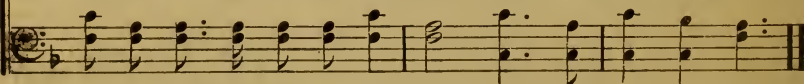
CHORUS.



Come, weary, heavy laden, rest, Love found me.	} Oh, 'twas love, love,
He wooed me to his kind embrace, Love found me.	
I'm yoked to him in perfect love, Love found me.	
Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me.	
	Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

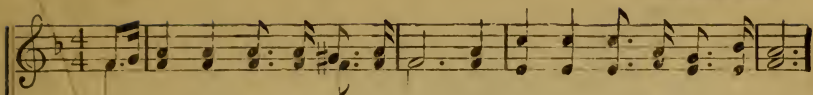


Love that moved the might-y God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

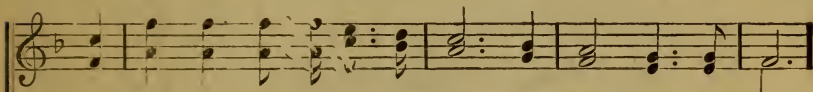
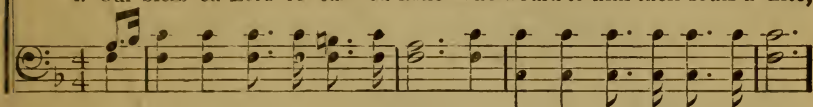


O Why Not To-night?

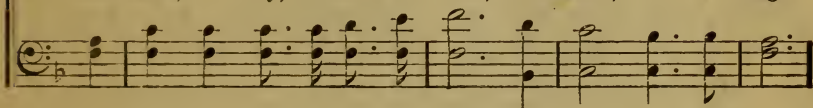
J. CALVIN BUSHBY



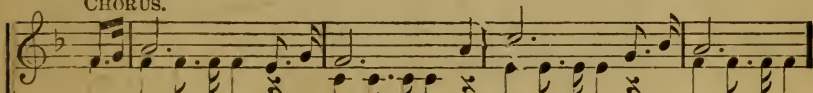
1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
3. To-mor-row's sun may nev-er rise, To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our Lord in pit - y lin-gers still, And wilt thou thus His love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re-fus-ed none Who would to him their souls u-nite;



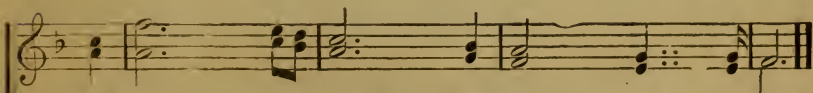
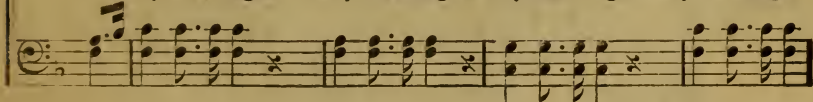
Poor sin - ner, hard - en not your heart, Be saved, O to - night.
 This is the time, oh, then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
 Re-nounce at once thy stubborn will, Be saved, O to - night.
 Be-lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.



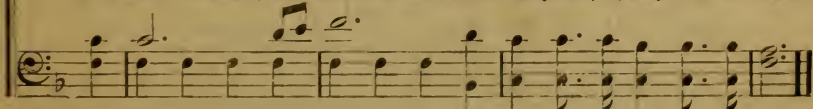
CHORUS.



O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
 O why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night? why not to-night?

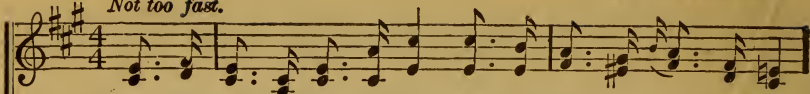


Wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not to-night?
 Wilt thou be sav'd, wilt thou be sav'd? Then why not, O, why not to-night?

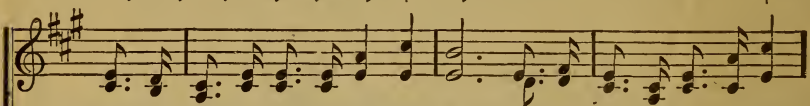
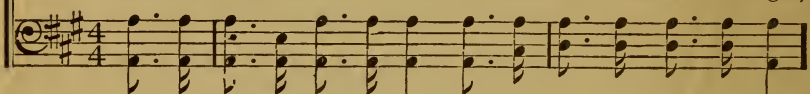


E. B. HEWITT.

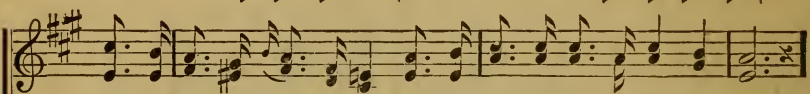
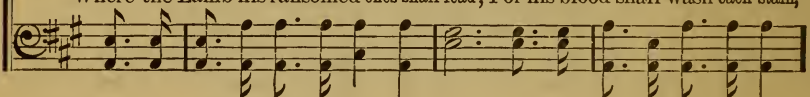
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

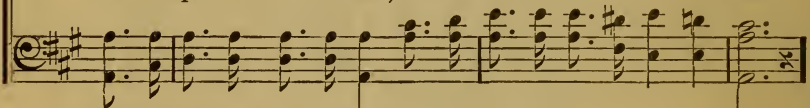
1. We shall walk with him in white, In that coun - try pure and bright,
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where bliss yields to bliss - ful sight,
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the foun - tains of de - light,



Where shall en - ter naught that may defile; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
Where the beau - ty of the King we see; Hold - ing converse full and sweet,
Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead; For his blood shall wash each stain,



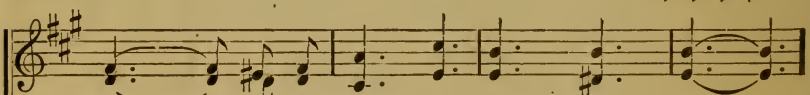
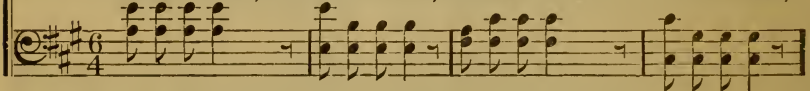
For the bless - ed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
In a fel - low - ship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - er - more is freed.



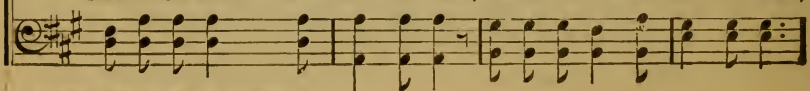
CHORUS.



Beau - ti - ful robes, . . . Beau - ti - ful robes, . . .
Beau - ti - ful robes, beau - ti - ful robes, Beau - ti - ful robes, beau - ti - ful robes,



Beau - - ti - ful robes, we then shall wear;
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear;



Beautiful Robes.--Concluded.

Gar - ments of light, ... love - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau-ti - ful robes we shall wear.

113

O Don't Stay Away.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

REV. W. J. STUART, A. M.

With expression.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long - er be distress'd; Come to thy
 2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
 3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will
 4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo-ments are fly-ing fast; Judgment will
 5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no long-er roam; Come now, and

CHORUS.

Saviour's breast, O don't stay a - way.
 Saviour's fold, O don't stay a - way.
 take thee in, O don't stay a - way. } Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now,
 come at last, O don't stay a - way.
 start for home, O don't stay a - way.

Ritard......

An-gels are bending now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay away.

114 Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

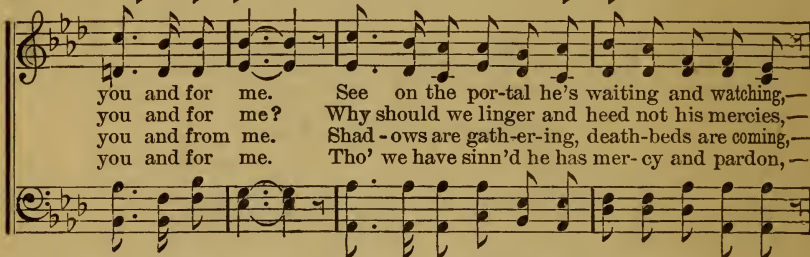
W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.



1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, — Pleading for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, — Pass - ing from
 4. O, for the won - der - ful love he has promised, — Promised for

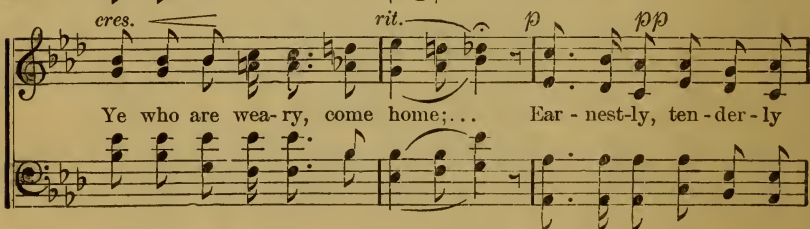


you and for me. See on the por - tal he's wait - ing and watch - ing, —
 you and for me? Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, —
 you and from me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, —
 you and for me. Tho' we have sinn'd he has mer - cy and pardon, —

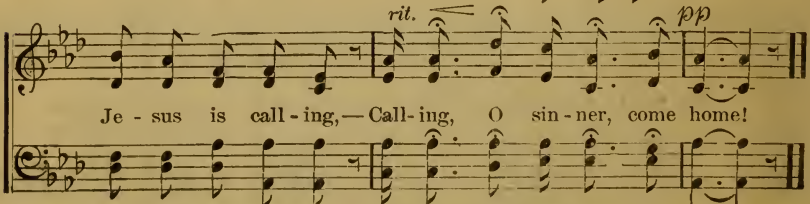
REFRAIN.



Watching for you and for me. Come home, come home,
 Mer - cies for you and for me? }
 Com - ing for you and for me. } Come home, come home,
 Par - don for you and for me. }



Ye who are wea - ry, come home;... Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

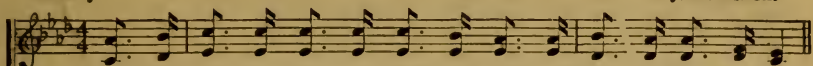


Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

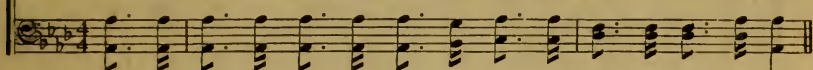
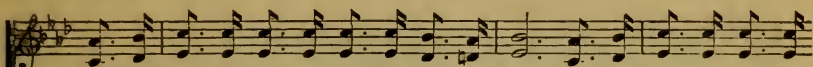
115 When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

B. M. J.

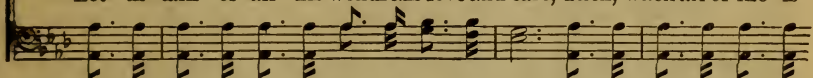
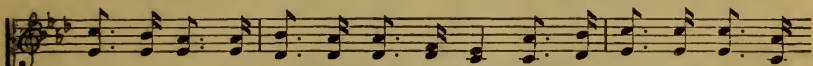
J. M. BLACK.



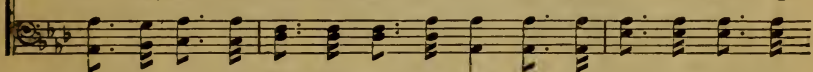
1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

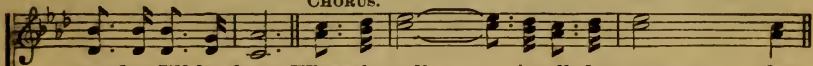
And the morning breaks eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
 And the glo - ry of his res - ur - rec - tion share; When his chosen ones shall
 Let us talk of all his wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

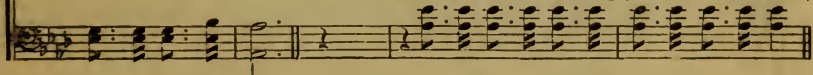
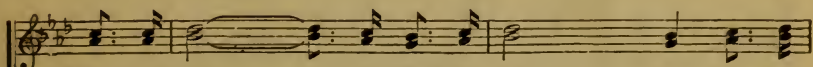
gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
 gath - er to their home be - yond' the skies, And the roll is called up
 o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up



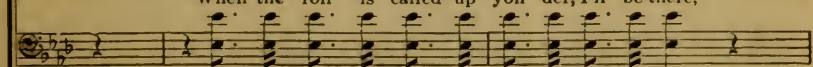
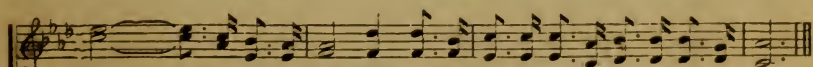
CHORUS.




yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll is called up yon - - der,
 When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there,

When the roll is called up yon - - der, When the
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

roll is called up yonder. When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 When the roll



W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing There's a
 2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing There's a
 3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sin-ners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But its brightness shall on - ly come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sin-ner shall hear his doom, "De-

part-ed right and left, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you read-y for that day to come?
 part, I know ye not," Are you read-y for that day to come?

CHORUS.

Are you read-y? are you read-y? Are you read-y for the

judgment day? Are you read-y? are you read-y For the judgment day?

Scattering Precious Seed.

W. A. OGDEN

GEO. C. HUGG.

1 Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way - side, Scat-ter-ing
 2 Scat-ter-ing precious seed for the grow - ing, Scat-ter-ing
 3 Scat-ter-ing precious seed, doubting nev - er, Scat-ter-ing

precious seed by the hill - side; Scat-ter-ing precious seed
 precious seed, free - ly sow - ing; Scat-ter-ing precious seed,
 precious seed, trust-ing ev - er; Sowing the word with pray'r

o'er the field, wide, Scat-ter-ing precious seed by the way.
 trust-ing, know - ing, Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain.
 and en-deav - or, Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield.

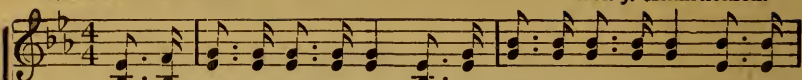
CHORUS.

Sow - ing in the morn - ing, Sow - ing at the
 Sow - ing in the eve - ning, (Omit.....)
 Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the precious seed, Sowing the seed at noontide.

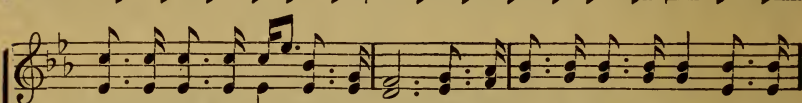
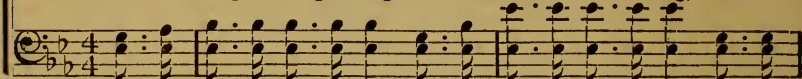
noon tide; Sowing the precious seed by the way....
 Sowing the precious seed, by the way.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

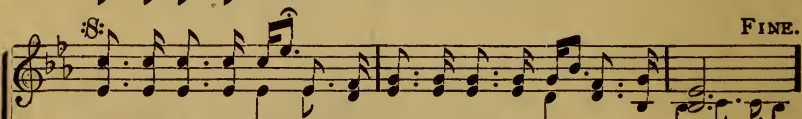
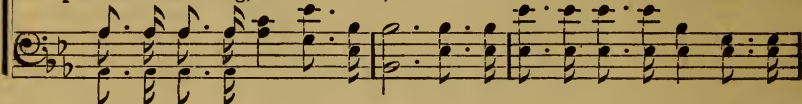
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



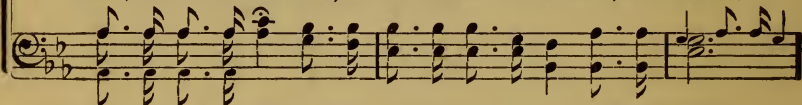
1. On the hap-py, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fond-est hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of an-gels ring, And the blest for-ev-er sing, In the



storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In-to
 heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the riv-er sparkling bright, In the
 pal-ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with

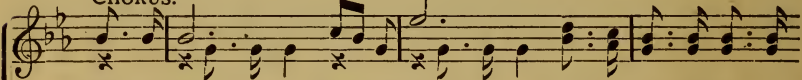


pure and per-fect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
 cit-y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
 heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

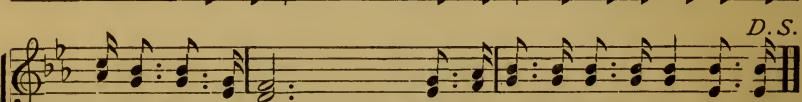
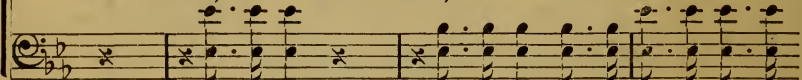


D.S.—hap-py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

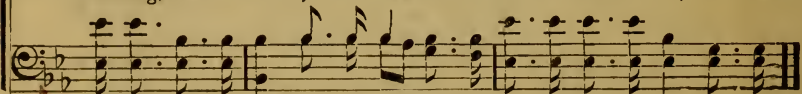
CHORUS.



Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is



blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the



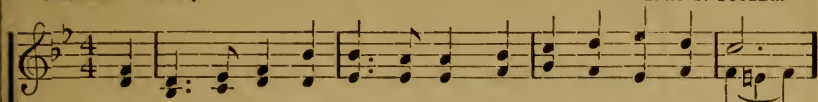
Meet me there;

The Son of God.

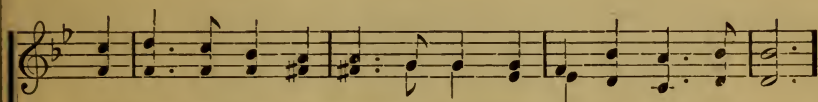
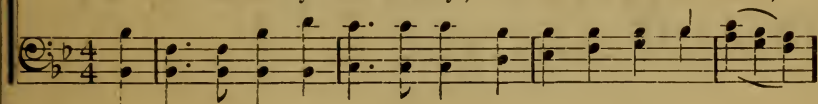
"These are they that follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."—Revelation 14: 4.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

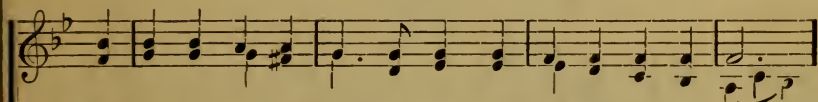
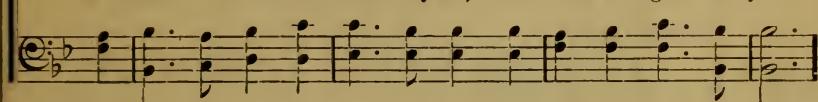
HENRY S. CUTLER.



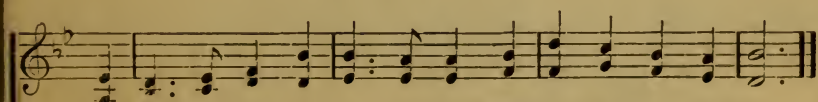
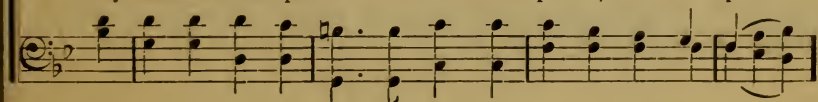
1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain;
2. The martyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce beyond the grave,
3. A glorious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble arm - y—men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,



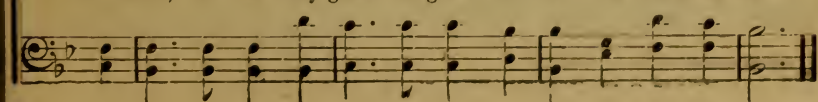
His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who follows in his train?
Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on him to save;
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
A - round the Saviour's throne rejoice, In robes of light arrayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant o - ver pain;
Like him, with pardon on his tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's gor - y mane;
They climbed the steep ascent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain:



Who patient bears his cross be - low—He fol - lows in his train.
He prayed for them that did the wrong. Who fol - lows in his train.
They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his
 2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his
 3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his
 4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal-le-lu-jah! praise his

name! To the feast of his love we a-gain draw near, Praise, oh,
 name! For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,
 name! While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
 name! There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,
 praise his name!

CHORUS.

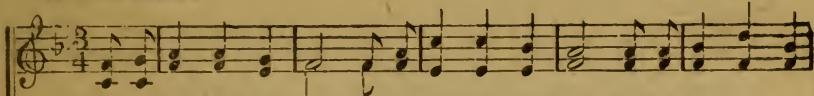
praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Hallelujah! praise his

name; Come to the banquet, great and small, praise, oh, praise his name.
 praise his name;

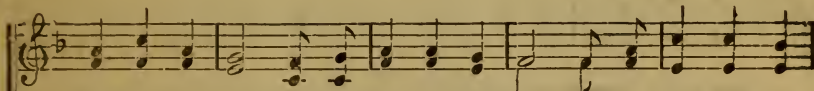
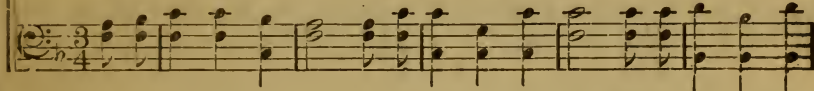
Trust and Obey.

By J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWMAN.



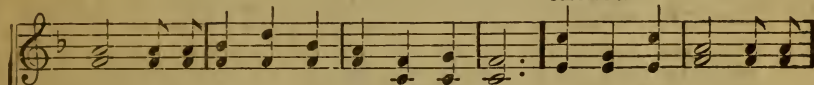
1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
 2. Not a shad-ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil he doth



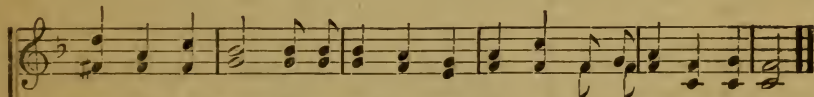
sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He a-bides with us
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a



CHORUS.



still, And with all who will trust and o-bey. }
 tear Can a-bide while we trust and o-bey. } Trust and o-bey, For there's
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o-bey. }



no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus But to trust and o-bey.



4 But we can never prove
 The delights of his love
 Until all on the alt-r we lay,
 For the favor he shows,
 And the joy he bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

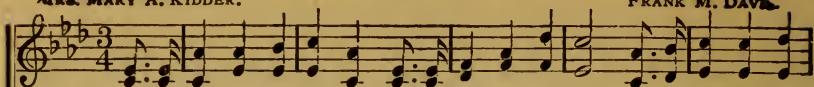
5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at his feet,
 Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
 What he says we will do,
 Where he sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.

Is My Name Written There?

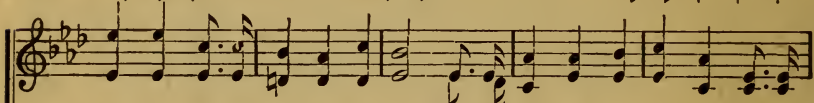
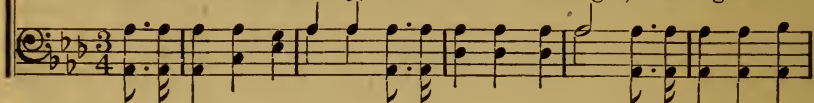
"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10: 20.

Mrs. MARY A. KIDDER.

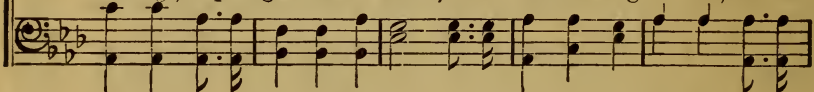
FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neither sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my
3. O! the beau-ti-ful cit-y, With the mansions of light, With its glori-fied



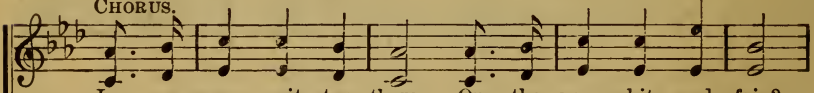
heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its Sav-iour! Is suf-fi-cient for me; For thy promise is writ-ten, In bright be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no evil thing com-eth, To de-



pa-ges so fair, Tell me, Je-sus, my Saviour, Is my name written there? letters that glow, "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow." spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching, Yes, my name's written there.



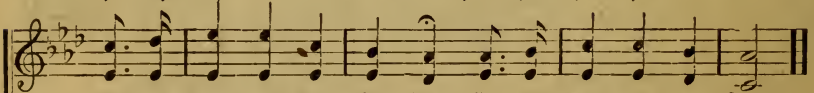
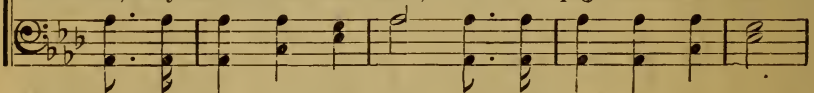
CHORUS.



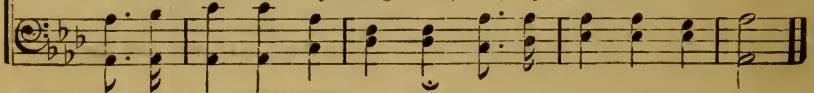
Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?

Chorus for 2d and 3d verses.

Yes, my name's writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?



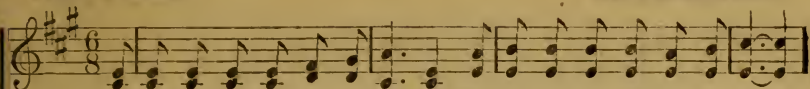
In the book of thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?
In the book of thy king-dom, Yes, my name's writ-ten there.



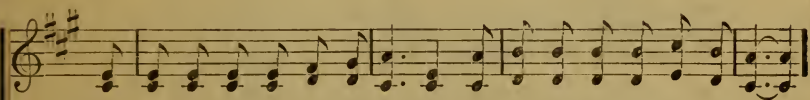
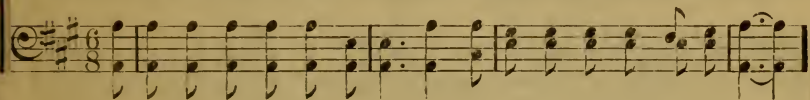
Redeemed

FANNY J. CROSBY.

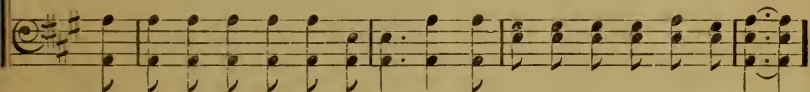
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



1. Redeem'd how I love to proclaim it, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
2. Redeem'd and so hap- py in Je- sus, No language my rapture can tell;
3. I think of my bless-ed Re-deem-er, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beau-ty, The King in whose law I de - light;
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me;



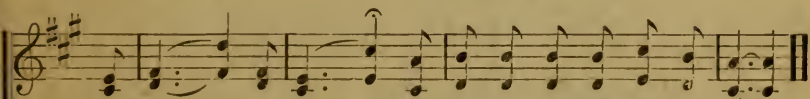
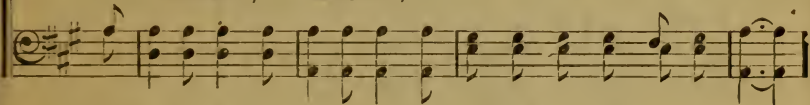
Redeem'd thro' his in- fi- nite mer- cy, His child and for-ev - er I am.
 I know that the light of his presence With me doth con-tin-u-al-ly dwell.
 I sing, for I can-not be si- lent, His love is the theme of my song.
 Who lov- ing- ly guarded my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
 And soon with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.



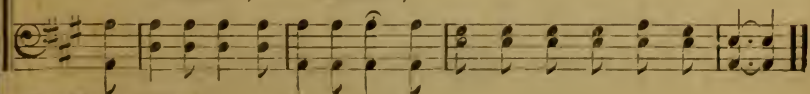
REFRAIN.



Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, Redeem'd by the blood of the Lamb,
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

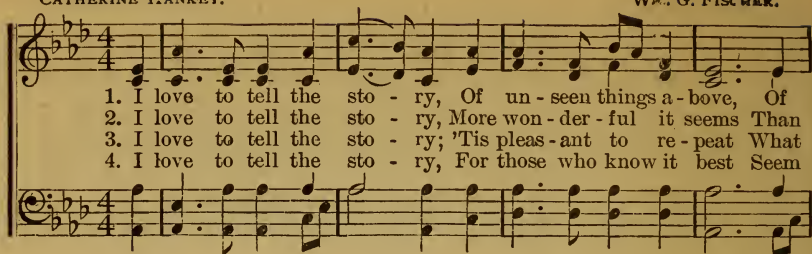


Re - deem'd, Re - deem'd, His child and for - ev - er I am.
 Redeem'd, Redeem'd,

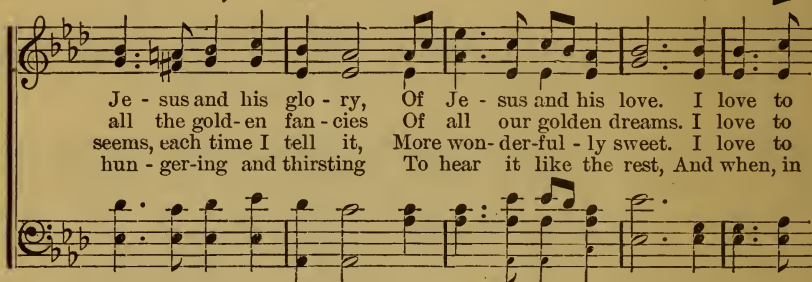


CATHERINE HANKEY.

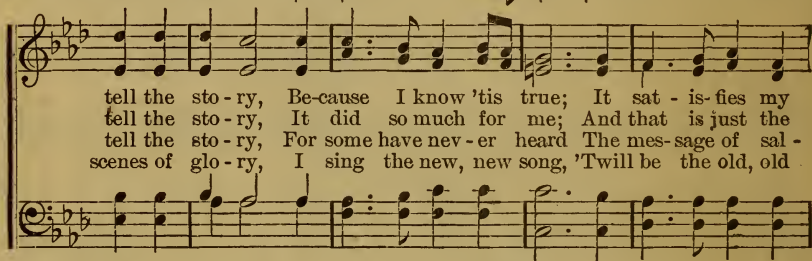
WM. G. FISCHER.



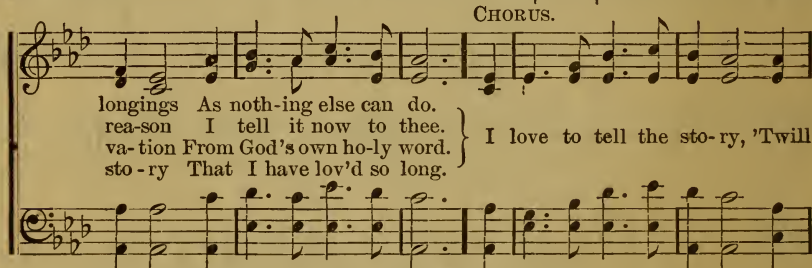
1. I love to tell the sto - ry, Of un - seen things a - bove, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem



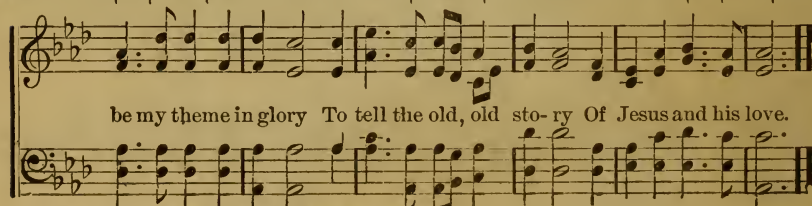
Je - sus and his glo - ry, Of Je - sus and his love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest, And when, in



tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old



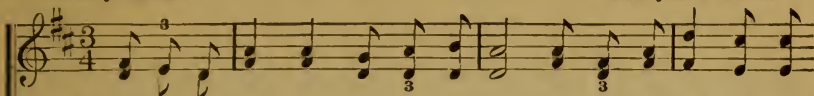
CHORUS.
 longings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. } I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own ho - ly word.
 sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



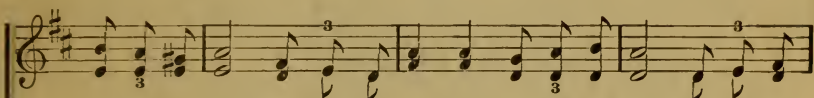
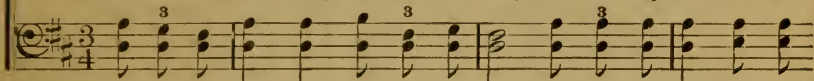
be my theme in glory To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and his love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

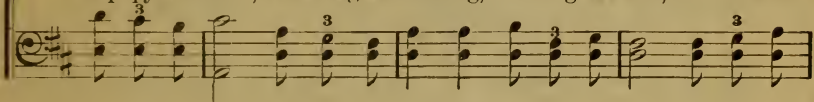
MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



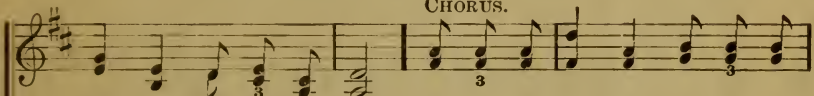
1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now
3. Per-feet sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-iour am



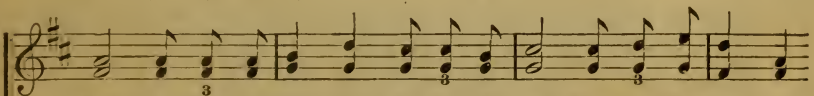
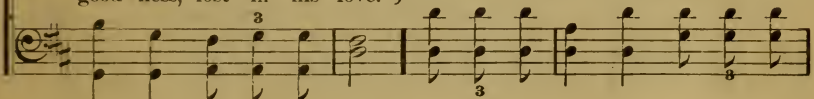
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, purchased of God, Born of his
 burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of
 hap-py and blest; Watching and waiting, look-ing a-bove, Fill'd with his



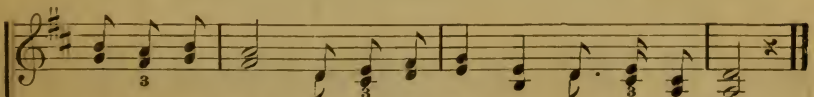
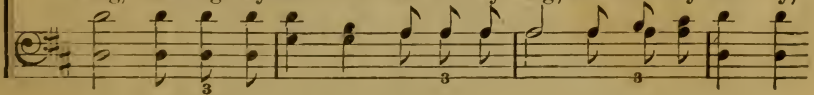
CHORUS.



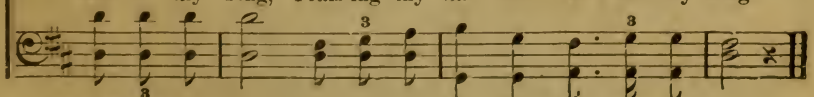
Spir-it, wash'd in his blood.
 mer-cy, whis-pers of love. } This is my sto-ry, this is my
 good-ness, lost in his love.



song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long; This is my sto-ry,



this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-iour all the day long.



The Comforter Has Come.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—JOHN, 14: 16.

REV. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, spread the tid-ings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher -
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn - ing breaks at last; And
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in his wings, To
 4. O bound - less Love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
 5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault - ed sky, And

ev - er human hearts and hu - man woes a - bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
 hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold - en
 ev - 'ry cap - tive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the va - cant
 wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di - vine—That I, a child of
 all the saints a - bove to all be - low re - ply, In strains of end - less

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O, spread the tid - ings

tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com - fort - er has come!
 hills the day ad - van - ces fast! The Com - fort - er has come!
 cells the song of triumph rings; The Com - fort - er has come!
 hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com - fort - er has come!
 love, the song that ne'er will die: The Com - fort - er has come!

round, Wher - ev - er man is found—The Com - fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.

The Com - fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The

I. WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - las, and did my Sav - iour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
 2. Was it for crimes that I have done? He groaned upon the tree?
 3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
 A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
 Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way, 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

bur - den of my heart roll'd a - way, It was there by faith
 rolled a - way,

I re - ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py all the day.

F. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
 2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is wait - ing, Wait-ing the pen - i - tent
 3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bur - ied that
 4. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Du - ty demands it; Strength for thy la - bor the

sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err - ing one, Lift up the fall - en,
 child to re - ceive. Plead with them earnest - ly, Plead with them gent - ly :
 grace can re - store; Touched by a lov - ing heart, Wakened by kind - ness,
 Lord will pro - vide: Back to the nar - row way Pa - tient - ly win them;

CHORUS.
 Tell them of Je - sus, the Might - y to save.
 He will for - give if they on - ly be - lieve. } Res - cue the per - ish-ing
 Chords that were bro - ken will vi - brate no more.
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - iour has died.

Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

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WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER.

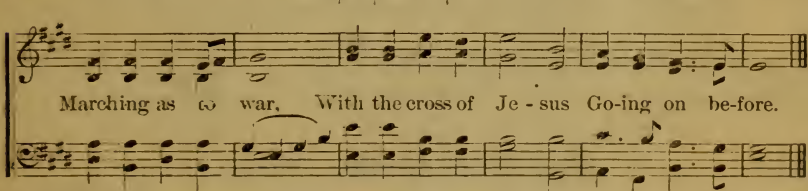
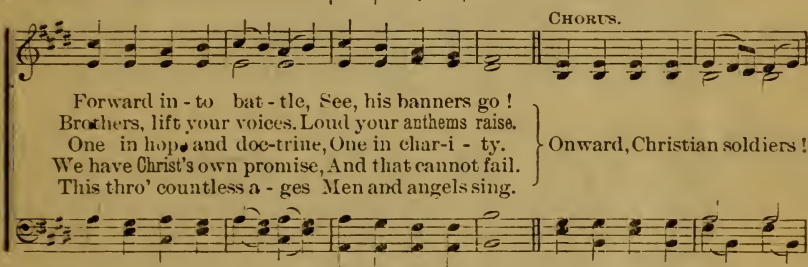
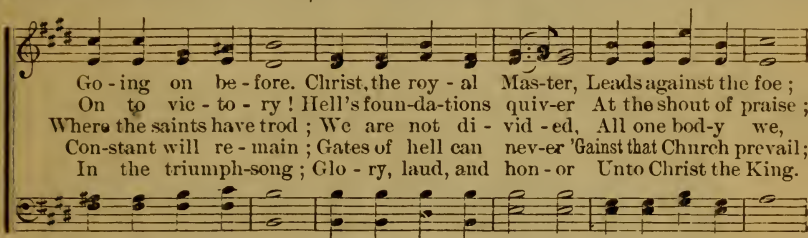
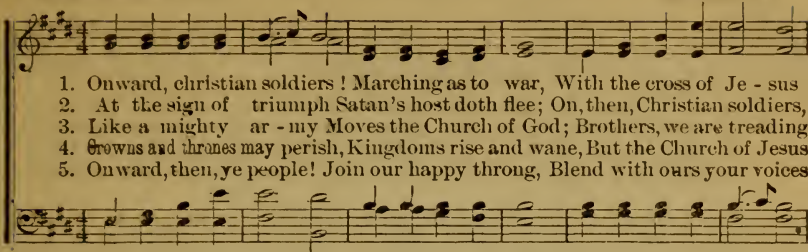
1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for thee, Long has e - vil reigned with-in;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In thy prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied:
 5. Je - sus comes! he fills my soul; Per - feet - ed in him I am;

D.C.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee. Bless'd Lamb of Cal - va - ry:

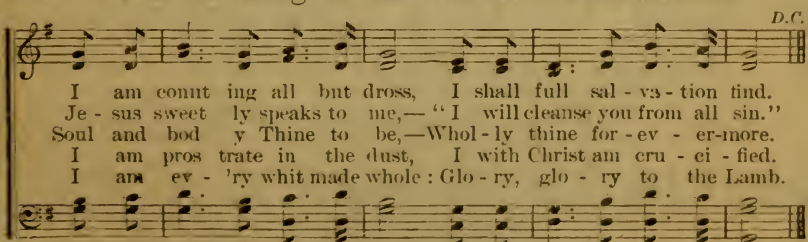
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SABINE BARING-GOULD.

A. SULLIVAN.



129 I am Coming to the Cross.—Concluded.



Hum - bly at thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

Holy, Holy, Holy!

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

Nicaea, 11, 12, 10.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, all the saints a-dore thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! All thy works shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,
 golden crowns around the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bim and sera - phim
 sin - ful men thy glo - ry may not see; On - ly thou art ho - ly;
 praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly,

mer - ci - ful and might - y! God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.
 there is none be - side thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty!
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

The Way to the Cross.

Arranged.

1. I can hear my Saviour calling, I can hear my Saviour calling,
 2. I'll go with him thro' the garden, I'll go with him thro' the garden,
 3. I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him thro' the judgment,
 4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,

D. C. — Where he leads me I will fol - low, Where he leads me I will fol - low,

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.

1. I've wander'd far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
 2. I've wast - ed man - y pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
 3. I'm tir'd of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

FINE.
 The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.
CHORUS.

D.S.
 Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

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5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

132 The Way to the Cross.—Concluded.

*ad lib.**D.C.*

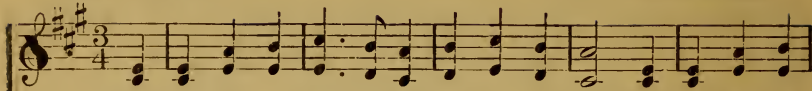
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross, and follow, follow me."
 I'll go with him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 I'll go with him thro' the judgment, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
 He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where he leads me I will fol - low; I'll go with him, with him all the way.

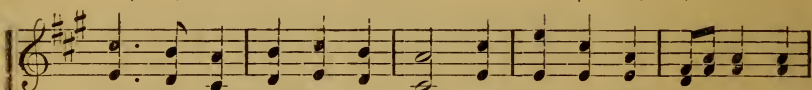
Whiter Than Snow.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

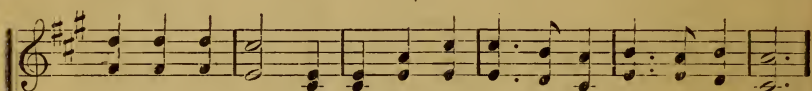
W. G. FISCHER.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want thee for -
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from thine home in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most firm - ly en - treat, I wait, bless - ed
 4. Lord Je - sus, thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait, Come now, and with -

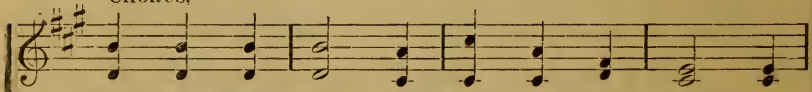


ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com - plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -
 Lord, at thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart ere - ate; To those who have sought thee, thou




out ev - 'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 see thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.
 never said 'st "no," Now wash me and I shall be whit - er than snow.

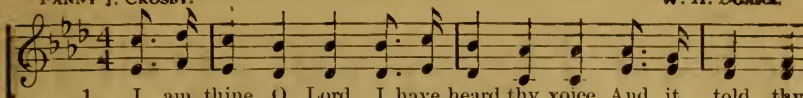
CHORUS,



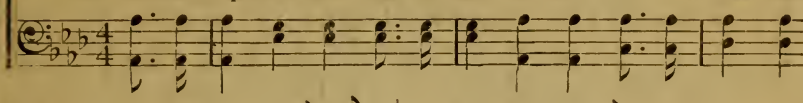
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now



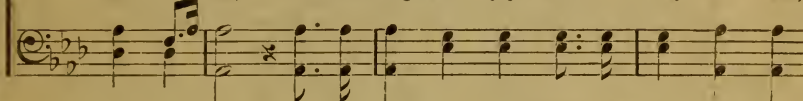
wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.



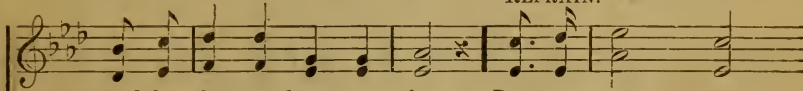
1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy
 2. Con - se - crate me now to thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore thy
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the



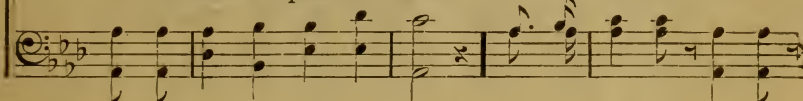
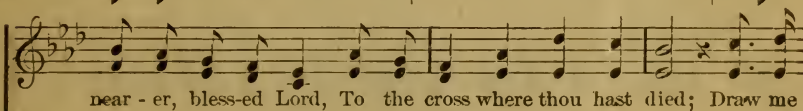
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith,
 grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope,
 throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with thee my God,
 nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I may not reach,



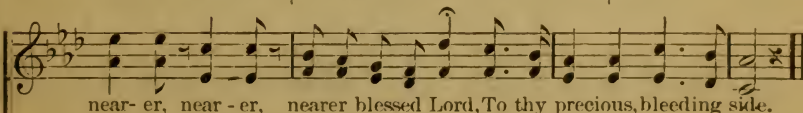
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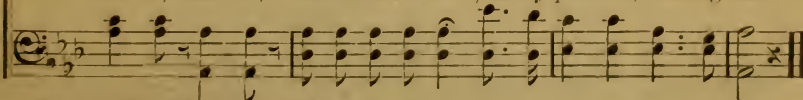
And be clos - er drawn to thee. Draw me near - er,
 And my will be lost in thine. }
 I com - mune as friend with friend. } near - er, near er
 Till I rest in peace with thee.

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died; Draw me

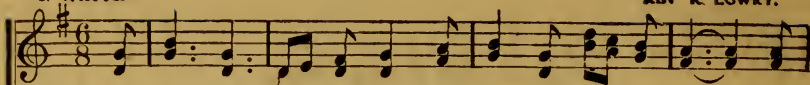



near - er, near - er, nearer blessed Lord, To thy precious, bleeding side.

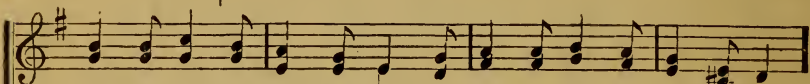


I. WATTS.

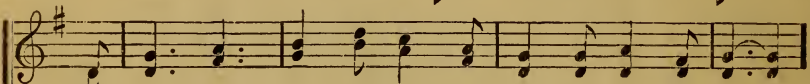
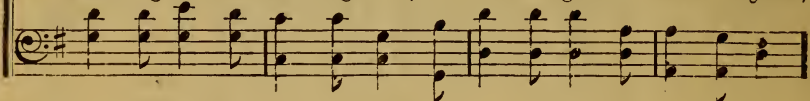
REV. R. LOWRY.



1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God, But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be - dry; We're



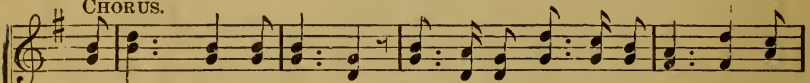
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
serv - ants of the heav'n - ly King, But serv - ants of the heav'n - ly King,
fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'n - ly fields,
march - ing thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,



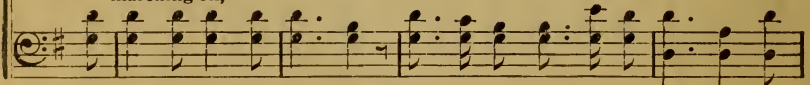
While ye sur - round his throne, While ye surround his throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.



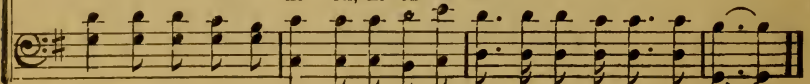
CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, We're
marching on,



march - ing upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on



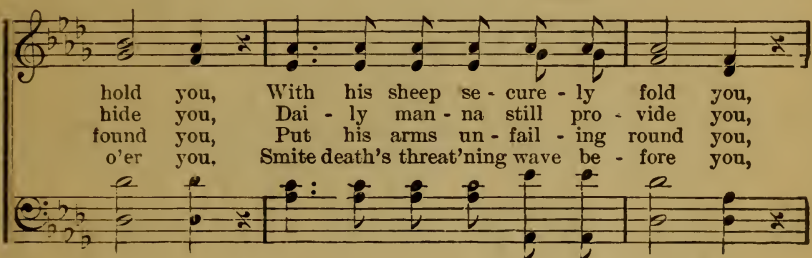
God Be With You.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

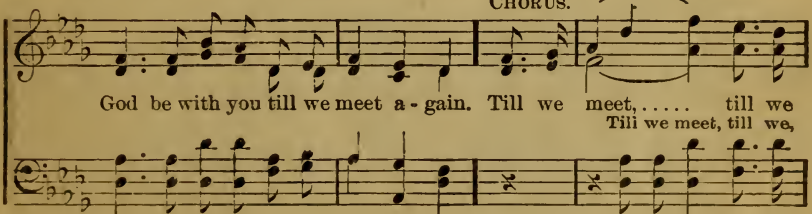


1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By his counsels guide, up-
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath his wings protect-
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's per-ils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating

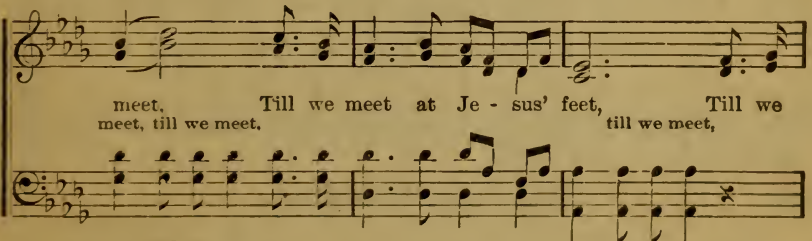


hold you, With his sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,
 found you, Put his arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

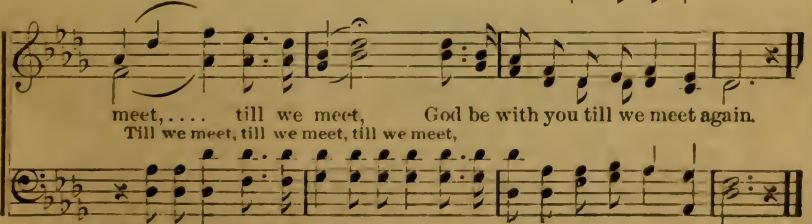
CHORUS.



God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we,



meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
 meet, till we meet, till we meet,

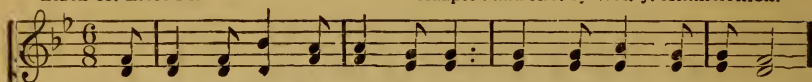


meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

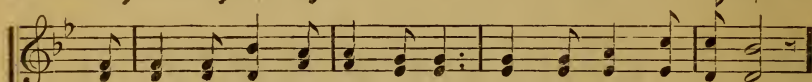
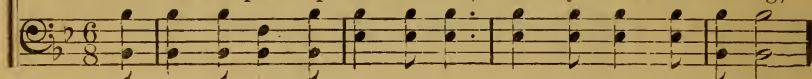
Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EMUNDS.

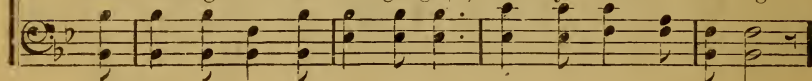
Adapted and Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



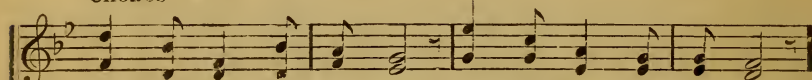
1. From that dear cross where Je-sus died, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a-way, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
3. For ev - 'ry con-trite, wounded soul, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach-ing heart, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing;



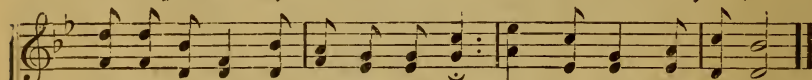
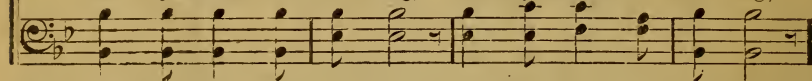
From bleed-ing hands and feet, and side, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Come, while 'tis call'd sal - va-tion's day, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 A ten - der heal-ing to im-part, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.
 Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.



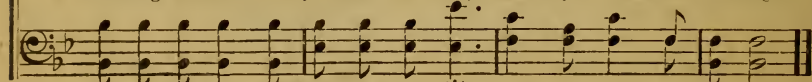
CHORUS



Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing, Cal - v'ry's stream is flow - ing;



Flowing so free for you and for me, Cal-v'ry's stream is flow-ing.

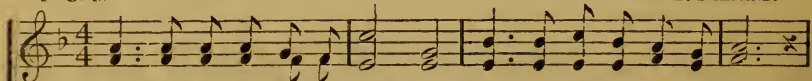


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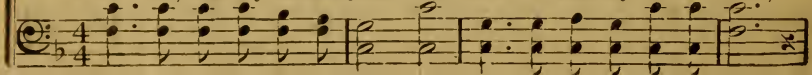
Hear My Pleading.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.



1. Je - sus, Saviour, hear my pleadings, As be-fore thy throne I bow;
2. Je - sus, Lord, now hear my pleading, As I come with willing heart;
3. Je - sus, Master, hear my plead-ing, As I seek for thee to live;
4. Je - sus, hear my earnest plead-ing, As I seek thy will to know;



J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
DUET

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, All to him I free-ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his presence dai-ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Hum-bly at his feet I bow; }
 { Worldly pleasures all for-sak - en, Take me, Je - sus; take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren-der, Make me, Sav-iour, wholly thine; }
 { Let me feel his Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CHORUS.

I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all;
 All to thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur-ren - der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Lord, I give myself to thee;
 Fill me with thy love and power,
 Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
 Now I feel the sacred flame;
 O the joy of full salvation!
 Glory, glory to his name!

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139 Hear My Pleading.—Concluded.

All my sinfulness confess - ing, Hear and save me, Jesus, now; now.
 Yield-ing all to thee, my Saviour, Hear and grace to me im-part; -part.
 Longing for the "pow'r for service," Hear and now thy Spirit give! give!
 Give to me di-vine di-rec - tion How to live and where to go; go.

Deeper Yet.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
 of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r shall be.
 he will give, So then with faith I pray.
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,

Into the crimson flood; Deeper yet, deeper yet, Under the precious blood.

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Pass Me Not.

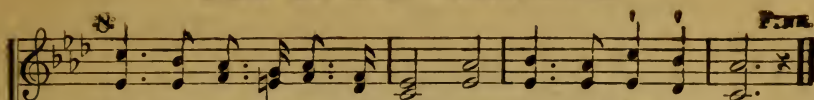
FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

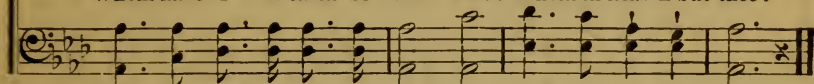
1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry;
 2. Let me, at thy throne of mer-cy, Find a sweet re-lief;
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in thy mer-its, Would I seek thy face;
 4. Thou, the spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me—

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Pass Me Not.—Concluded.



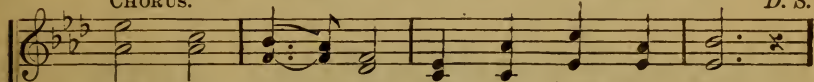
While on oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
Kneel - ing there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief.
Heal my wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by thy grace.
Whom have I on earth be - side thee? Whom in heav'n but thee?



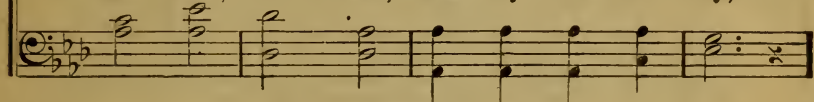
D.S.—While on oth - ers thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

CHORUS.

D. S.



Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry;

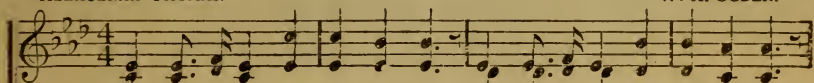


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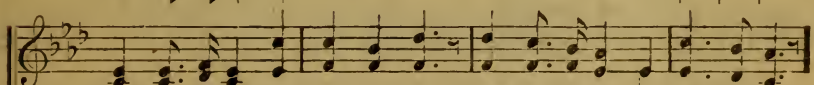
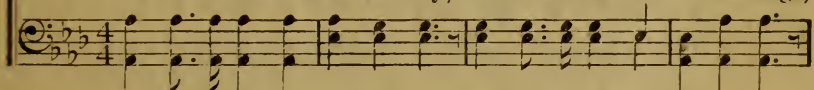
Bring Them In.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

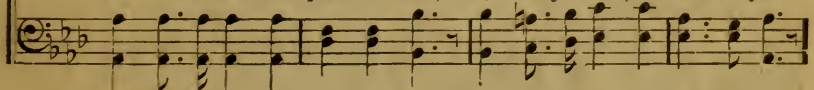
W. A. OGDEN.



1. Hark! 'tis the Shepherd's voice I hear, Out in the des-ert dark and drear,
2. Who'll go and help this Shepherd kind, Help him the wand'ring lambs to find?
3. Out in the des-ert hear their cry; Out on the mountain wild and high,



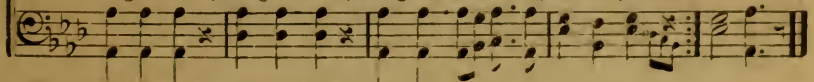
Calling the lambs who've gone a-stray, Far from the Shepherd's fold a-way.
Who'll bring the lost ones to the fold, Where they'll be shelter'd from the cold?
Hark! 'tis the Mas-ter speaks to thee, "Go, find my lambs, where'er they be."



CHORUS.



{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring them in from the fields of sin;
{ Bring them in, bring them in, Bring the wand'ring ones to (Omit.) Je-sus.



REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a --
 3. O, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

FINE.

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his name.
 bides within; There at the cross where he took me in; Glory to his name.
 entered in; There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean, Glory to his name.
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glory to his name.

D.C.—There to my heart was the blood applied; Glory to his name!

CHORUS. D.S.

Glo - ry to his name, Glo - ry to his name,

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London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
 2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchas'd my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less de-light, I'll ev - er a -

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My Jesus, I Love Thee.—Concluded.

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I lov'd thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I lov'd thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I lov'd thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I lov'd thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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The Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS GEORGI NAEGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Jesus laid his crown aside, He came to save me; }
 2. { When on the cross he bled and died, (Omit.) } He came to save me.
 2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me; }
 { O, praise his name, I know it well, (Omit.) } He came to save me.

CHORUS.

{ I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free, }
 { I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He (Omit. . . .) } came to save me.

- 3 With gentle hand he leads me still, | 4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me; He came to save me;
 And trusting him I fear no ill, To him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me. He came to save me.

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P. DODDRIDGE.

E. F. RIMBAULT

1. { O happy day, that fixed my choice On thee my Saviour and my God! } Hap-py
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its rapture all abroad. }

...y, happy day, When Jesus wash'd my sins away! { He taught me how to watch and pray, }
 And live rejoicing every day.

FINE. D.S.

- 2 O happy bond, that seals my vows | 4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 To him who merits all my love! Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house, Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 While to that sacred shrine I move. With him of every good possessed.
- 3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! | 5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine: That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 He drew me, and I followed on, Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 Charm'd to confess that voice divine. And bless in death a bond so dear.

Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

R. LOWRY.

1. { What can wash a - way my sin? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 2. { For my par-don this I see— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }
 { For my cleansing, this my plea,— Nothing but the blood of Je - sus; }

CHORUS.

O pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow; No other Fount I know,

3 Nothing can for sin atone,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 Naught of good that I have done,
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

4 This is all my hope and peace—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
 This is all my righteousness—
 Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

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Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
 2. The con - se - cra - ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free?
 3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierc-ed feet,
 4. Oh, pre-cious cross! oh, glo-rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re - peat.
 Ye an-gels from the stars come down And bear my soul a - way.

After All Eternity.

I. I. LESLIE.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Aft-er the storm that sweeps the sea; Aft-er the drift-ing to the lea;
 2. Aft-er the win-ter long and drear; Aft-er the snow-clouds dis-ap-pear;
 3. Aft-er the long and toilsome day; Aft-er the sun's fierce, burning ray;
 4. Aft-er the march of time shall cease; Aft-er earth-strife shall end in peace;

Aft-er the rocks and sands are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
 Aft-er the winds sweet o-dors bring, Cometh the ev - er welcome spring.
 Aft-er the toil - er home-ward goes, Cometh the night and sweet re- pose.
 Aft-er the changeful dis - ap - pears, Cometh the long e - ter - nal years.

CHORUS.

After all that here we see, What will there be, what will there be?
 After all that here we see, Aft - er all, e - ter - ni - ty.

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Take Me as I am.

Anon.

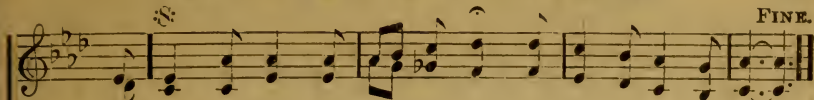
REV. J. H. STOCKTON. Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry; Un- less thou help me, I must die:
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me thy blood was spilt,
 3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal-va- tion I would prove
 4. If thou hast work for me to do, In- spire my will, my heart renew;
 5. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic - t'ry won,

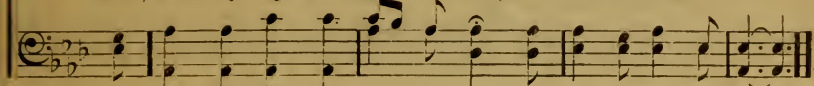
Take Me as I am.—Concluded.

S:

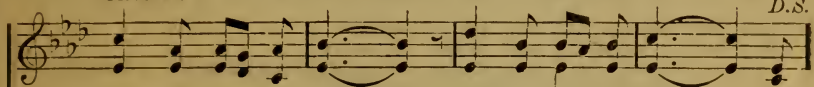
FINE.



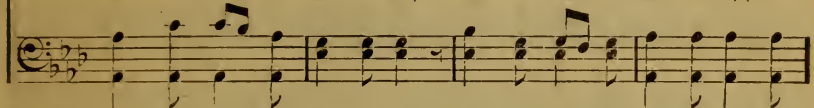
Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
And thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am!
But since to thee I can - not move, O take me as I am!
And work both in and by me too, And take me as I am!
Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, O take me as I am!



D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
CHORUS.



Take me as I am,.... Take me as I am!.... O
Take me as I am, Take me as I am;

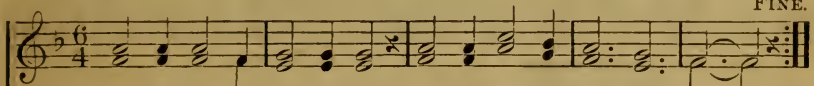


153 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

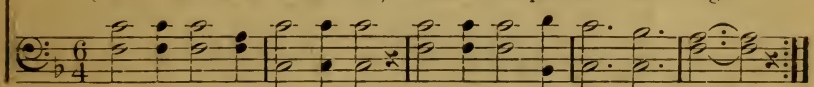
CHARLES WESLEY

S. B. MARSH.

FINE.

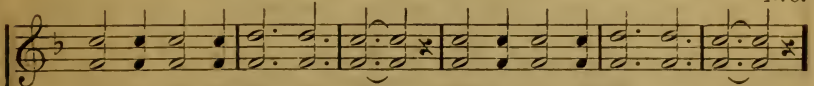


1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bos - om fly; }
{ While the nearer wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high! }

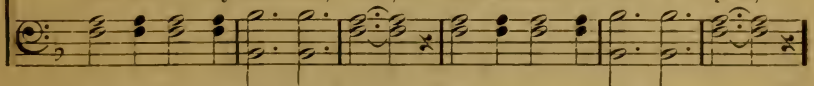


D.C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O receive my soul at last!

D.C.



Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

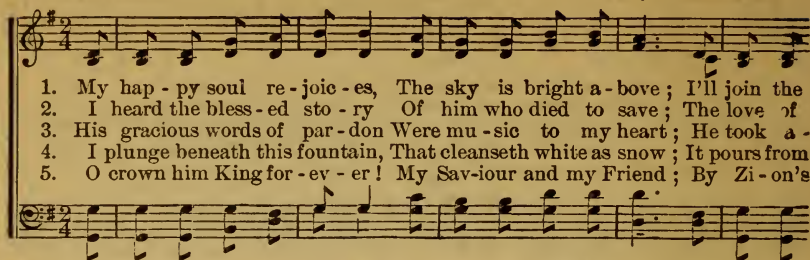


2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart
Rise to all eternitv

HOPE TRYAWAY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

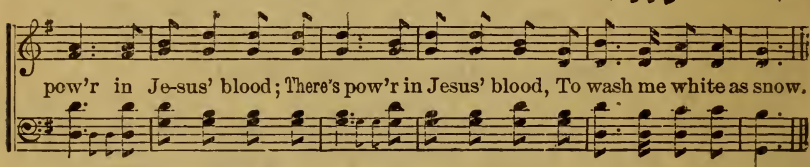


1. My hap - py soul re - joic - es, The sky is bright a - bove ; I'll join the
2. I heard the bless - ed sto - ry Of him who died to save ; The love of
3. His gracious words of par - don Were mu - sic to my heart ; He took a -
4. I plunge beneath this fountain, That cleanseth white as snow ; It pours from
5. O crown him King for - ev - er ! My Sav - iour and my Friend ; By Zi - on's



CHORUS.

heav'n - ly voic - es, And sing re - deem - ing love. Christ swept o'er me, My all to him I gave. way my bur - den, And bade my fears de - part. Calv'ry's mountain, With blessing in its flow. crys - tal riv - er His praise shall never end.	}	For there's pow'r in Jesus' blood,
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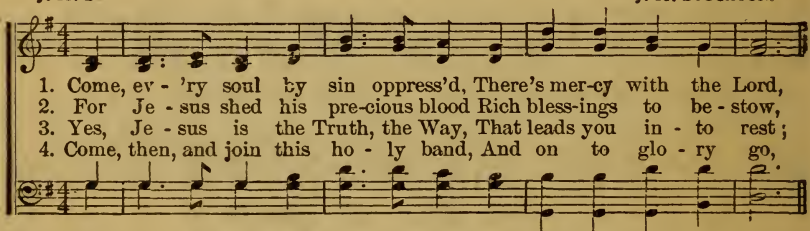


pow'r in Je - sus' blood ; There's pow'r in Jesus' blood, To wash me white as snow.

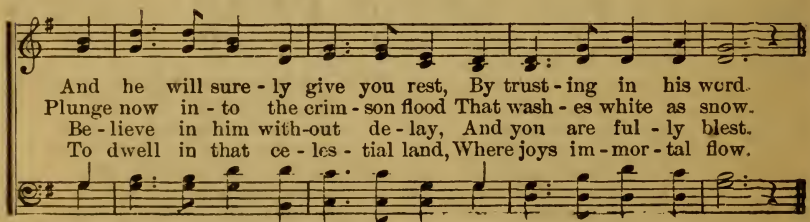
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J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.



1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the Lord,
2. For Je - sus shed his pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow,
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest ;
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

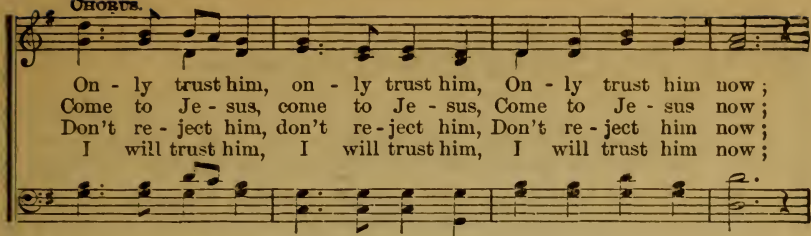


And he will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in his word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

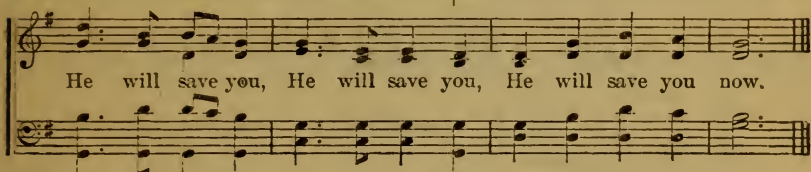
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Only Trust Him.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust him, on - ly trust him, On - ly trust him now ;
Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now ;
Don't re - ject him, don't re - ject him, Don't re - ject him now ;
I will trust him, I will trust him, I will trust him now ;

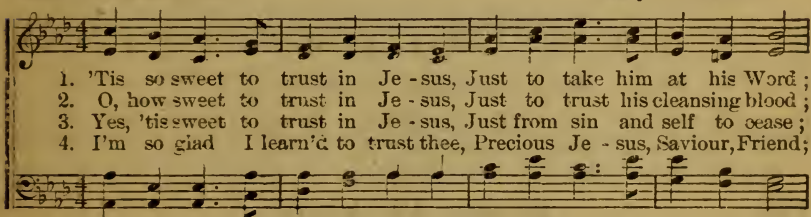


He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

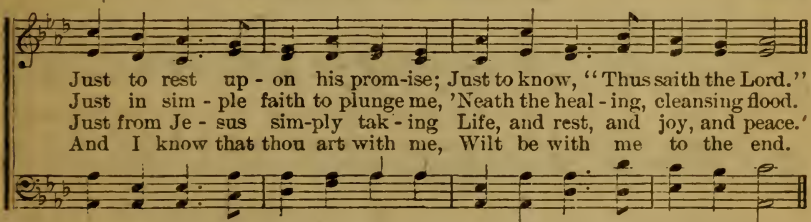
156 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

MRS. LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

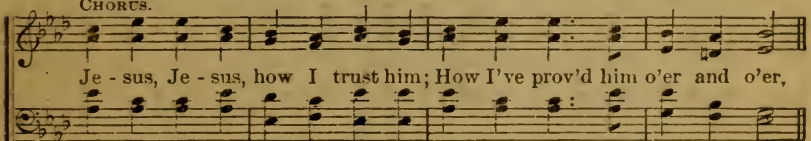


1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take him at his Word ;
2. O, how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust his cleansing blood ;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease ;
4. I'm so glad I learn'd to trust thee, Precious Je - sus, Saviour, Friend ;

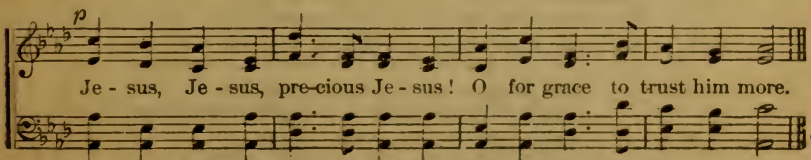


Just to rest up - on his prom - ise ; Just to know, " Thus saith the Lord. "
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me, ' Neath the heal - ing, cleansing flood.
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
And I know that thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

CHORUS.



Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust him ; How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er,



Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus ! O for grace to trust him more.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

REV. R. LOWRY.

1. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like thine
 2. I need thee ev-'ry hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow'r
 3. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me thy will; And thy rich promis es
 4. I need thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me thine in-deed,

REFRAIN.

Can peace af - ford.
 When thou art nigh. } I need thee, O, I need thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
 In me ful - fill.
 Thou bless - ed Son.

need thee; O bless me now, my Sav - iour! I come to thee.

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WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise thee, O God! For the Son of thy love, For Jesus who died, And is now gone above.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! Amen, Re - vive us a - gain.

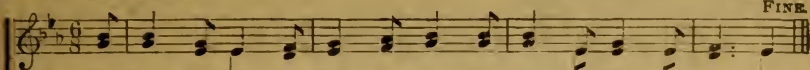
- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

The Great Physician.

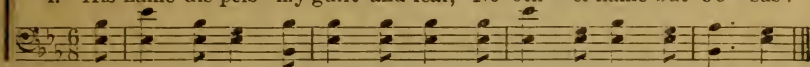
REV. WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by REV. J. H. STOCKTON

FINE



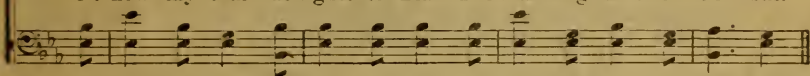
1. The great Phy-si - cian now is near, The sym - pa-thiz - ing Je - sus,
2. Your ma - ny sins are all for-giv'n, O! hear the voice of Je - sus,
3. All glo - 'ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be-lieve in Je - sus;
4. His name dis-pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus:



D.C.— Sweet-est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

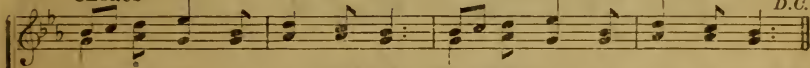


He speaks the droop-ing heart to cheer, O! hear the voice of Je - sus.
Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
I love the bless-ed Saviour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
O! how my soul de-lights to hear The charming name of Je - sus.

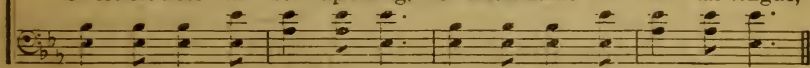


CHORUS.

D.C.



Sweet-est note in ser - aph song, Sweetest name on mor - tal tongue,

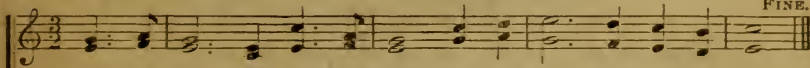


Rock of Ages.

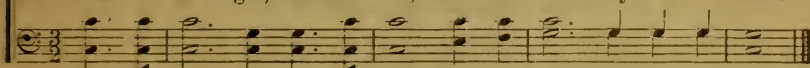
A. M. TOPLADY.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

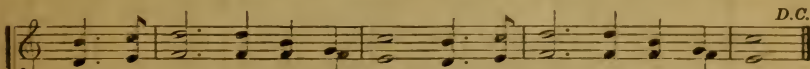
FINE.



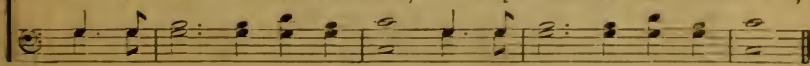
1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in thee:



D.C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.



Let the wa - ter and the blood, From thy wound-ed side which flow'd,



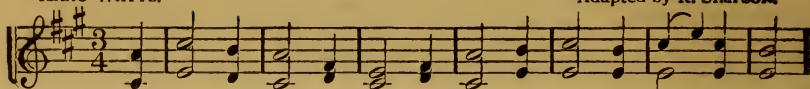
2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in thee

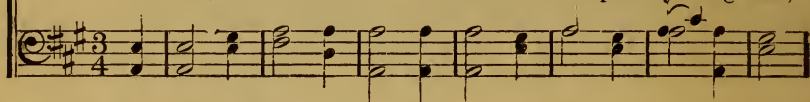
Come, Holy Spirit.

ISAAC WATTS.

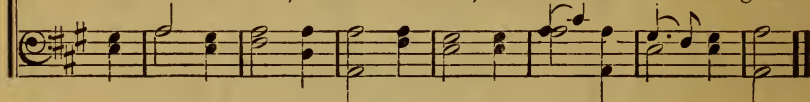
Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'nly dove, With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
- 2 Look how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earth - ly toys;
3. Un vain we tune our form - al songs, In vain we strive to rise;
4. Fa ther, and shall we ev - er live At this poor dy - ing rate,



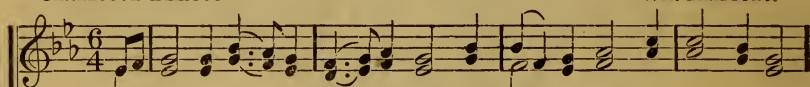
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nahs languish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee, And thine to us so great?



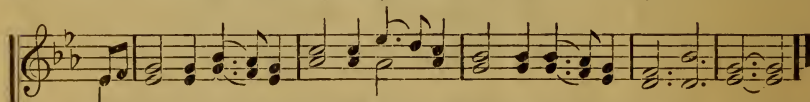
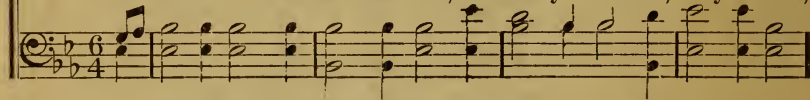
Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT

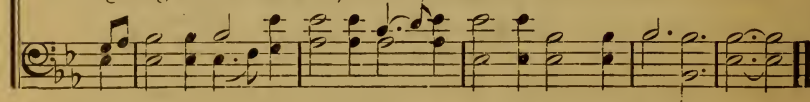
WM. BRADBURY.



1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,



And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
 Fighting and fears with-in, without, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

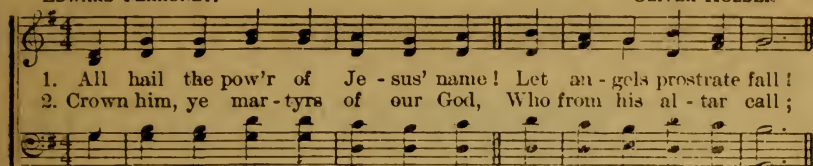


- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>4 Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind,
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!</p> | <p>5 Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve
 Because thy promise I believe:
 O Lamb of God! I come! I come!</p> |
|--|---|

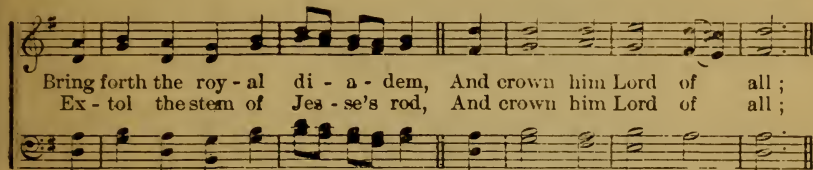
163 , All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDWARD PERRONET.

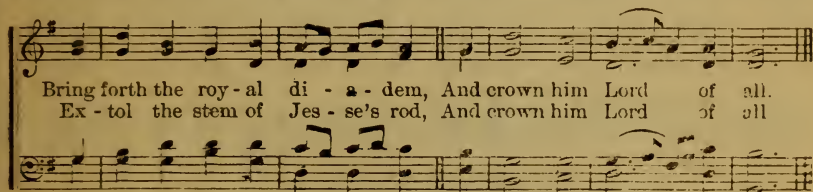
OLIVER HOLDEN



1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall!
2. Crown him, ye mar - tyrs of our God, Who from his al - tar call;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all;
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all;



Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
Ex - tol the stem of Jes - se's rod, And crown him Lord of all

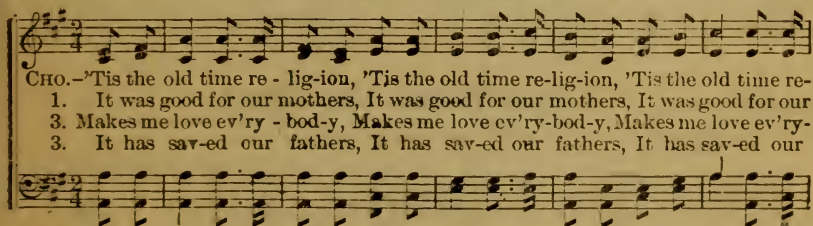
3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall;
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

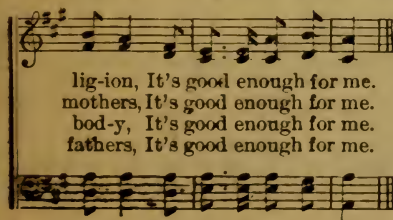
5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

6 O, that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

164 "Old Time Religion."



CHO. - 'Tis the old time re - lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re -
1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our
2. Makes me love ev'ry - bod-y, Makes me love ev'ry-bod-y, Makes me love ev'ry-
3. It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our fathers, It has sav-ed our



lig-ion, It's good enough for me.
mothers, It's good enough for me.
bod-y, It's good enough for me.
fathers, It's good enough for me.

4 |: It was good for the Prophet Daniel, :|
It's good enough for me.

5 |: It was good for the Hebrew Children, :|
It's good enough for me.

6 |: It was tried in the fiery furnace, :|
It's good enough for me.

7 |: It was good for Paul and Silas, :|
It's good enough for me.

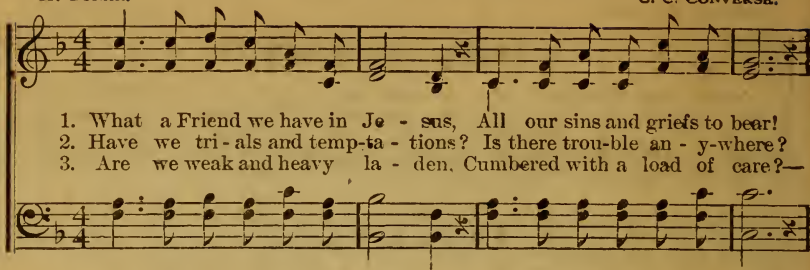
8 It will do when I am dying, :|
It's good enough for me.

9 |: It will take us all to heaven, :|
It's good enough for me.

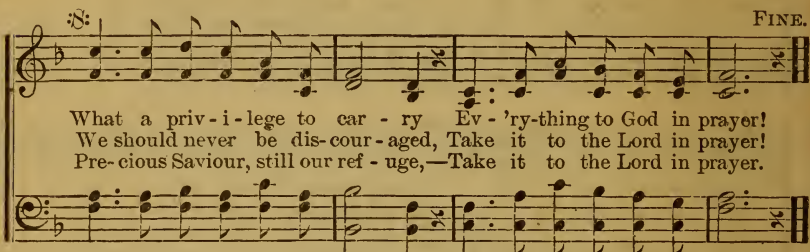
165 What a Friend We have in Jesus.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.



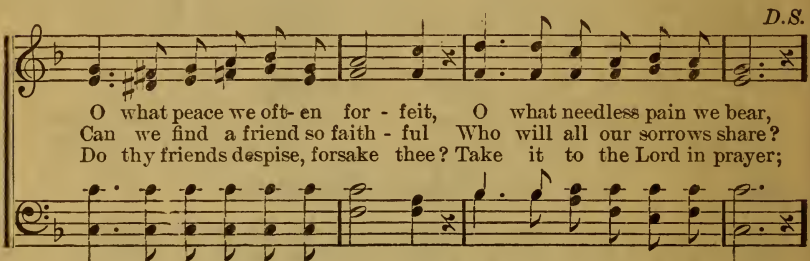
1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble an - y - where?
3. Are we weak and heavy la - den, Cumbered with a load of care?—



FINE.

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
 We should never be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
 Pre - cious Saviour, still our ref - uge,—Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D.S.—All because we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in prayer!
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer!
D.S.—In his arms he'll take and shield you, Thou wilt find a so - lace there.



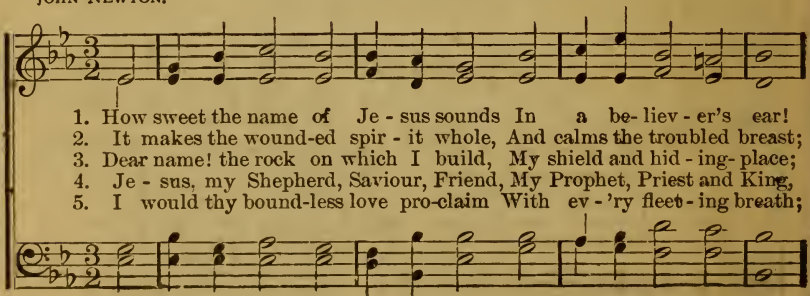
D.S.

O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what needless pain we bear,
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful Who will all our sorrows share?
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

166

How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.



1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear!
2. It makes the wound - ed spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing - place;
4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend, My Prophet, Priest and King,
5. I would thy bound - less love pro - claim With ev - 'ry fleet - ing breath;

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;

And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

D.S.—And sin-ners plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilt-y stains.

Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose all their guilt-y stains,

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wound supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme.
And shall be till I die.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

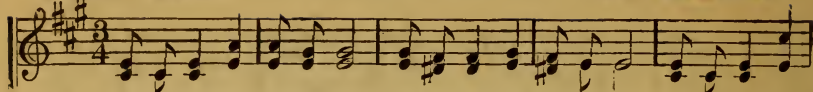
5 Then in nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue,
When this poor lisping stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

166 How Sweet the Name.—Concluded.

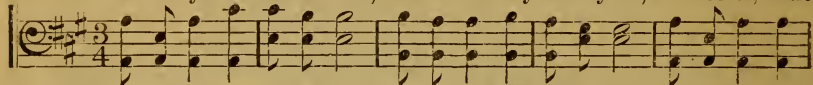
It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry, rest.
My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ure, fill'd With boundless stores of grace!
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ac-cept the praise I bring!
So shall the mu-sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

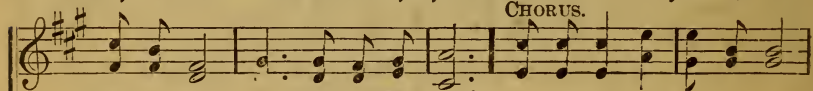
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



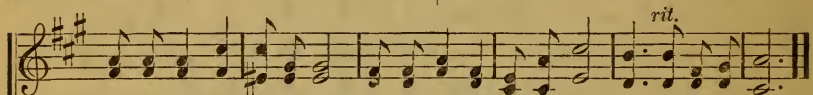
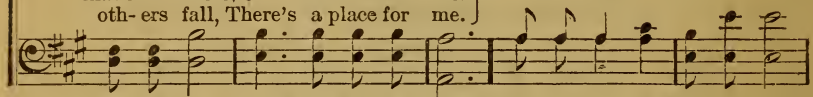
1. I will go, I cannot stay From the arms of love a-way; O for strength of
2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-night I'll
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can never heal my woe; I will rise at
4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' my sins like mountains roll, Jesus' blood will
5. I o-bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his feet, where



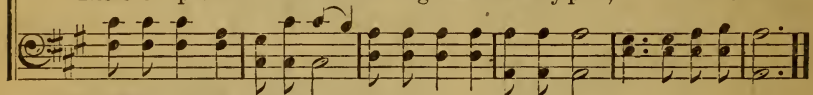
CHORUS.



faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
 once and go, Je - sus died for me.
 make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.



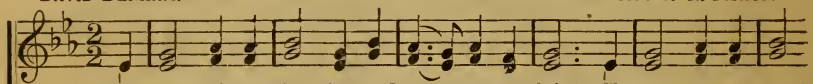
rit.
 There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.



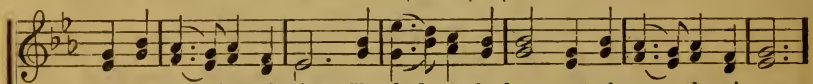
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DAVID DENHAM.

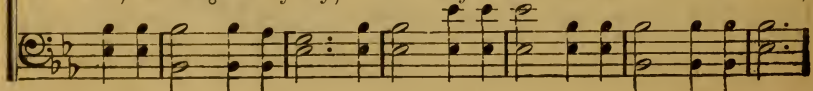
HENRY R. BISHOP.



1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul
2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice precious Je-
3. While here in the val - ley of con - flict I stay, O give me sub-mis-



is com-mun-ion of saints; To find at the ban-quet of mercy there's room.
 sus, whose love cannot cease! Tho' oft from thy presence in sad-ness I roam,
 sion, and strength as my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee I would come,



Home, Sweet Home.—Concluded.

FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.

And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
I long to be-hold thee in glo - ry at home.
Re-joic-ing in hope of my glo - ri-ous home. } Home, home! sweet, sweet home!

D.S.—Prepare me, dear Saviour, for glo-ry, my home.

170 The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth - ly joy,
2. I know that thou art near-er still, Than a - ny earth - ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav- iour, pre-cious Sav-iour mine! What will thy pres-ence be,

For thou hast giv-en me the peace Which noth-ing can de-stroy.
And sweet-er is the tho't of thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of love can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

{ The half has nev-er yet been told, Of love so full and free; }
{ The half has nev-er yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me. }
yet been told.

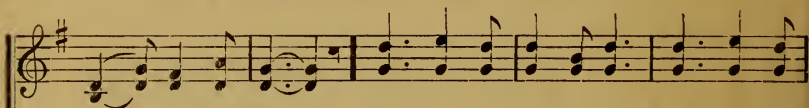
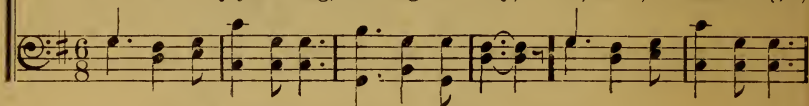
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

SARAH FLOWER ADAMS.

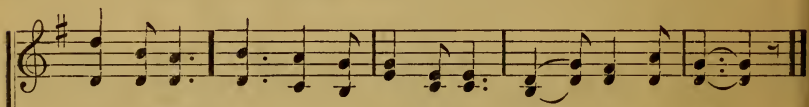
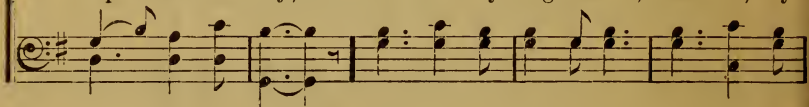
LOWELL MASON.



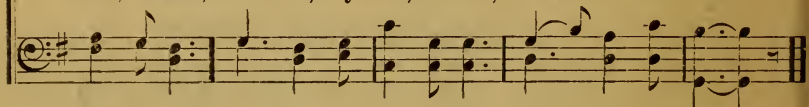
1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross
 2. Tho' like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way appear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou sendest me,
 4. Or if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,



That rais - eth me; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my
 My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my
 In mer - cy giv'n An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my
 Up - ward I fly; Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my



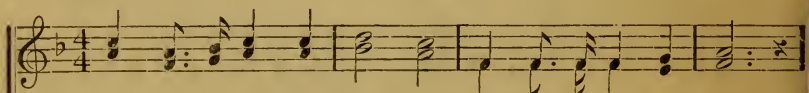
God, to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, Near - er to thee!



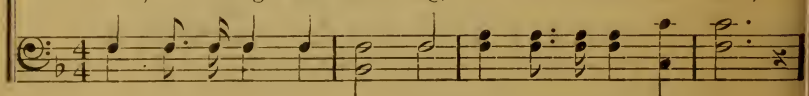
Work, for the Night is Coming.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

LOWELL MASON.

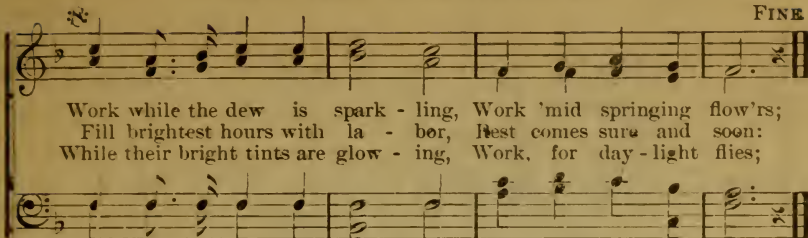


1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morning hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;



Work, for the Night is Coming.—Concluded.

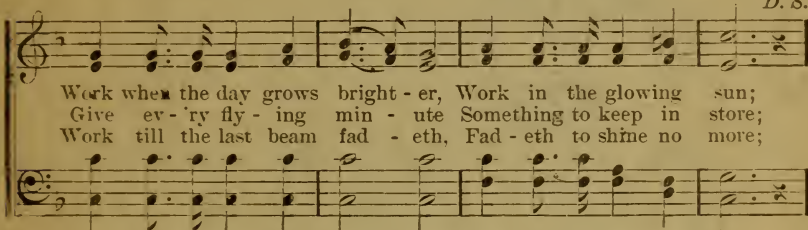
FINE



Work while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs;
Fill brightest hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon:
While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
D.S.—Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
D.S.—Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

D. S.



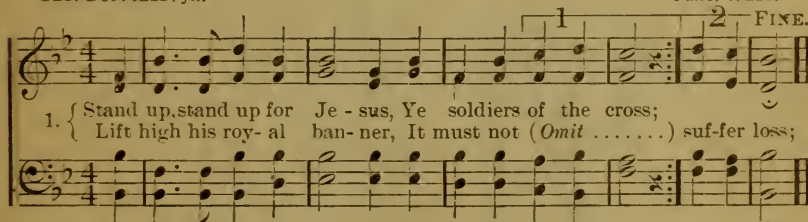
Work when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glowing sun;
Give ev - ry fly - ing min - ute Something to keep in store;
Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more;

173 Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

GEO. DUFFIELD, JR.

Tune, WEBB.

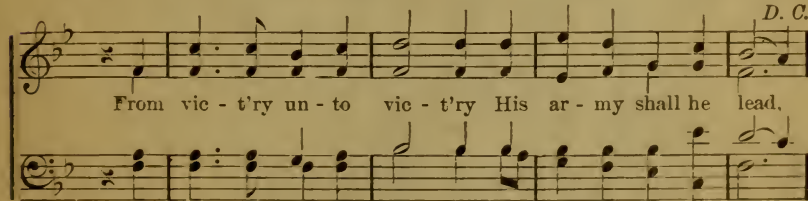
FINE



1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his roy - al ban - ner, It must not (*Omit*) suf - fer loss;

D.C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquish'd And Christ is (*Omit*) Lord indeed.

D. C.



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall he lead,

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

GEORGE KEITH.

Tune, PORTUGUESE HYMN.

1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For I am thy
 3. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I will not—I

faith in his ex - cel - lent word! What more can he say than to
 God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strength - en thee, help thee, and
 will not de - sert to his foes; That soul tho' all hell should en -

you he hath said, — To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have
 cause thee to stand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent
 deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no nev - er for -

fled? To you who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 hand, Up - held by my gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 sake, I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no nev - er for - sake."

THOMAS KEN.

Tune, OLD HUNDRED.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all creatures here below;

Praise him a - bove, ye heav'n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.



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